PHOTOPLAY

DECEMBER

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NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

ANN HARDING

Science Analyzes Mae West

WHERE THERE'S LIFE . . .

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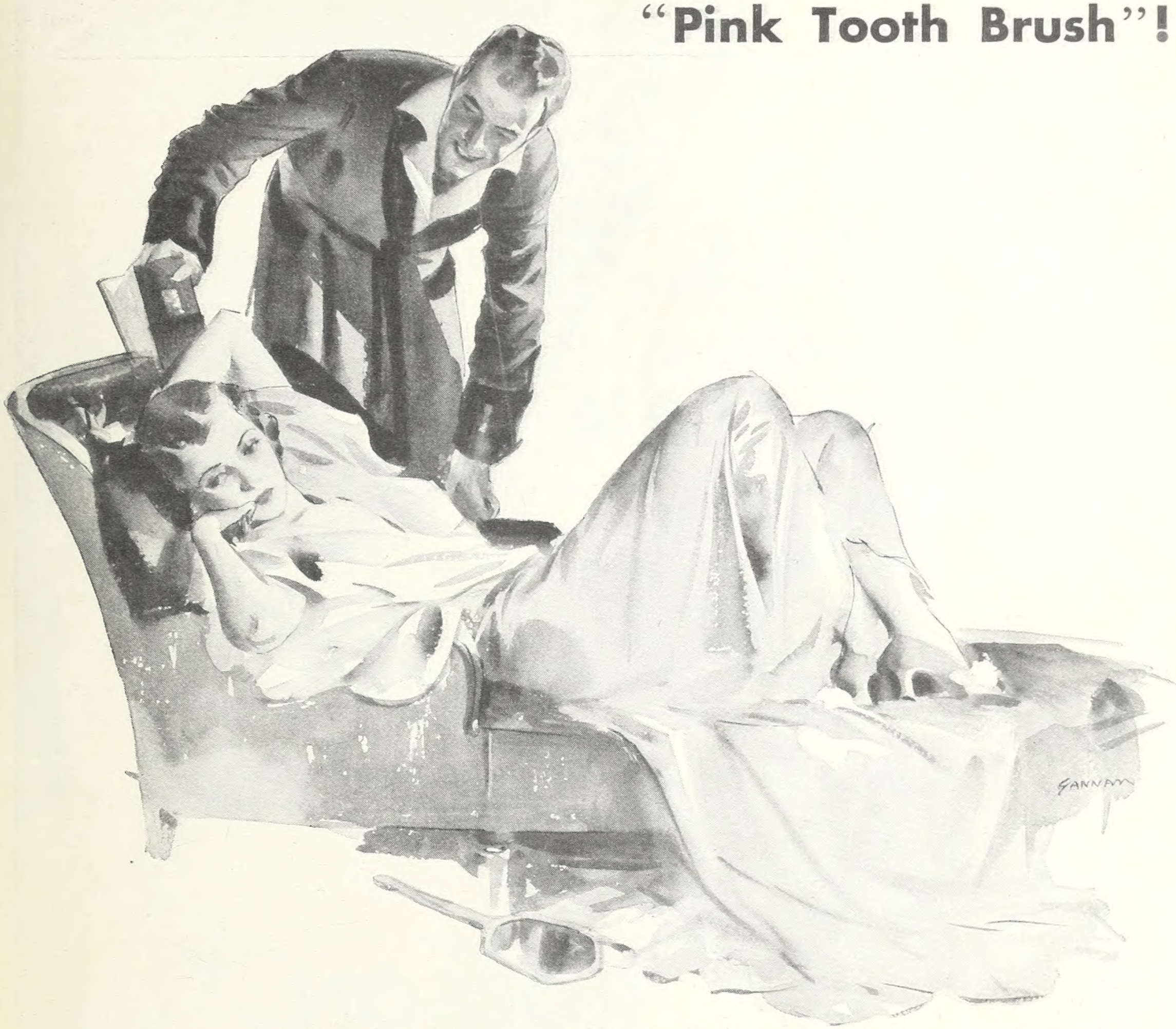
KING OF BOTTLED BEER

BUDWEISER is naturally the choice of those who live life at its best. Today, as in the past, it firmly holds its traditional reputation for being beer at its best. In each sip of BUDWEISER you'll detect the matchless flavor and elusive personality which set it brilliantly apart from less distinguished beers. Full strength and fully aged in the largest brewery in the world.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH · ST. LOUIS

Use Ipana, Jean . . . and you won't have "Pink Tooth Brush"!



GEORGE MACKENZIE: Where's your common sense, girl? Last spring you said your gums were so tender that they bled a little every morning. I told you *then* you'd better massage your gums with Ipana, to harden them up. But you insisted that you had "pink tooth brush" because your *tooth* brush was new and a bit stiff.

JEAN: I *do* think that stiff tooth brush had a lot to do with it. Still . . .

GEORGE MACKENZIE: Listen. The reason you have "pink tooth brush" is because modern soft foods don't exercise the gums. Your gums become flabby and unhealthy and begin to bleed a little because the *tissues* aren't firm.

JEAN: The reason I'm worried about it is because Mary Benton went to Dr. Cox about *her* gums, and she found out she had gingivitis.

GEORGE MACKENZIE: Stands to reason that bleeding gums are likely to pick up an infection of some sort. You're lucky if your *teeth* don't become affected! You start massaging some of my Ipana into your gums after you clean your teeth with it.

JEAN: But George—how can a tooth paste help your gums?

GEORGE MACKENZIE: Ipana has something in it called "ziratol." That does the trick—with the daily massage. It tones up the gums. Never see a sign of "pink" on *my* tooth brush. And my teeth are a darned sight brighter than yours are, too, old girl!

* * *

The excellent habit of massaging Ipana into the gums after cleaning the teeth with Ipana is becoming more and more wide-spread among intelligent people. This helps the gums to become firm in spite of today's soft foods. Start today with Ipana—and you won't need to worry about "pink tooth brush."

NRA WE DO OUR PART

THE "IPANA TROUBADOURS" ARE BACK! EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING —9:00 P. M., E. S. T., WEAF AND ASSOCIATED N. B. C. STATIONS.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. I-123
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a three-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

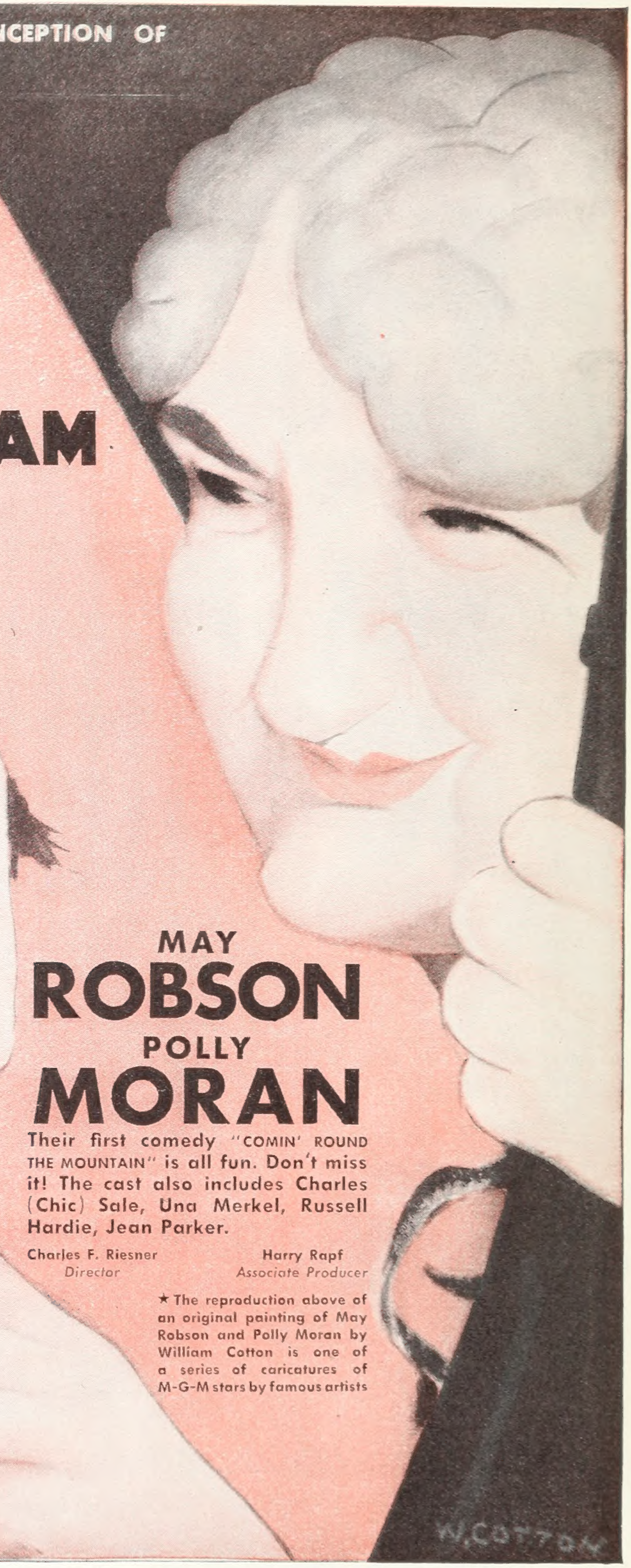
Name.....

Street.....

City.....*State*.....

A FAMOUS CARICATURIST'S CONCEPTION OF

METRO GOLDWYN MAYER'S *New* COMEDY TEAM



MAY
ROBSON
POLLY
MORAN

Their first comedy "COMIN' ROUND THE MOUNTAIN" is all fun. Don't miss it! The cast also includes Charles (Chic) Sale, Una Merkel, Russell Hardie, Jean Parker.

Charles F. Riesner
Director

Harry Rapf
Associate Producer

★ The reproduction above of an original painting of May Robson and Polly Moran by William Cotton is one of a series of caricatures of M-G-M stars by famous artists

PHOTOPLAY

The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

Vol. XLV No. I — KATHRYN DOUGHERTY, *Publisher* — December, 1933

Winners of Photoplay Magazine Gold Medal for the best picture of the year

1920
"HUMORESQUE"
1921
"TOL'ABLE DAVID"
1922
"ROBIN HOOD"
1923
"THE COVERED WAGON"
1924
"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"
1925
"THE BIG PARADE"
1926
"BEAU GESTE"
1927
"7th HEAVEN"
1928
"FOUR SONS"
1929
"DISRAELI"
1930
"ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT"
1931
"CIMARRON"
1932
"SMILIN' THROUGH"

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On the Cover—Ann Harding—Painted by Earl Christy

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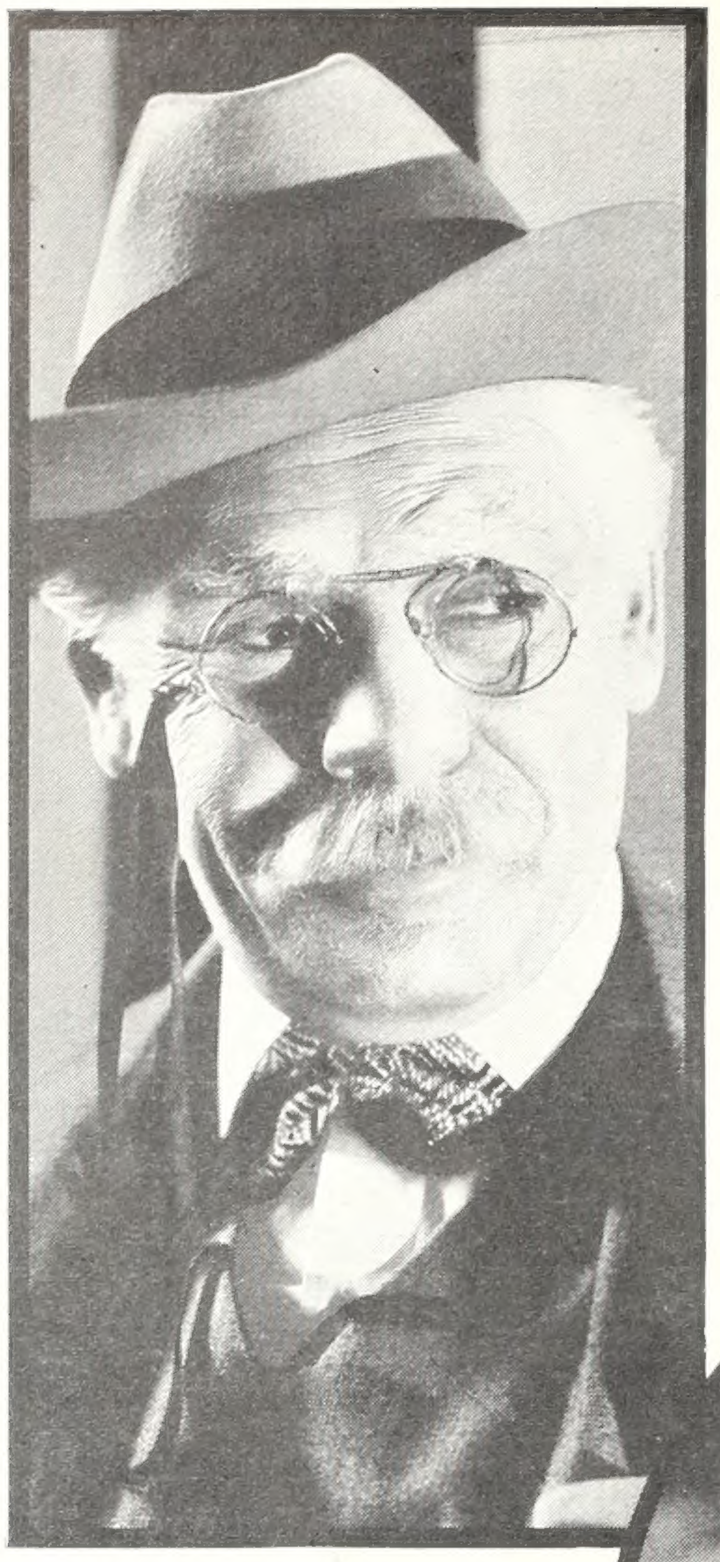
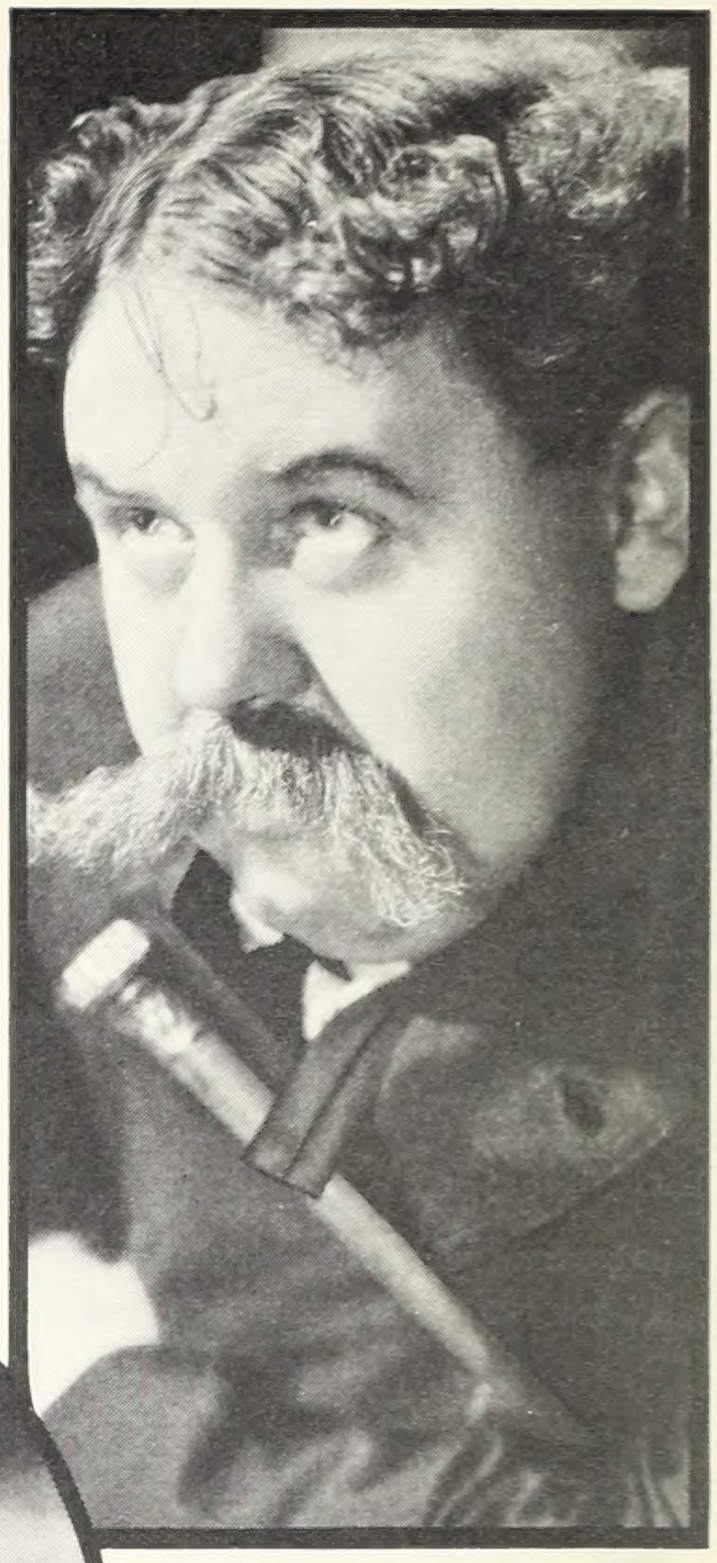
Who Are *These* MEN?

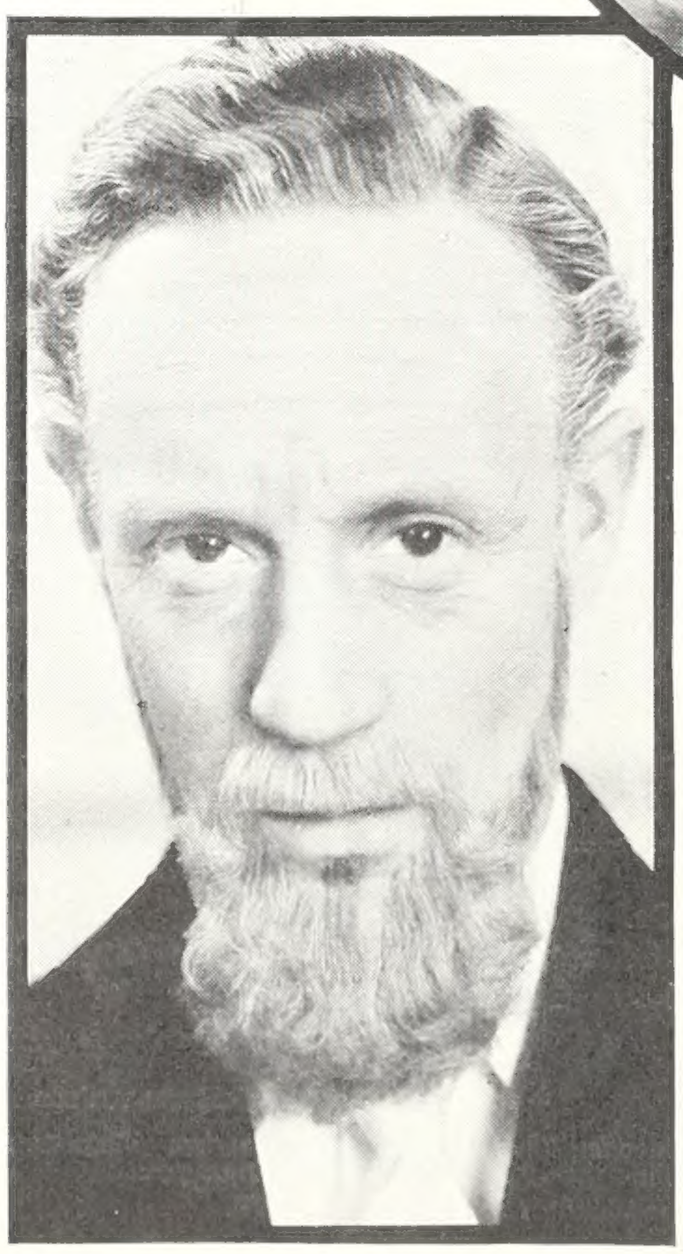
Do you recognize these actors? Every one is famous



The real man here is dark-eyed, handsome, and in the prime of life. Does that help? Well, then, here's the pay-off. It's Paul Muni, playing *Orin Nordholm, Jr.*, in "The World Changes"



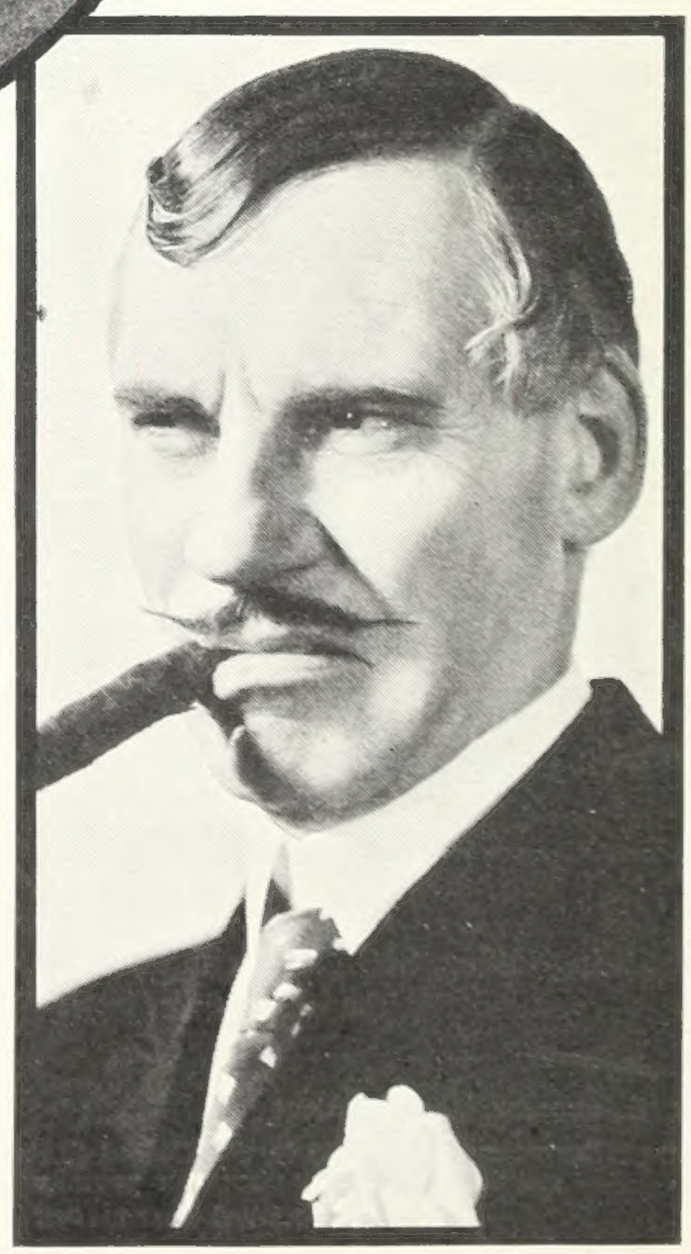
This man has a passion for playing kings and emperors. He's a despot in the African jungle now, for "White Woman," after ruling Rome and England. That tells it — Charles Laughton!



Above is *Rosen*, the art dealer, in "The Late Christopher Bean." He looks the part to the life, but who's behind the make-up? Why, our old friend, Jean Hersholt

At left, a fine elderly gentleman you'll see in "The Lady Is Willing," and he looks of good old Yankee stock. But he's not. This is our cultured friend, Leslie Howard

To right, meet *The Professor*, manager of Max Baer in the prize-fight film, "The Prizefighter and the Lady." He looks as mean as the cigar he wears. It's Walter Huston



Now from Warner Bros.' glittering star-ranks... blazes...

No wonder they call Warner Bros. "The *Star* Company"....Week after week in hit after hit, Warners bring you more famous favorites than any other studio! Now it's masterful Paul Muni—great star of "I Am A Fugitive"—soaring to unexampled heights in an impassioned, storm-charged drama of a world reborn! For its savage pageantry, for its courageous theme, for its amazing exploration of the human heart, we recommend "The World Changes" to every moviegoer in the land as the one picture that *must* be seen this month!

Paul Muni in "THE WORLD CHANGES"

ALINE MacMAHON • MARY ASTOR • DONALD COOK

And Thousands of Others — Directed by Mervyn LeRoy — A First National Picture

Consult this picture shopping guide and save your time, money and disposition

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

★ *Indicates photoplay was named as one of the best upon its month of review*

★ **ADORABLE**—Fox.—Janet Gaynor in a gay, tuneful puff-ball about a princess in love with an officer of her army. Henry Garat's the officer—and he's a hit! Don't miss it. (*Aug.*)

AFTER THE BALL—Gaumont British-Fox.—Basil Rathbone and Esther Ralston in a naughty English musical that doesn't achieve proper farce tempo. (*June*)

ALIMONY MADNESS—Mayfair Pictures.—A badly butchered attempt to show up the alimony racket. (*July*)

ANN CARVER'S PROFESSION—Columbia.—Fay Wray shows her competence aside from horror stuff, as a successful lawyer married to Gene Raymond. Gene gets into trouble; Fay must save him. Acceptable entertainment. (*Sept.*)

★ **ANOTHER LANGUAGE** — M-G-M. — A slow-moving but superbly acted story of a bride (Helen Hayes) misunderstood by the family of hubby Bob Montgomery. The late Louise Closser Hale plays the dominating mother. (*Oct.*)

ARIZONA TO BROADWAY—Fox.—Joan Bennett, Jimmie Dunn, and a good cast, wasted in a would-be adventure yarn about slicking the slickers. (*Sept.*)

BARBARIAN, THE—M-G-M.—If starved for romance, see Egyptian guide Ramon Novarro do a combined "Sheik" and "Graustark" with Myrna Loy. (*June*)

BEAUTY FOR SALE—M-G-M.—An amusing tale about the troubles of girls who work in a beauty shop. Una Merkel, Alice Brady, Madge Evans, Hedda Hopper, others. (*Nov.*)

BED OF ROSES — RKO-Radio. — Ex-reform schoolgirls Connie Bennett and Pert Kelton out to beat life. Not for kiddies. (*Aug.*)

BEDTIME STORY, A—Paramount.—Baby LeRoy, giving a grand performance, reforms gay bachelor Maurice Chevalier. Helen Twelvetrees and Adrienne Ames. (*June*)

BELOW THE SEA—Columbia.—A Fay Wray thriller; caught in a diving bell on a deep-seas expedition this time. Diver Ralph Bellamy to the rescue. Good underseas shots and good fun. (*Aug.*)

★ **BERKELEY SQUARE**—Fox.—As subtly done as "Smilin' Through"; Leslie Howard thrown back among his 18th century ancestors. Heather Angel. (*Sept.*)

BEST OF ENEMIES—Fox.—No great comeback for Buddy Rogers; he and Marian Nixon reconcile quarreling papas Frank Morgan and Joseph Cawthorn. (*Sept.*)

BIG BRAIN, THE—RKO-Radio.—Clever and fast, except in the climax. George E. Stone climbs from barber to phony stock magnate. Reginald Owen, Fay Wray. (*Aug.*)

BIG EXECUTIVE—Paramount.—Ricardo Cortez, Richard Bennett, Elizabeth Young, wasted in another of these stock market tales. Weak story. (*Oct.*)

BITTER SWEET—United Artists.—A British musical, about a woman musician who lives on after her husband was killed defending her honor. It could have been stronger. (*Nov.*)

BLARNEY KISS, THE—British & Dominions.—British restraint takes zip from this tale of an Irishman who kisses the Blarney Stone, and then has great adventures in London. Well acted. (*Nov.*)

BLIND ADVENTURE — RKO-Radio. — Adventurous Bob Armstrong tangled with Helen Mack, crooks, and a jovial burglar, Roland Young, in a London fog. But the plot is as badly befogged as the characters. (*Oct.*)

★ **BONDAGE**—Fox.—Dorothy Jordan superb as a "misguided girl" ruined by cruel treatment at the hands of Rafaela Ottiano, matron of the so-called "reform" institution. Splendid treatment of a grim subject. (*July*)

BRIEF MOMENT—Columbia.—Night club singer Carole Lombard marries playboy Gene Raymond to reform him. It has snap and speed. (*Nov.*)

★ **BROADWAY TO HOLLYWOOD**—M-G-M. Frank Morgan, Alice Brady, others, in a finely-done life story of two vaudeville hoofers. No thrills, but supreme artistry. (*Nov.*)

BUREAU OF MISSING PERSONS—First National.—Good, stirring detective work by hard-boiled Pat O'Brien, directed by chief Lewis Stone. Bette Davis. (*Nov.*)

Lucky Winners of Movie Muddles $1500 Prizes

will be announced in January issue of PHOTOPLAY.

Your or a friend's name may be on the winning list.

The January PHOTOPLAY—

on sale at all newsstands December 1st

CALLED ON ACCOUNT OF DARKNESS—Bryan Foy Prod.—This one has the themes, but not the punch, of some good baseball pictures. (*Aug.*)

CAPTURED!—Warners.—Leslie Howard, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., captured aviators held by prison commander Paul Lukas. Fine acting; weak plot. (*Sept.*)

CENTRAL AIRPORT—First National.—When Sally Eilers marries Tom Brown, aviator Dick Barthelmess takes to reckless barnstorming. So-so. (*June*)

CHARLIE CHAN'S GREATEST CASE—Fox.—Warner Oland in another delightful tale about the fat Chinese detective, and a double murder. Heather Angel. (*Nov.*)

CHEATING BLONDES—Equitable Pictures.—A would-be murder mystery and sexer; it's neither. Thelma Todd. (*Aug.*)

CIRCUS QUEEN MURDER, THE—Columbia.—Sleuth Adolphe Menjou solves the murder of trapeze performer Greta Nissen. Grand circus; a wow finish. (*July*)

COCKTAIL HOUR—Columbia.—Bebe Daniels, scorning "steady" Randolph Scott, tries Europe and a fling at "free" life. Entertaining, if not outstanding. (*Aug.*)

COLLEGE HUMOR—Paramount.—Regulation movie college life. Jack Oakie as hero. Bing Crosby; Burns and Allen, Richard Arlen, Mary Kornman, good enough. (*Sept.*)

CORRUPTION — Wm. Berke Prod. — Preston Foster as a boy mayor who crosses the bosses and cleans up the town. A novel murder twist. Evalyn Knapp good. (*July*)

COUGAR, THE KING KILLER—Sidney Snow Prod.—Life as the official panther catcher for the State of California; good animal stuff. (*Aug.*)

CROSS FIRE—RKO-Radio.—Four old-timers take the law into their own hands when Tom Keene goes to war, leaving a crook in charge of the mine. Slow. (*June*)

DANGEROUS CROSSROADS—Columbia.—Chic Sale does the locomotive engineer in a railroad thriller. For confirmed hokum addicts and Chic Sale's followers. (*Sept.*)

DAS LOCKENDE ZIEL (THE GOLDEN GOAL)—Richard Tauber Tonfilm Prod.—Richard Tauber, as village choir singer who attains grand opera fame. His singing is superb. English captions. (*Sept.*)

DELUGE—RKO-Radio.—Earthquakes, tidal waves, the end of the world provide the thrills here. Cast and story alike dwarfed by the catastrophes. (*Nov.*)

DER BRAVE SUENDER (THE UPRIGHT SINNER) — Allianz Tonfilm Prod.—A somewhat slow piece about an embezzler. Max Pallenberg's performance excellent. English captions. (*June*)

★ **DEVIL'S BROTHER, THE**—Hal Roach.—M-G-M.—The Robin-Hoodish light opera, "Fra Diavolo," with Dennis King for music, Laurel and Hardy for laughs. Shows how good a comedy musical can be. (*June*)

DEVIL'S IN LOVE, THE—Fox.—A shopworn Foreign Legion story; but Victor Jory, Loretta Young, David Manners, Vivienne Osborne, save it with fine acting. (*Oct.*)

DEVIL'S MATE—(Also released under title "He Knew Too Much")—Monogram.—A good melodrama about a murderer who was murdered so he couldn't tell what he knew. (*Oct.*)

DIE GROSSE ATTRAKTION ("THE BIG ATTRACTION")—Tobis-Tauber-Emelka Prod.—Richard Tauber's singing lends interest to this German film. English subtitles. (*Oct.*)

★ **DINNER AT EIGHT**—M-G-M.—Another "all star" affair; they're invited to dinner by Lionel Barrymore and wife Billie Burke. Sophisticated comedy follows. (*Aug.*)

DIPLOMANIACS — RKO-Radio. — Wheeler and Woolsey as delegates to the Peace Conference. Good in some spots, awful in others; lavish girl display. (*July*)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 12]

CRITICS OF NEW YORK NEWSPAPERS WROTE EVERY WORD OF THIS AD

"*ROMANCE*

FRAGRANT AND LOVELY"

—N. Y. Herald-Tribune

"A sensitive and haunting love story that fulfills everyone's wish." (N. Y. Eve. Sun.) "Wrought with rare skill—truly fascinating—you are strongly urged to see it."—N.Y World-Telegram

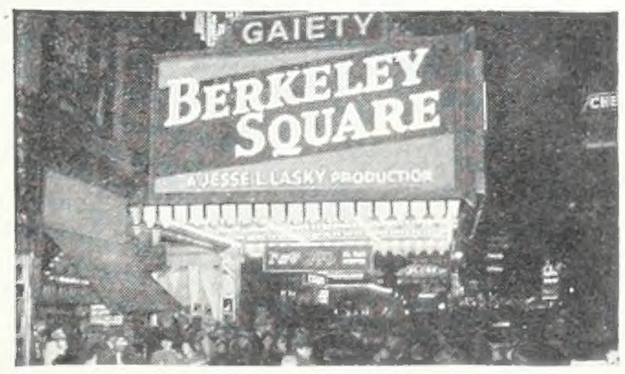
JESSE L. LASKY'S
Production of

BERKELEY SQUARE

LESLIE HOWARD • HEATHER ANGEL

"You will never see a more dazzling performance." —N. Y. American

"Plays delightfully and skillfully." —N. Y. Herald-Tribune



RECORD-BREAKING CROWDS saw "Berkeley Square" at the Gaiety, N. Y. at $1.65 admission. *You see it at popular prices.* Ask your Theatre Manager for the date.

UNANIMOUS!

Never before has a picture received such *unanimous* critical acclaim as this!

"★★★★ Four Stars."—Daily News

"In a class by itself."—N. Y Times

"An exciting experience you can't afford to miss." —N. Y. Mirror

Every critic, without exception, *raved! And you will too!*

VALERIE TAYLOR
IRENE BROWNE
BERYL MERCER

Directed by FRANK LLOYD
who directed "Cavalcade"

From the play by John L. Balderston

FOX

The Audience Talks Back

Charlie Bickford declares he didn't like the screen results of his work in the Paramount picture, "This Day and Age." Read what he says about that on page 42 of this issue

When the audience speaks the stars and producers listen. We offer three prizes for the best letters of the month—$25, $10 and $5. Literary ability doesn't count. But candid opinions and constructive suggestions do. We must reserve the right to cut letters to fit space limitations. Address The Editor, PHOTOPLAY, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

THE $25 LETTER

Africa speaks . . . but I've discovered it speaks another language. Several weeks ago, relatives from Africa came to visit us. I had expected to find them rather uncivilized. But the laugh was on me. These so-called savages proved further advanced than their belittling cousin.

It was my intention (in puffed cheek fashion, I admit) to point out the seven wonders of America. So, as usual, I began with Hollywood. "Have you seen any of our movies?" I asked. That question set fire to their tongues. And how they talked! These Brakpan Africans knew more about our stars than yours truly. In fact, our films alone prepared them for their American trip. They taught them our customs, fashions and, above all, our mode of living.

Life in Africa is very slow, and of course very different. Thanks to our movies, they declared, they were well acquainted with our country. And, rather than being bewildered and staggered by our rapid pace, they joined right into step with us. Which is a wonderful way of gaining geographical knowledge.

GEE KAYE, Dorchester, Mass.

THE $10 LETTER

I've seen all the movies that ever were made,
And Mickey Mouse puts them all in the shade.
He's quaint and he's comic, and sleek as a glove,
I'll tell you a secret; with him I'm in love.

The way that he slithers is really a scream,
A bouquet I hand him, of cheeses and cream,
Gardenia and orchid, a very red rose,
For helping to banish our sorrows and woes.

In every strange country he stirs a great fuss,
For Mickey I'd drown every mouse-eating puss,
I'd hide all the poison and burn all the traps
And I'd let him sleep in my bed—well, perhaps!

EILEEN H. COOPER, Vancouver, B. C.

THE $5 LETTER

I was sitting in a local theater watching the showing of De Mille's "This Day and Age." Charles Bickford, the bold gangster, had just shot the little Jewish tailor—plunked him right through a pail of water.

A sweet young thing next to me uttered a cry. "It's terrible," she whispered to her escort.

OKAY, Cecil B. De Mille! The writer of this month's $5 letter, after some investigation, has discovered that what one man termed a technical error in "This Day and Age" proved quite all right, after all.

An innovation for housewives! While working about—especially on a task you do not particularly fancy—run over in your mind the film you saw the previous night, or try to recall the names of films in which one of your favorites has appeared. A good game.

Much discussion about the reign of Garbo. And her likeness to Queen Christina of Sweden. Well—we shall see what we shall see upon the release of "Queen Christina," in which Greta is now working with her screen love of old, John Gilbert.

And, whom do you nominate as "Hollywood's Ideal Couple" now that Mary and Doug have vacated the throne?

"Buck up," he whispered back. "It's fake! You can't shoot anything through a pail of water!"

Next day I went to the office of our county sheriff, who knows his automatics. He got out an abandoned scrub pail, we went to a garage in the rear of the jail, filled the pail with water and set it up on a bench directly in front of a thick plank. He stepped back about ten paces and fired his 32-calibre automatic.

Water shot from the hole in front of the pail —just as in "This Day and Age." Water was also shooting from the back. We found the bullet imbedded about one inch in the plank behind the pail.

You *can* shoot a guy through a pail of water. Rah! Another film safe for posterity!

L. D. TUCKER, Iron Mountain, Mich.

MOST READERS THINK OTHERWISE

Sara Hamilton has a very peculiar. To say the least. Way of writing. She just places fullstops promiscuously. Wherever she pleases. Whether it makes sense. Or not. Mostly not. She does not care. A rap about her readers. Just try reading her articles. Out loud to your friends. Or family. You will be jeered. And told to stop. Perhaps someone will give you a punch. Over the left eye. On your pet freckle. And make your hair. Fly about hysterically. Why does not PHOTOPLAY tell her to. . . . Study a book on writing. Or to quit altogether. One thing or the other. For the present we shall skip her articles. With a shrug of the shoulders. And a stamp of the hobnails. Which will make them clink. Or something.

JO OTTEN, Milan, Italy.

WILL GARBO REIGN?

I enjoyed the article by Helen Dale, in October's PHOTOPLAY, about Greta Garbo—except the ending.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 117]

She signs a new code!

MIRIAM HOPKINS sets up a new code for women in her latest PARAMOUNT picture. In this new screen play, her heart is large enough to give employment to two lovers instead of one . . . *The play*—NOEL COWARD'S "DESIGN FOR LIVING". Directed by ERNST LUBITSCH. *The lovers*—FREDRIC MARCH and GARY COOPER.

. . . *Vanilla!* They can't take it, but they thought Dewey did! The FOUR MARX BROTHERS as they repel a gas attack with bicarbonate of soda in the third battle of Bull Run in "DUCK SOUP", that very funny PARAMOUNT PICTURE directed by Leo McCarey . . . with girls and music.

Paramount waited 12 years for this girl!

Twelve years ago, "CRADLE SONG" was produced by Eva LeGallienne. The play was so moving and brilliant that it was at once purchased for the screen. Many great actresses were considered for the leading role but none seemed suitable until "Maedchen In Uniform" brought lovely DOROTHEA WIECK to the screen. You will know why 10 million women have raved about DOROTHEA WIECK when you see her in "CRADLE SONG", *A Paramount Picture* directed by Mitchell Leisen.

if it's a PARAMOUNT PICTURE it's the best show in town!

"Your Castile Shampoo is a Real Beauty Treatment for the Hair . . . Congratulations Marchand's!"

That's what women are saying about the wonderful new Castile Shampoo developed by Marchand's (makers of famous Marchand's Golden Hair Wash).

IT'S A REAL BEAUTY TREATMENT FOR THE HAIR BECAUSE IT—

1. Cleanses the scalp gently and thoroughly.
2. Does not dry out the scalp the way highly alkaline soaps do. Marchand's Castile Shampoo leaves the precious natural oils in the scalp, where they are needed.
3. Contains rich olive oil, nourishing to scalp.
4. Leaves hair exquisitely soft, easy to comb and manage.
5. Hair looks lustrous, alive. The color of the hair is NOT lightened or changed in any way.
6. In perfect condition for waving or dressing.

Marchand's Castile Shampoo is the best thing you could use on children's tender scalps. Men who have dandruff or whose scalps tend to be dry should use NOTHING ELSE to wash their hair. The price is LOW.

MARCHAND'S CASTILE SHAMPOO

If Your Druggist Hasn't Stocked It Yet—Get By Mail

For a Regular Size Bottle. Fill out coupon; send with 35c (covers all charges) in coins or stamps to C. Marchand Co., 251 West 19th St., New York City. Canadian residents send 40c.

Please send me your Shampoo—35c enclosed.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

Druggist .....

Address .....

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

DISGRACED—Paramount.—Not a new idea in a carload of this sort of stuff. Mannikin Helen Twelvetrees; rich scamp Bruce Cabot; enough said. (*Sept.*)

DOCTOR BULL—Fox.—Will Rogers brings personality to the tale of a country doctor struggling with a community that misunderstands; mild, except for Will. (*Nov.*)

DON'T BET ON LOVE—Universal.—So-so; Lew Ayres wild about race-horses; sweetheart Ginger Rogers feels otherwise. Ends well, after some race stuff. (*Sept.*)

★ **DOUBLE HARNESS**—RKO-Radio.—Scintillating sophistication, with Ann Harding wangling rich idler Bill Powell into marriage, and making him like it. (*Sept.*)

DREI TAGE MITTELARREST (THREE DAYS IN THE GUARDHOUSE)—Allianz Tonfilm Prod.—Excellent comedy situations when the mayor's maid seeks the father of her child. German dialogue. (*Aug.*)

DUDE BANDIT, THE—Allied.—Hoot Gibson, Gloria Shea and others in a Western that's not Hoot at his best. (*June*)

★ **EAGLE AND THE HAWK, THE**—Paramount.—The much used anti-war theme of the ace who cracks under the strain of killing. Fredric March superb; fine support by Cary Grant, Jack Oakie, others. (*July*)

ELMER THE GREAT—First National.—Fine baseball and fine fun. Rookie Joe Brown outdoes Babe Ruth and wins Patricia Ellis. (*June*)

EMERGENCY CALL—RKO-Radio.—Another hospital, gangster, doctor-and-nurse medley, led by Bill Boyd and Wynne Gibson. Fair, but spotty. (*July*)

FAITHFUL HEART—Helber Pictures.—Not even Herbert Marshall and Edna Best could make anything of this. (*Nov.*)

FIDDLIN' BUCKAROO, THE—Universal.—Ken Maynard and horse Tarzan in a dull Western. (*Sept.*)

FIGHTING PARSON, THE—Allied-First Division.—Hoot Gibson tries comedy, as a cowboy bedecked in the garb of a parson. Not exactly a comic riot, nor is it good Western. (*Oct.*)

FIRES OF FATE—Powers Pictures.—A Conan Doyle tale of a shell-shocked veteran's adventures in the Egyptian desert; slow for Americans. (*June*)

FLYING DEVILS, THE—RKO-Radio.—Jealous hubby Ralph Bellamy, owner of an air circus, tries to crash Eric Linden. Eric's brother, Bruce Cabot, sacrifices himself in air battle with Bellamy. (*Aug.*)

F. P. 1.—Fox-Gaumont British-UFA.—A well-done and novel thriller, about a floating platform built for transatlantic airplanes. Conrad Veidt, Leslie Fenton, Jill Esmond. (*Oct.*)

FORGOTTEN MEN—Jewel Prod.—Official war films from fourteen countries; nothing too strong to put in. Fine if you can stand seeing what really happened. (*Aug.*)

★ **GABRIEL OVER THE WHITE HOUSE**—M-G-M.—"What an inspired President would do to depression," splendidly played by Walter Huston. Karen Morley, Franchot Tone in fine support. (*June*)

GAMBLING SHIP—Paramount.—A good idea gone wrong; Cary Grant, Benita Hume, in a badly worked out gangster piece. (*Aug.*)

GIRL IN 419, THE—Paramount.—Sex and adventure in a hospital, when gangsters William Harrigan and Jack LaRue try to silence Gloria Stuart, patient of head surgeon Jimmie Dunn. Fast-stepping; well done. (*July*)

GIRL MISSING—Warners.—You can be, without missing much. Glenda Farrell, Mary Brian, Ben Lyon, in a Palm Beach mystery. (*June*)

★ **GOLD DIGGERS OF 1933**—Warners.—Another and even better "42nd Street," with Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell, Joan Blondell, in charge of the fun. A wow musical. (*Aug.*)

GOODBYE AGAIN—Warners.—Good, if not howling, farce. Author Warren William pursued by ex-sweetie Genevieve Tobin; he's for Joan Blondell. (*Sept.*)

HE KNEW TOO MUCH—Monogram.—Also released as "Devil's Mate." See review under that title. (*Oct.*)

HEADLINE SHOOTER—RKO-Radio.—Newsreel man William Gargan rescues reporter Frances Dee, in an acceptable thriller with a new twist. (*Sept.*)

★ **HELL BELOW**—M-G-M.—This one rocks the theater. Tense submarine war scenes. Corking comedy, too. Walter Huston, Robert Montgomery, Madge Evans, Jimmy Durante. Don't miss it. (*June*)

Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.

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HELLO SISTER—Fox.—Jimmie Dunn and Boots Mallory in a formula plot—scandal makers cause trouble, the truth comes out, etc. ZaSu Pitts helps a lot. (*July*)

HELL'S HOLIDAY—Superb Pictures.—Another assemblage of official war film—with the usual anti-war conversation added. Otherwise, acceptable and interesting. (*Oct.*)

HER BODYGUARD—Paramount.—Showgirl Wynne Gibson's so pestered, she hires Eddie Lowe as bodyguard. Good enough fun from there on. (*Sept.*)

★ **HER FIRST MATE**—Universal.—ZaSu Pitts tries to make a big time mariner out of Slim Summerville who's supposed to be first mate, but who is really selling peanuts, on the Albany night boat. Una Merkel helps scramble up the hilariously funny plot. (*Oct.*)

HEROES FOR SALE—First National.—Boo hoo! It's just too awful—all that happens to ex-soldier Dick Barthelmess! (*Aug.*)

HERTHA'S AWAKENING—UFA.—A country lass and a city boy who forgot. Candid sex done sincerely. German with English subtitles. (*June*)

HIGH GEAR—Goldsmith Prod.—An auto racing driver thought to be yellow. Don't bother. (*July*)

HIS PRIVATE SECRETARY—Showmens Pictures.—An Evalyn Knapp romance with John Wayne. Distinctly better than most films in which Evalyn has appeared. (*Oct.*)

HOLD ME TIGHT—Fox.—Another Jimmie Dunn-Sally Eilers opus, poor boy besting the villain, they live happily, etc. (*Aug.*)

★ **HOLD YOUR MAN**—M-G-M.—Clark Gable and Jean Harlow; both crooked to start, both go straight for love. Not another "Red Dust," but good enough. (*Sept.*)

HUMANITY—Fox.—Ralph Morgan as a noble-souled old family doctor whose doctor son (Alexander Kirkland) isn't so good. Fair entertainment. (*June*)

★ **"I COVER THE WATERFRONT"**—United Artists.—The late Ernest Torrence, a fisherman who smuggles Chinamen, exposed when reporter Ben Lyon wins Ernest's daughter, Claudette Colbert. Good melodrama. (*July*)

HAVE LIVED—Chesterfield.—Alan Dinehart, Anita Page, others, help this obvious tale about a playwright and a woman of easy virtue. (*Nov.*)

★ **I LOVED A WOMAN**—First National.—Edward G. Robinson, as a rich Chicago meat-packer, finds his life torn between wife Genevieve Tobin and opera singer Kay Francis. Excellent and "different." (*Nov.*)

I LOVE THAT MAN—Paramount.—Nancy Carroll sticks to con-man Eddie Lowe, and all but reforms him when he gets double-crossed and killed. Acceptable. (*July*)

I LOVED YOU WEDNESDAY—Fox.—Life and loves of dancer Elissa Landi. Victor Jory throws her over; Warner Baxter loves her. Pleasant; not gripping. (*Sept.*)

INDIA SPEAKS—RKO-Radio.—Richard Halliburton gives a personally conducted exposure of the caste system and some adventure. We're doubtful. (*July*)

INTERNATIONAL HOUSE — Paramount. — A riot of gags, put over by W. C. Fields and others, while Stu Erwin tries to buy a Chinese invention. (*July*)

IT'S GREAT TO BE ALIVE—Fox.—Perhaps squirrels who see this will think so; most audiences won't. Herbert Mundin, Edna May Oliver help some. (*Sept.*)

JENNIE GERHARDT — Paramount. — Sylvia Sidney's grand acting saves a slow telling of the Dreiser tale about a girl who, unwedded, loved her man throughout life. (*Aug.*)

KING OF THE ARENA—Universal.—A first-rate Western with Ken Maynard. (*July*)

LADIES MUST LOVE—Universal.—A "gold-digger" partnership breaks up when June Knight really falls for Neil Hamilton. Thin, but it has good spots. (*Nov.*)

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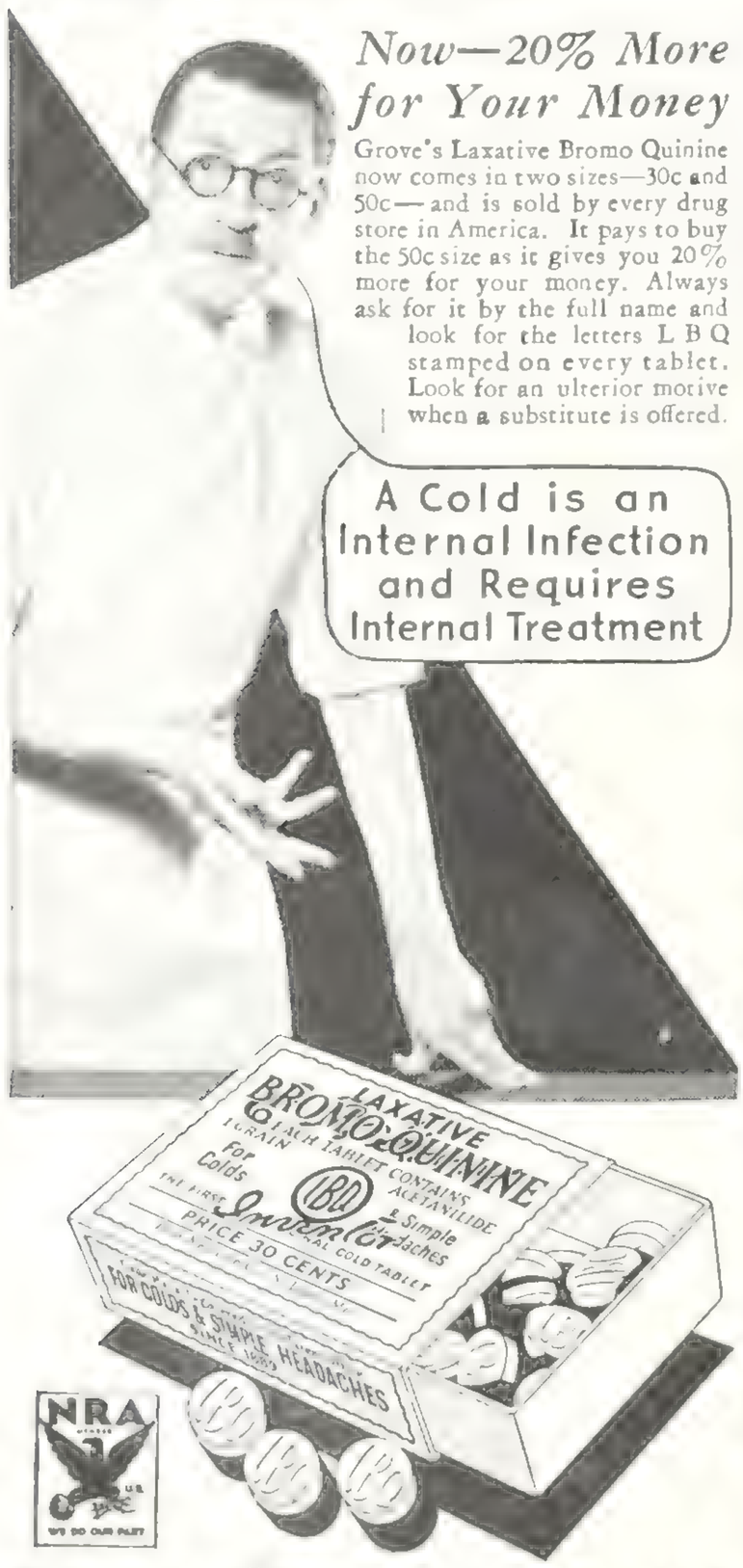

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BROMO QUININE

★ **LADY FOR A DAY**—Columbia.—Applewoman May Robson thought a society dame by her daughter; a stage crowd throws a party to save the day. Fine fun. (*Sept.*)

LAST TRAIL, THE — Fox. — A Zane Grey Western with racketeers instead of rustlers, and speed cops in place of cowboys. The changes don't help it. (*Oct.*)

LAUGHING AT LIFE—Mascot Pictures.—A well-done Richard Harding Davis type of tale about soldier of fortune Victor McLaglen raising cain in a banana republic. (*Aug.*)

LIFE IN THE RAW—Fox.—George O'Brien and Claire Trevor in a Western enriched with new ideas. (*Oct.*)

LILLY TURNER—First National.—Inexcusable sex, with Ruth Chatterton going from bad to worse as a side-show performer. Worth avoiding. (*July*)

★ **LITTLE GIANT, THE**—Warners.—Eddie Robinson, reformed gangster, is made a sucker by Helen Vinson. Some grand situations. You'll like this one. (*June*)

LONE AVENGER, THE—World Wide.—The big bank robbery is the burden of this Ken Maynard Western. Youngsters won't be disappointed. (*Sept.*)

★ **LOOKING FORWARD**—M-G-M.—This achieves perfection in acting. Lewis Stone and Lionel Barrymore in an old British business hit by depression. (*June*)

LOVE, HONOR AND OH, BABY!—Universal.—(Reviewed under the title "Sue Me.") Shyster lawyer Slim Summerville tries to frame ZaSu Pitts' sugar-daddy. Riotously funny, after a slow start. (*Nov.*)

LOVE IN MOROCCO—Gaumont British.—Rex Ingram got fine North African scenery and fighting but as romance it's a washout. (*June*)

LUCKY DOG—Universal.—Canine actor Buster turns in a knockout performance, as faithful companion to "out of luck" Chic Sale (cast as a young man). (*July*)

"M"—Nerofilm.—Based on the Duesseldorff child murders, and not a melodrama. Not for children or emotional adults; English subtitles. (*June*)

MADE ON BROADWAY—M-G-M.—Bob Montgomery, Sally Eilers, Madge Evans and Eugene Pallette in a dull one over a Bowery girl. (*June*)

★ **MAMA LOVES PAPA**—Paramount.—Lowly Charlie Ruggles is made park commissioner; involved with tipsy society dame Lilyan Tashman. Great clowning. (*Sept.*)

MAN FROM MONTEREY, THE—Warners.—John Wayne in a historical Western about California when Uncle Sam took possession in '49. Will appeal largely to the youngsters. (*July*)

MAN OF THE FOREST—Paramount.—Far from being a topnotch Western. Randolph Scott, Verna Hillie, Noah Beery. Good work done by a mountain lion. (*Sept.*)

★ **MAN WHO DARED, THE**—Fox.—Life story of the late Mayor Cermak of Chicago, from an immigrant boy in a coal mine to his assassination at the side of President Roosevelt. Fine cast, Preston Foster in the lead. (*Oct.*)

MARY STEVENS, M.D.—Warners.—Slow tale of two doctors (Kay Francis, Lyle Talbot) who love, have a baby, but won't marry. (*Sept.*)

★ **MAYOR OF HELL, THE**—Warners.—Gangster Jimmy Cagney steps into a tough reform school, and with help of inmate Frankie Darro, makes things hum. Madge Evans. (*Aug.*)

MELODY CRUISE — RKO-Radio. — Playboy Charlie Ruggles has girl trouble on a cruise. Good music; plot falls apart. (*Aug.*)

MIDNIGHT CLUB—Paramount.—George Raft plays crook to catch chief crook Clive Brook, but falls in love with Helen Vinson, one of the gang. Not as good as the grand cast suggests it should be. (*Oct.*)

MIDNIGHT MARY—M-G-M.—Loretta Young does a better than usual gun moll; she shoots big-shot Ricardo Cortez to save lawyer Franchot Tone for the plot. (*Aug.*)

★ **MOONLIGHT AND PRETZELS**—Universal.—Leo Carrillo, Lillian Miles, Roger Pryor, Mary Brian, in a musical. Familiar theme but excellent numbers. (*Nov.*)

MORGENROT (DAWN).—UFA.—An excellent German film about submarine warfare. English prologue and captions. (*Aug.*)

★ **MORNING GLORY, THE**—RKO-Radio.—Katharine Hepburn at her superb best in a story of a country girl determined to make good on the stage. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Adolphe Menjou, Mary Duncan. (*Oct.*)

MUSSOLINI SPEAKS—Columbia.—While Il Duce makes an address, "cut ins" show the deeds he mentions. Partisan, but interesting. (*June*)

MYRT AND MARGE—Universal.—Two popular radio stars do their stuff for the movies; an amusing little musical. (*Nov.*)

NARROW CORNER, THE—Warners.—Doug Fairbanks, Jr., in a lugubrious tale of evil passions in the South Seas. Fine acting, fine cast, but a dark brown after-taste. (*Aug.*)

NIGHT AND DAY—Gaumont-British.—Mixed music and melodrama, done in leisurely British fashion; the mixture doesn't jell. (*Aug.*)

★ **NIGHT FLIGHT**—M-G-M.—All star cast, with two Barrymores, Helen Hayes, Robert Montgomery, Myrna Loy, Clark Gable, others. Not much plot, but gripping tension and great acting, as night flying starts in the Argentine. (*Nov.*)

NO MARRIAGE TIES—RKO-Radio.—Richard Dix as a brilliant sot who makes good in advertising, with Elizabeth Allan clinging to him. Good Dix stuff. (*Sept.*)

★ **NUISANCE, THE**—M-G-M.—(Reviewed under the title "Never Give A Sucker A Break.") Lee Tracy at his best as a shyster lawyer and ambulance chaser; Frank Morgan adds a magnificent drunken doctor accomplice, until Madge Evans trips them up. Fast, packed with laughs. (*July*)

OBEY THE LAW—Columbia.—Leo Carrillo goes "good boy" as a naturalized barber practicing the Golden Rule. They made him too good. (*June*)

★ **ONE MAN'S JOURNEY**—RKO-Radio.—Lionel Barrymore struggles from obscurity to universal esteem as a self-sacrificing, conscientious country doctor. May Robson, David Landau, Joel McCrea, others, in support. (*Nov.*)

ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON — Paramount.—Dentist Gary Cooper suddenly finds his life-long enemy in his dental chair, at his mercy, and thinks back over it all. Direction could have done better with cast and story. (*Nov.*)

ONE YEAR LATER—Allied.—Melodrama that turns a slow start into a good finish. Mary Brian and Donald Dillaway. (*Oct.*)

OVER THE SEVEN SEAS—William K. Vanderbilt.—Mr. Vanderbilt's films of his journey around the world, gathering marine specimens. Some wonderful color photography. (*Aug.*)

★ **PADDY, THE NEXT BEST THING**—Fox.—Janet Gaynor in a whimsical, delightful story of an Irish madcap girl who doesn't want big sister Margaret Lindsay forced to marry rich planter Warner Baxter. (*Nov.*)

★ **PEG O' MY HEART**—M-G-M.—The old musical favorite, pleasingly done by Marion Davies, J. Farrell MacDonald, Onslow Stevens. (*July*)

★ **PENTHOUSE**—M-G-M.—Standard melodrama about a "high life" murder, but thrillingly done by Warner Baxter, C. Henry Gordon, Myrna Loy, Phillips Holmes, Mae Clarke, and others. (*Nov.*)

PHANTOM BROADCAST, THE—Monogram.—Gangster stuff, with Ralph Forbes as the shadow voice of a radio crooner. Involved plot doesn't help. (*June*)

★ **PICK UP**—Paramount.—Taxi-driver George Raft "picks up" Sylvia Sidney, falls in love with her; tangles with a society lady and Sylvia's convict husband. Humanly done; good comedy. (*June*)

★ **PICTURE SNATCHER**—Warners.—Jimmy Cagney at his best in a newspaper tale. Jimmy falls for the daughter of a cop who'd sent him up. Sparkling dialogue. (*June*)

★ **PILGRIMAGE**—Fox.—Henrietta Crosman as a mother who loses a son in France. She is completely embittered until she visits France as a Gold Star mother. Poignant, exquisitely done. (*July*)

PLEASURE CRUISE—Fox.—Jealous Roland Young as a ship's barber keeps an eye on wife Genevieve Tobin. And things happen! (*June*)

POIL DE CAROTTE (THE RED HEAD)—Pathe-Natan.—Redhead Robert Lynen splendid as the lonely boy who tries to hang himself. English captions. (*Sept.*)

POLICE CALL—Showmens Pictures.—Wild adventures in Guatemala; a mediocre film. (*Nov.*)

POWER AND THE GLORY, THE—Fox.—Ralph Morgan relates the life story of his friend the railroad president (Spencer Tracy). Colleen Moore "comes back" in this. Unusual and good. (*Sept.*)

PRIVATE DETECTIVE 62—Warners.—Not-so-thrilling thriller with Bill Powell, who was told to frame Margaret Lindsay but married her. (*July*)

★ **PROFESSIONAL SWEETHEART** — RKO-Radio.—Ginger Rogers in a patchily done but funny skit about a radio "purity girl" who's hot-cha at heart. Fine comic support. (*Aug.*)

★ **RAFTER ROMANCE** — RKO-Radio. — Scrambled plot, but good fun. Two down-and-out youngsters (Ginger Rogers and Norman Foster) sent to live in the attic because they can't pay the rent. Unknown to each other, they meet on the outside. Then the fun begins. (*Oct.*)

REBEL, THE—Universal.—Napoleon destroys a Tyrolean home; so the wronged man (Luis Trenker) heads a revolt. Great scenery. Vilma Banky. Worth seeing. (*June*)

RETURN OF CASEY JONES, THE—Monogram.—A disjointed railroad melodrama. (*Sept.*)

★ **REUNION IN VIENNA** — M-G-M. — John Barrymore, as the exiled *Archduke Rudolf*, seeks to revive an old romance with Diana Wynyard. Brilliantly gay and naughty; it should delight everyone. (*July*)

SAMARANG—Zeidman-United Artists.—A finely done travel piece about Malay pearl divers. Stirring shark fights, an octopus; superb native types. (*July*)

SAVAGE GOLD—Harold Auten Prod:—A corking travel film, showing the Jivaro Indians of the upper Amazon. You'll see human heads shrunk to the size of oranges, among other gruesome thrills. (*Oct.*)

SECRET OF THE BLUE ROOM, THE—Universal.—Well-sustained melodrama about a sealed and deadly room. Gloria Stuart, William Janney, Paul Lukas, Onslow Stevens. (*Sept.*)

SHANGHAI MADNESS—Fox.—Melodrama in China; Spencer Tracy, Eugene Pallette, Fay Wray, better than the story. (*Nov.*)

SHE HAD TO SAY YES—First National.—Loretta Young, cloak-and-suit model, must be agreeable to out-of-town buyers. Gets all tangled in its own plot. (*Aug.*)

SHEPHERD OF SEVEN HILLS, THE—Faith Pictures.—A finely done camera visit to the Vatican, with scenes showing Pope Pius XI. (*Nov.*)

SHRIEK IN THE NIGHT, A—Allied.—In fact plenty of shrieks, with Ginger Rogers, Lyle Talbot. A well-done, small-time thriller. (*June*)

SILK EXPRESS, THE—Warners.—Good melodrama; crooks try to stop a silk shipment from Japan. Neil Hamilton; fine support. (*Aug.*)

SILVER CORD, THE—RKO-Radio.—Laura Hope Crews as a possessive mother; son Joel McCrea's wife Irene Dunne, and Frances Dee, fiancée of son Eric Linden, rebel. Sparkling but "talky." (*July*)

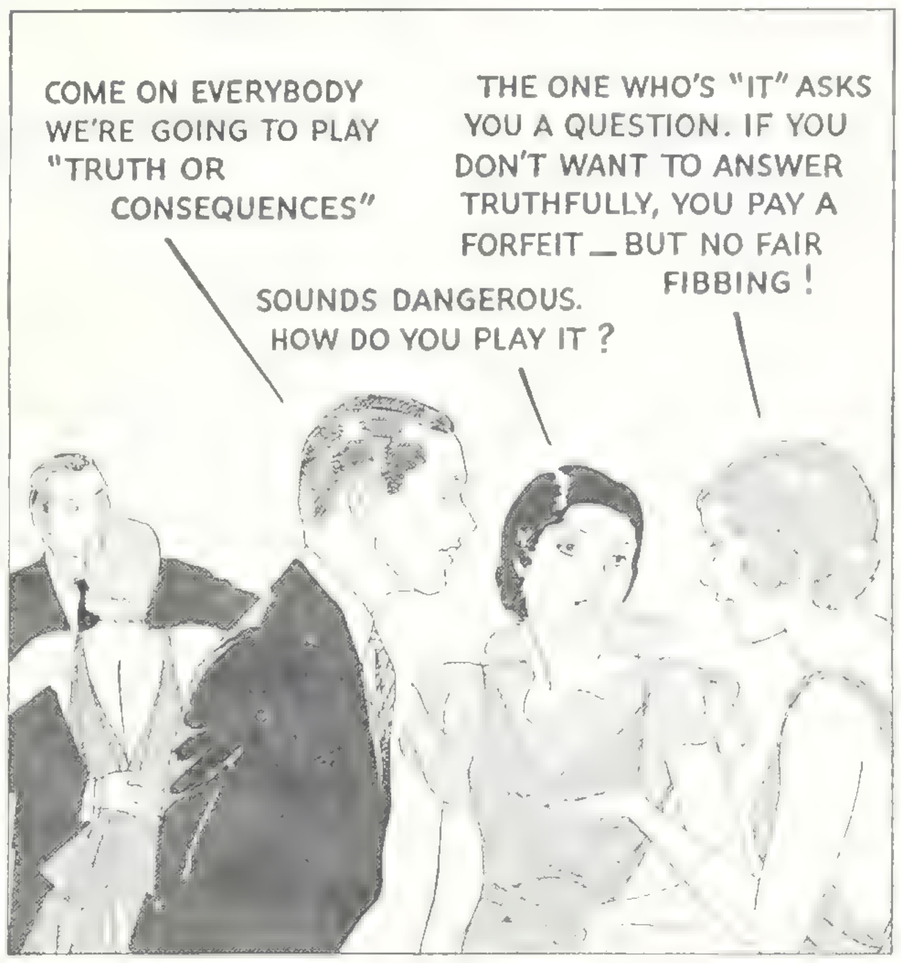
SING SINNER SING — Majestic Pictures. — Torch singer Leila Hyams tries to reform hubby Don Dillaway. Paul Lukas, George Stone also in cast. So-so. (*Oct.*)

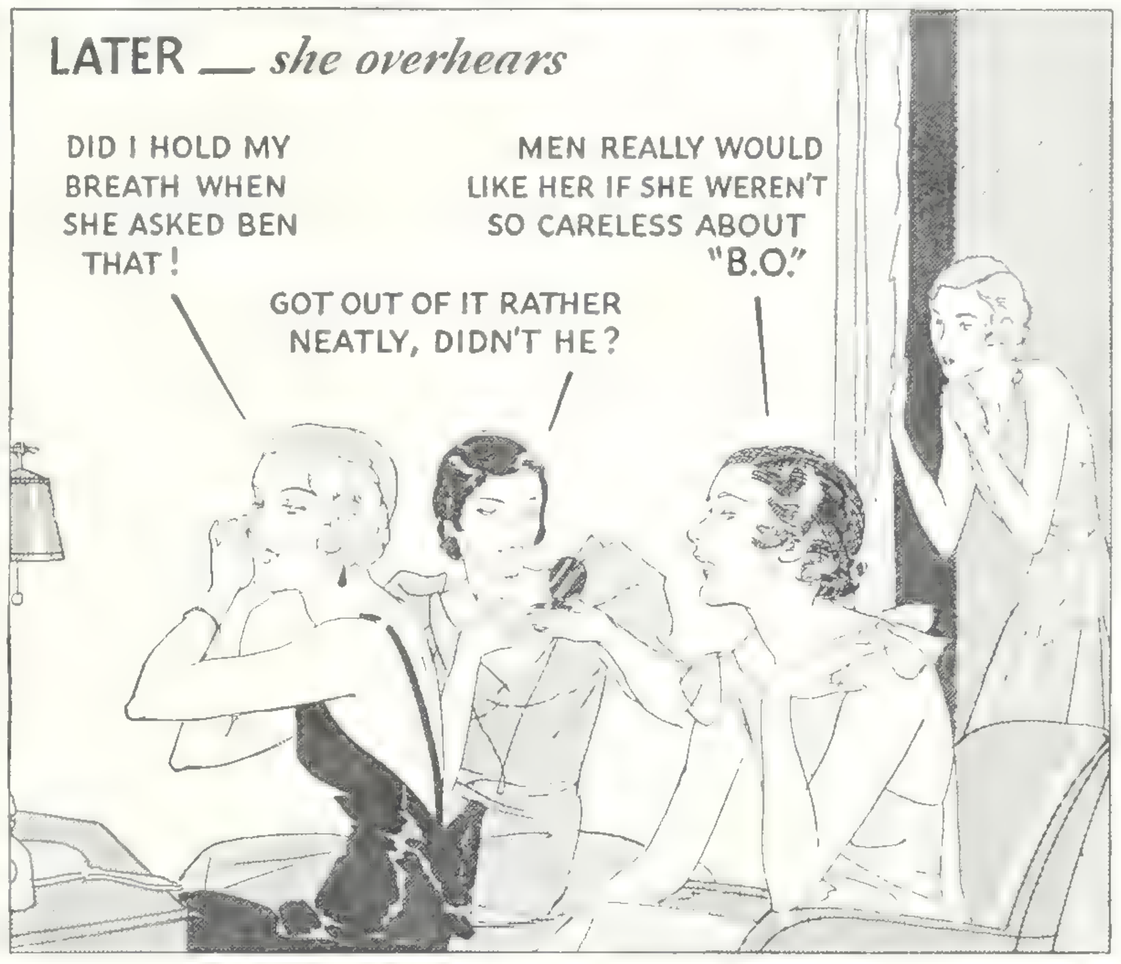
SKYWAY — Monogram. — A humdrum thriller about an airplane pilot, played by newcomer Ray Walker. (*Oct.*)

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS—Remington Pictures.—The old farce idea of a man and girl supposed to be married, and thrust into bedrooms accordingly; but it's better than most British attempts at humor. (*Oct.*)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 17]

"TRUTH" — A DANGEROUS GAME





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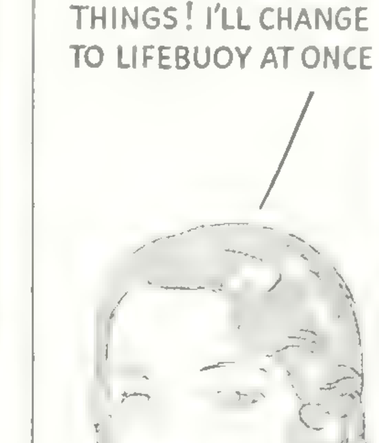

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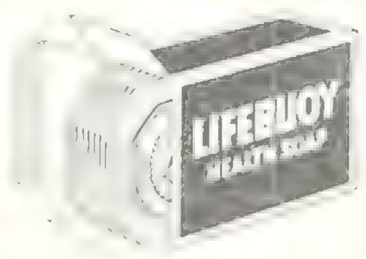

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15]

SOLDIERS OF THE STORM—Columbia.—Standard melodrama about a U. S. Border Patrol aviator and liquor smugglers; Regis Toomey makes it distinctly good entertainment. (*Aug.*)

SOLITAIRE MAN, THE—M-G-M.—Crooked doings in an airplane. Herbert Marshall, Lionel Atwill, and Mary Boland as a screamingly funny American tourist. (*Nov.*)

SONG OF SONGS, THE—Paramount.—A once-thrilling classic about artist-model Marlene Dietrich, deserted by artist Brian Aherne, and married to blustering baron Lionel Atwill. Charming; not stirring. (*Sept.*)

SONG OF THE EAGLE—Paramount.—An honest old beer baron (Jean Hersholt) is killed by gangsters; his son (Richard Arlen) avenges him. Acceptable. (*July*)

SPHINX, THE—Monogram.—Excellent melodrama, with Lionel Atwill as chief chill-giver; Theodore Newton, Sheila Terry, Paul Hurst, Luis Alberni. (*Aug.*)

★ **STORM AT DAYBREAK**—M-G-M.—Kay Francis and Nils Asther two unwilling points of a triangle, with Serbian mayor Walter Huston as the third. A powerful story of war days in Sarajevo. (*Sept.*)

STORY OF TEMPLE DRAKE, THE—Paramount.—Life of an erotic Southern girl (Miriam Hopkins), conquered by gangster Jack LaRue. Sordid, repellent. (*July*)

STRANGE CASE OF TOM MOONEY, THE—First Division.—Newsreel material showing Mooney's side of this noted case. Effectively done. (*Oct.*)

STRANGE PEOPLE—Chesterfield.—If you ask us, the strange people are the producers who thought this rehash of old horrors worth filming. (*June*)

STRANGER'S RETURN, THE—M-G-M.—The folks secretly detest rich, crotchety farmer Lionel Barrymore—all except city granddaughter Miriam Hopkins. Grand "back to the farm" feeling; superb acting. (*Sept.*)

STUDY IN SCARLET, A—World Wide.—Has Reginald Owen as *Sherlock Holmes*, but Conan Doyle wouldn't know the story. Fair. (*Aug.*)

SUCKER MONEY—Hollywood Pictures.—A miserably done exposé of fake mediums. (*July*)

SUNSET PASS—Paramount.—A Western that *is* one—fine cast, fine action, gorgeous scenery. Worth anyone's time. (*Aug.*)

SUPERNATURAL—Paramount.—Carole Lombard attempted a spooky "transmigration of souls" thriller in this one. (*July*)

SYAMA—Carson Prod.—The elephant doings here might have made a one-reel short; otherwise, there's nothing. (*Nov.*)

TAMING THE JUNGLE—Invincible.—Another revelation of lion taming. Some interest, but not hot. (*Aug.*)

TARZAN THE FEARLESS—Principal.—Buster Crabbe doing Johnny Weissmuller stuff in a disjointed *Tarzan* tale. Indifferent film fare. (*Nov.*)

TERROR ABOARD—Paramount.—Rich yachtsman John Halliday wants to murder his guests and dodge prison. Strong cast, but as a drama a bit incredible. (*June*)

★ **THIS DAY AND AGE**—Paramount.—Cecil B. DeMille produces a grim but gripping story of boys who clean up on a gangster when the police fail. A challenging picture that everyone will talk about. (*Oct.*)

THIS IS AMERICA—Frederick Ullman, Jr. Prod.—Newsreel material, brilliantly selected and assembled by Gilbert Seldes, tells the story of America from 1917 to the present. Well worth seeing. (*Oct.*)

★ **THREE-CORNERED MOON**—Paramount.—Nicely done comedy about an impractical, happy family. Mary Boland the impractical mama; Claudette Colbert the daughter, in love with would-be author Hardie Albright. But Doctor Dick Arlen moves in and upsets things. (*Oct.*)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 114]

MAKE THIS TELLING TEST!

RUB YOUR finger tips over your face. Press firmly. Give particular attention to your chin, forehead, around your mouth, and the little crevices beside your nose. Now! Is your skin absolutely smooth? Or do you feel tiny bumps and rough patches? If you do, you have Paralyzed Pores.

Your Cleansing Methods Paralyze the Pores Because They Do Not Let the Skin Breathe

When you massage a heavy, waxy cold cream into your pores you fill them with a sticky mixture of grease and dirt. The mixture hardens in the pores—plugs them up—paralyzes them. Then the skin, unable to breathe, becomes dry, coarse and muddy. The clogged pores become enlarged. Blackheads and heart-breaking blemishes appear.

How to Correct Paralyzed Pores. For Complete Results Just This One Cream is Necessary

The way to banish paralyzed pores is to use a cleansing method that is founded on a scientific knowledge of the skin and its requirements. Such a method is supplied in Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.

FIRST: This new cream melts the instant it touches the skin. It penetrates the pores to the bottom without enlarging them, dissolves the waxy accumulations and floats them to the surface where they are easily wiped off.

SECOND: It makes the pores so clean that fresh air rushes in and stimulates your tired skin. Thoroughly cleansed and revived, the pores naturally resume their normal size. Thus this cream corrects enlarged pores. No astringents are necessary.

THIRD: Lady Esther Cream resupplies the skin with a fine oil. That's why it banishes dryness and the withered look of age. You can forget about your skin foods.

FOURTH: This one cream keeps the skin so soft and smooth, powder clings perfectly. You do not need vanishing creams or powder bases.

Prove to Yourself What My Cream Will Do For Your Skin

Mail coupon below to me, and by return mail I will send you a proof tube of my famous Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream. Use this tube as I direct. Then look in your mirror—you'll see an amazing difference. Your face will be softer and smoother than ever before. Lady Esther, 2018 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Ill.

ACCEPT FREE OFFER

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

LADY ESTHER MAIL NOW

2018 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail your 7-day tube of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

Indoor Workers:

Fight colds and stay on the job . . . gargle with Listerine twice a day

Most of the absences among indoor workers are traceable to the common cold. Because of their sedentary habits, stenographers, teachers, clerks, accountants, etc., are the most frequest victims of serious cold attacks. Such attacks undermine health and often lead to serious illnesses. They are expensive. And because they enforce frequent absence from work, colds often cause the victim the loss of a job.

Stay on the Job

Jobs are still scarce, so we say to you: If you have one, hold onto it. Keep well; fight colds as never before. Use Listerine morning and night as a precautionary measure.

Our many experiments, conducted under medical supervision, indicate that full strength Listerine possesses marked value in guarding against common colds and their sequel, sore throat.

Fewer Colds for Garglers

These experiments reveal that men, women, and children who gargled with Listerine twice a day caught only one-third as many colds as those who did not gargle with it.

When Listerine users *did* contract colds, their colds were very mild and of short duration as compared with those of non-users.

With such results before you, isn't the twice-a-day gargle with Listerine worth trying? Think how much better you would feel if you had no colds this winter—how much money you would save.

Why Listerine is Better

In oral hygiene it is highly important to choose a mouth wash that is fatal to germs yet harmless to the delicate tissues of the mouth and throat.

These vital requirements are fully met by Listerine. For more than half a century it has been the choice of noted doctors and health authorities.

Listerine enjoys the distinction of being absolutely safe no matter how frequently it is used. It is therefore preferred to harsh, inferior mouth washes whose sole appeal is the bargain appeal.

Reduces Mouth Germs 99%

The moment Listerine enters the mouth it attacks bacteria associated with colds. The number of germs on mouth surfaces is reduced as much as 99% within 5 minutes after the use of Listerine. At the end of four hours, a reduction of as high as 64% may be still apparent.

For your own protection and that of your children, use Listerine when an oral antiseptic is needed. Behind it lie fifty years of use in the hands of the medical profession and the public. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

DOWN GO LISTERINE PRICES

Buy now at substantial savings

Irving Lippman

HER work certainly has provided variety for charming Fay Wray, since she said "goodbye" to screaming rôles some time ago! Now she's a lovely society girl who provides inspiration for "he-man" steel-maker Jack Holt in his new "Master of Men." Of course, gentleman Jack wouldn't really call on Fay in those clothes. They're just having a chat on the set

PERHAPS it's a case of Carole Lombard and Kent Taylor hearkening to the call of the wild that we have here. Or it might be, they see that big bully, Charles Laughton, coming. There's no telling what he'll do next to them in the new film, "White Woman," they are all busy making right now. It's all about life in wildest Africa, and Charlie gives everybody plenty of reason for wearing worried looks before they all get together and put an end to his unceasing deviltry

Eugene Robert Richee

CAN you guess right off who this is? She has many elusive changes of expression, does this splendid artist—but probably you haven't seen the one shown here before. We present you with Karen Morley in a double rôle: wife of Director Charles Vidor, and mother of son Michael Karoly Vidor. "Karoly"—isn't that a quaint name for the son of Karen Morley? For some time, Karen hasn't thought much of pictures; her family is her one care

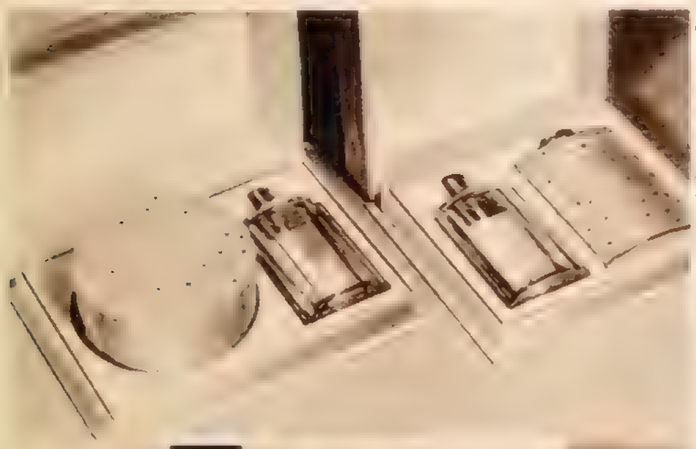
Clarence Sinclair Bull

Otto Dyar

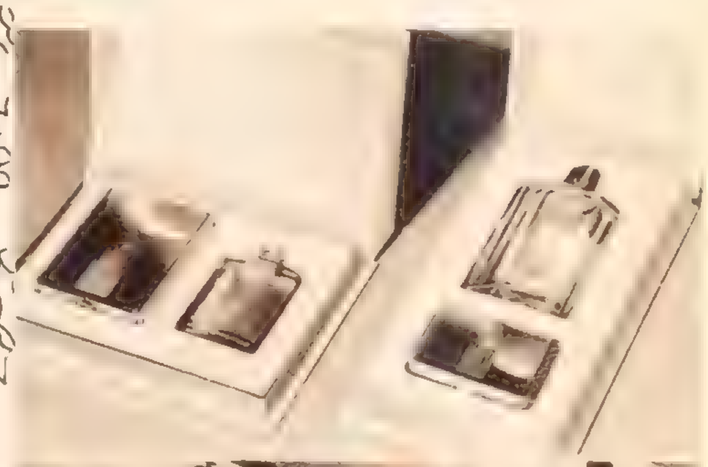
WHO should be peering at us so winsomely but Rochelle Hudson! And do you notice that gleam of excited happiness in her eyes? There's good reason for it. Rochelle has been told that her excellent performance in support of Will Rogers in his latest film, "Doctor Bull," has earned her the rôle of the daughter in Will's next production, "Mr. Skitch"

A Sparkling CHOICE FOR Scintillant FOLK

For those smart bath-rooms—Coty creates new *Bath Ensembles* in lovely water-lily boxes. *Dusting Powder with Toilet Water*—$2.75; *Toilet Water with Talc* (in dainty metal container)—$2.25. Cool blue tones, with leaf traceries. (Below)



Just created—gold-toned *Compacts*, handsome new designs, inlaid and flanged with "turquoise" or "vermilion". *Double Compact* with new half-ounce *Perfume*—choice of odeurs—$4.25. *Coty Toilet Water*, with *Single Compact*—$2.



BRIGHT people recognize brightness in their friends. And they *send* the sort of *gifts* that they'd be glad themselves to *receive*—exquisite Perfumes, Compacts, Purse Ensembles, Soaps, Manicure Sets, Toilet Water—*signed with the name that means quality*. Nothing more lovely has ever been created than Coty's gold-and-ivory-toned gift boxes. In selecting them you honor yourself and friends!

Coty

In her hand, Coty's "Diadème"—5 odeurs—$10

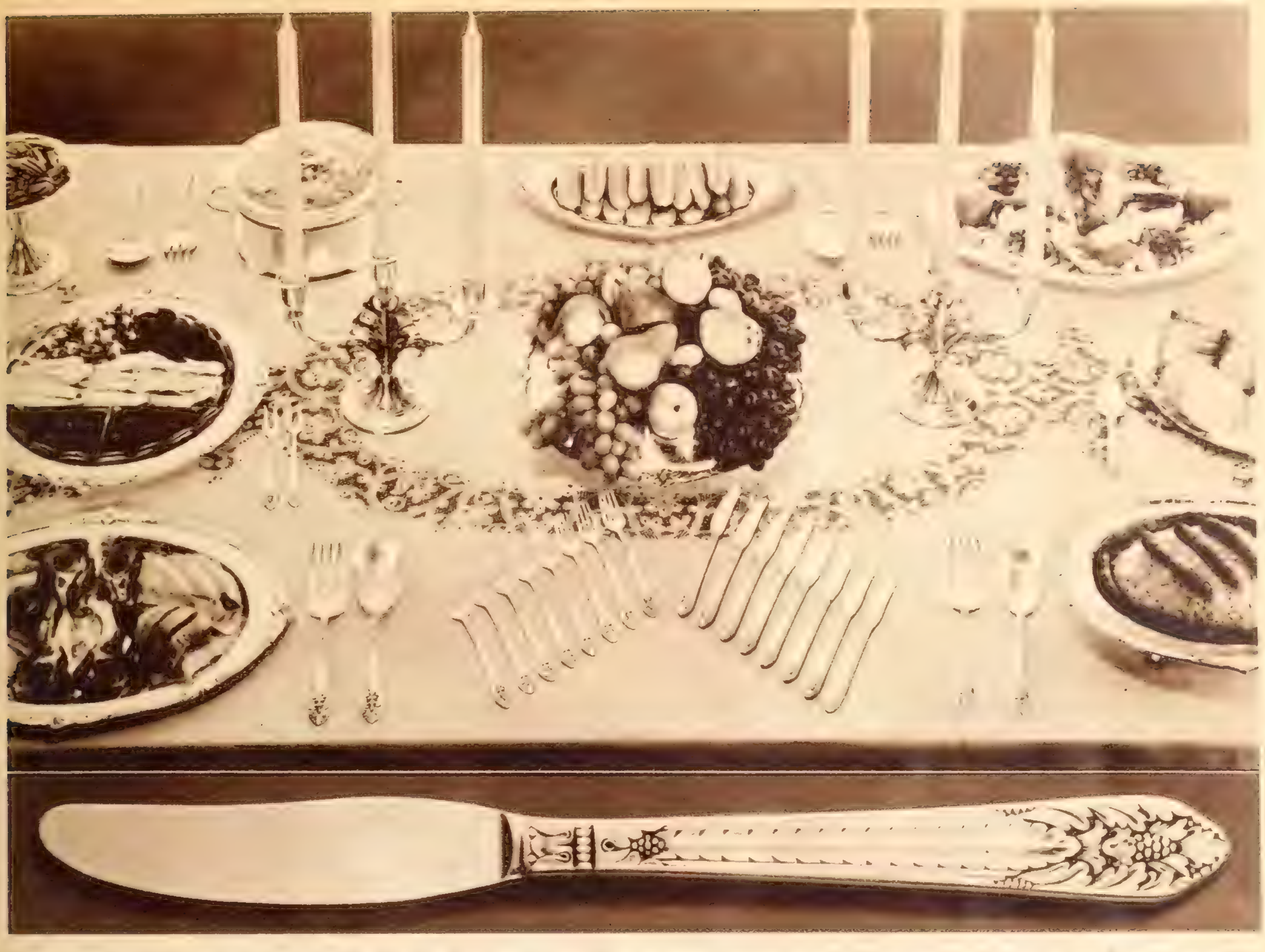
Perfumes make perfect gifts—especially *Coty Perfumes*, where even the *small sizes* look luxurious. One ounce, $4.15; half-ounce, $2.20; quarter-ounce, $1.10. *Fernery at Twilight*—Coty's newest odeur, $10; *L'Aimant*—glamorous, sunny, $14.30. (Above)

New! Fragrant Ensembles—center panel. De luxe box of *Coty Face Powder*, vermilion-footed; generous new bottle of *Toilet Water*—$2.50. The next Set unites de luxe *Face Powder* with *Coty Talc*, in frosted glass, and the new half-ounce of *Perfume*—$4.85.

Gold-toned Purse Ensemble—new (at center)—*Purse Perfume Holder*, *Single Compact*, and *Round Lipstick*. Amazing value—three piece set—$3.75. Also, new gold-toned *Double Compact* with special *Toilet Water*, capped in color—the set—$3.

Fragrance carries through the *Coty Gift Box* above, with frosted bottle of *Talc*, de luxe box of *Face Powder*, flacon of *Toilet Water* and gilt-capped, crystal bottle of *Perfume*—$10. *Travel Manicure Kit*, $3.50. Other complete Manicure Sets, $3, $4, $5

FLORINE McKINNEY, the little girl with the questioning eyes and answering lips came bounding into Hollywood in a rattling flivver in search of movie fame. And those "ole moom pitchers" know a good thing from Texas when they see it. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has gobbled her up and you'll be seeing her very soon in "Dancing Lady"



VIANDE* KNIFE AND BUFFET SUPPER SETTING IN THE NEW MARQUISE PATTERN . . . CRAFTED TO MEET TODAY'S DEMAND FOR ELEGANCE

How Marvelous!

THESE CERTIFIED COUPONS WILL SAVE YOU 25% ON ACCESSORY FLATWARE PIECES

Now you can have the complete silverware service you've always wanted . . . and at a saving of ¼ on all the "accessory" pieces.

And so easy! You start with a 26 or 34 piece set of 1847 Rogers Bros. Silverplate. Any pattern, at regular price. With your set you'll receive a Certified Coupon Book. Actually a *savings* book, entitling you to a 25% discount on all "accessory" flatware pieces, such as salad forks, oyster forks, and servers.

You can add these pieces month after month for eighteen months from the date of your original purchase. *But this offer is for a short time only.* So see your dealer today.

As a careful hostess you owe it to yourself to have another set of silverware—one for "best" occasions. And proud you'll be if your "best" is 1847 Rogers Bros. For in this brand there is a smooth perfection of finish that can be achieved only by the finest craftsmanship . . . a finish that will retain its lustrous beauty for a lifetime.

Think what a glorious Christmas present to give yourself—or others!

Starting service of 26 pieces. Prevent Tarnish Case, $31.25.

Write Ann Adams, Dept. M-27. International Silver Company, Meriden, Conn., for details of this Certified Coupon Plan, and for free book "So You're Going To Give a Buffet Party!"

1847 ROGERS BROS.

Silverplate

A PRODUCT OF THE INTERNATIONAL SILVER COMPANY, Meriden, Conn.

The mark of the International Silver Company— * IS *this quality mark appears on each piece of Marquise.*

* REG. U. S. PAT. OFF

The Literary Society Nearly Exploded

. . . *but it wasn't from laughter*

There's no doubt about it . . . the Literary Society liked its food about as well as its Shakespeare. And after those get-together banquets, the members were more in need of a two-mile walk than a two-hour speech.

What agony could have been averted . . . what fidgeting, squirming and groaning could have been banished . . . had Life Savers been passed around after the meal!

It's really amazing how Life Savers aid digestion. Deflate that over-stuffed feeling. Refuse to let your over-indulgences plague you. Snap you back to normal even after a dining marathon.

Acquire the Life Savers habit. Carry these intriguing mints with you always. And don't limit their use to after meals.

Life Savers are so all-fired good, so downright delicious . . . they provide stellar entertainment for your palate any old time!

Try those sensational new taste thrillers . . . SPEAR-O-MINT and CRYST-O-MINT LIFE SAVERS. And remember the old Flavorites . . . Pep-O-mint, Wint-O-green, Cl-O-ve, Lic-O-rice, Cinn-O-mon and Vi-O-let. And Life Savers Fruit Drops, made in LEMON, ORANGE and LIME flavors.

All candy products having the distinctive shape of Life Savers are manufactured by Life Savers, Inc., Port Chester, New York.

NRA

AFTER EATING . . . **LIFE SAVERS ARE REALLY LIFE SAVERS**

PHOTOPLAY

Close-Ups *and* Long-Shots

THE passing of Mrs. "Peg" Talmadge removes from the Hollywood scene one of its most lovable characters. Not only did Mrs. Talmadge mother her daughters, Norma, Constance and Natalie, but practically the whole film colony as well. She was one of those rare beings who know how to aid their children in shaping their destinies. In the early days of her daughters' professional struggles, her kindly, shrewd counsel helped them over many a rough spot.

Though she had been ill for three years, the end came rather abruptly. The speeding of her three daughters to her bedside were dramatic episodes. Coming by airplane, Norma battled through a terrific storm. Again and again the plane was forced down. Constance (Mrs. Townsend Netcher), though ill in Chicago with a severe case of whooping cough, rushed to her mother. Natalie, in bed with the 'flu, drove to the hospital and was put to bed there. All three daughters remained with their mother until the end.

ALTHOUGH separated for several years from her husband, Joseph Schenck, Norma and he attended the funeral in the same automobile. Mrs. Talmadge and Joe Schenck were always close friends in spite of the break-up between Norma and her husband.

Never was there more perfect accord between mother and daughters, and the grief of the latter was very touching.

THE little girl who, in 1925, leaped into fame in "The Big Parade," by chewing gum with Jack Gilbert, and who more than once seemingly had stardom within her clutch, has passed away. Renee Adoree, through her checkered Hollywood career and long battle with adverse circumstances and ill health, was game until the last. In 1928 she made "The Cossacks" with Jack Gilbert, and in 1930, "Redemption." During this time she kept within herself the secret that she was desperately ill. After collapsing on the set, she spent two years in Arizona trying to regain her strength.

At the outbreak of the war she was a bare-back rider, dancer and acrobat in a French circus then touring Belgium. Eventually she found her way to America and Hollywood. She was always kind to others and declared that others were kind to her.

So steps out of the picture another brave little trouper.

IN the appointment of Ray Long as editorial executive of Columbia Pictures, that corporation has obtained an unsurpassed judge of story values. For seven years Mr. Long was editor of *Red Book Magazine* and for thirteen years of *Cosmopolitan*.

Much brilliant fiction written during the twenty years of his editorship appeared in these publications. He not only bought names, he made them. His ability to discern what the public wanted to read led him, at times, to print stories rejected by almost every other magazine.

Mr. Long once printed a piece of fiction on which the author, in submitting the manuscript, had thus commented:

"This story has been rejected by practically every other magazine in the United States."

As usual Mr. Long's literary judgment was vindicated. Hundreds of letters were received expressing approval of the story.

PART of Mr. Long's success was undoubtedly due to his extensive acquaintance with writers. Not only is the number of his friendships with leading writers in this country and abroad most impressive, but he has made personal contact everywhere with those showing literary promise.

Mr. Long has a keen sense of dramatic values, and President Harry Cohn of Columbia made a shrewd move when he signed the contract with him.

FAN mail, as well as industrial and commercial reports, tells the story of the retiring depression.

One of the studios reports that star mail is fast approaching the normal of better times. During the depression, it fell off thirty-five per cent. Now that people have more money, they are spending some of it attending motion picture theaters and buying motion picture magazines.

IT may be the public's demand for new faces or, more probably, the public's growing artistic sense which seeks the actor whose finished technique has already

charmed Broadway audiences. In any event, a flood of footlight talent is still submerging Hollywood.

A census shows that there are now 315 players under contract with the several leading studios. One hundred and ninety-seven of these have come from the stage, none of them longer than three years ago. The remaining 118 are hold-overs from the old days—and a number of these had stage training.

IT has been argued that stage actors have a greater versatility, a greater resourcefulness, because of the special demands of the speaking stage. Charlie Ruggles came from before the footlights, as did Will Rogers, Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey, Marion Davies, Walter Huston, Lee Tracy, Robert Montgomery, Charlie Chaplin, Clark Gable, Boris Karloff, George Arliss, Al Jolson, Adolphe Menjou, Lewis Stone and John and Lionel Barrymore. These are all hold-overs beyond the three year period.

Unless the present trend is stemmed, it looks as though the Garbos, Norma Shearers and Constance Bennetts of the future will come from Broadway.

DICK ARLEN claims to have discovered a female Jack Oakie in Hollywood.

Dick barged into the studio to be hailed by a rangy Texas lady, who had, until that moment, been in violent altercation with the man at the desk, who lets people in—or doesn't, more often. She had just finished stating, "If ever a guy needed a hoss it's Dick Arlen." And then Dick stepped in.

"Well, it's like this," said Dick. "I just finished a picture, and I'm tired."

"*Tired?* What do you think *I* am? I rassled this hoss all the way up here, just for you. And by the way, thought you was taller than you be," she accused.

"YOU see, I've been in the water two days, and I shrunk a little," explained Dick, patiently.

"Okay. Anyways, I gotta hoss for you."

"I don't want a —"

"That's what *you* think," interrupted the lady. "Come on out here and I'll show you your hoss."

She grabbed his arm and led him out through a rapidly collecting crowd—and sho nuff, there was the hoss, all caged up in a little trailer. She led him out of his trailer, and put him through his paces. He *was* a smart horse. Dick says he could do everything but scratch his left ear with his right hind foot.

"A bargain—only five thousand dollars," said she.

And Dick is still going.

HOLLYWOOD actors have raised the banner of secession. The Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, to which most of them belonged, does not, they assert, properly represent them. They are dissatisfied with the manner in which their interests have been cared for at the NRA Code hearings, and they feel that through an independent organization these interests will be better safeguarded. The name of the new group is The Screen Actors' Guild.

THE Academy, in its relatively brief four years existence, has had a checkered career. Serious strife within the ranks resulted last year in the resignation of Conrad Nagel, who had been its president since the beginning. Eddie Cantor has been elected president of the new organization, with Adolphe Menjou and Fredric March first and second vice-presidents, respectively. Ann Harding, Groucho Marx and Lucille Gleason are also on the board of officers. More than five hundred film players are members of the new Guild. What effect this secession will have upon the Academy remains to be seen. The producers and other executives, together with screen directors, cameramen, technicians and some of the actors, have so far retained their affiliation with the old organization.

TO the reasonably sophisticated person, the outcry of the moralists against certain screen stories and characters is slightly amusing. The parade of gangsters, gigolos, crooks and women of indubitably loose living might, offhand, seem ominous, but often a naïveté—probably unconscious—or calculated satire removes most, if not all, traces of the sinister.

Our gold-diggers are shown as good-fun girls with hearts really as pure as the precious metal they crave. The gangster story, which probably came closer to stark reality than nearly anything else screened, finally wearied the public. It had become too uncomfortably close to life to entertain longer.

THE influence of pictures upon the rising generation is still a moot question. Any aspect of life, whether encountered on the street or on the screen, must necessarily leave its impression.

Moralists have attempted to prove, not very convincingly, that motion picture scenes and situations frequently undermine character. These moralists forget that pictures do not create viewpoints of living; they reflect them. The young are quick to discover inconsistencies in conduct that are not habitual to them and if the public, whether young or adult, crowd theaters to see certain pictures, it is because these pictures reveal what experience has taught to be true.

A few years ago divorce was taboo on the screen. A pair of lovers, kept apart by a previous marriage of one or the other, had to wait until the unwanted partner had been disposed of.

A convenient automobile accident, or suicide, was often called upon by the scenarist to satisfy both the lovers and the audience.

Today it would be absurd to keep divorce off the screen. It is a matter of common knowledge, even to the youngest child.

KATHRYN DOUGHERTY

BLACK *with* WHITE *variations . . so practical*

thanks to IVORY FLAKES

★ (*Center*) This introduces Miss Dexter, in her new black silk two-piece frock. Note the "Ivory-washable" touches of white corded silk that give the costume its fresh-tubbed look.

★ (*Left*) Presto! This is Miss Sarah Dexter, ready for her luncheon vitamins. The same black skirt is worn with a lacy sweater of white Shetland wool. Sarah has washed it several times already in lukewarm Ivory suds. Less-pure soap need not apply!

★ (*Right*) Chango! Now she's Sally, ready to gladden a suitor's eyes. Over the same black skirt she's wearing a lady-like blouse of white silk Bedford cord. Sally reports that "it washes beautifully with Ivory Flakes."

Fashions by B. Altman & Co., New York

When you're planning your Fall clothes, see how many you can buy that are Ivory-washable. Their upkeep will be next to nil, thanks to the low cost of pure Ivory. And your clothes will keep that sparkling freshness—that counts, oh, how it counts!

Salesgirls will be glad to advise you. They'll perk up with interest when you ask, "Will this wash with Ivory?" For they'll know that the silk, the wool or the color that won't be refreshed by gentle, pure Ivory just won't satisfy you.

These salespeople have heard sad stories about clothes that weren't washed with Ivory—they know about those flat flakes that stick so easily to crepey weaves and knitted fabrics—causing ruinous soap spots.

But Ivory Flakes aren't flat flakes. They are snowy little curls of Ivory Soap. They're made for girls who can't wait a single minute for suds. They curl and melt up into rich suds instantly in lukewarm water. Do "baby" your nice things with Ivory Flakes. Don't trust to luck, depend upon Ivory's purity. It won't even cost you more to use Ivory Flakes . . . it actually costs less! And there's 2½ ounces more of pure soap in that fat Ivory Flakes box!

CURLY . . . QUICK-DISSOLVING . . . 99 44/100 % PURE

A TORNADO? NO!

That Durante is *such* a cut-up! But when he tries tricks on Velez—

By Sara Hamilton

"STRIKE me pink" if it didn't start three thousand miles away, and when the two of them met in Hollywood it began again exactly where it left off. And that was slightly beyond the tack-sticking, stiletto-stabbing, schnozzle-pulling stage.

Lupe and Jimmy! Are they a pair of "boids?" A Mexican tamale and an Eyetalian lover. Hot cha cha—cha cha—cha cha—cha cha—cha cha—

When Lupe and Jimmy, a pair of good eggs and swell pals, met on a New York stage for the show, "Strike Me Pink," strong men took to the Maine woods to battle bare handed with the elements and never to return. They were a riot, these two. A downright revolution. Nature in the raw couldn't have been wilder.

Nobody was sure where it would end. Not even Jimmy or Lupe. Each night, the riot squad stood outside the stage door, waiting and tense. Chewing their nails and wishing they were somewhere in darkest Africa with a few stray cannibals and a couple of nice, playful little leopards thrown in. Why, it brought on, this Lupe and Jimmy business, a heat wave that fried the entire nation into a sizzling blister.

It even brought on inflation, increased the navy and drove men by hundreds to reforestration. It eventually brought Aimee home from Paris.

Nightly these two bonfires blazed and burned on an innocent little stage that had never been blazed on before.

They threw audiences into panics. Full grown, adult, over-ripe panics. And threw each other into the orchestra pit.

"See, we gets one of 'em encores," Jimmy says, "and I say, 'Loop, we can't go on. Gee, we don't know nothin'.to do.'

" 'Don' worry, beeg boy,' Loop answers. 'We'll do sometheeng. We always do.'

"So we went on, see, an' foist I couldn' tink o' anythin', so while I'm stallin' for time, I ups to Loop and threw her into the orchestra pit, through the bass drum. And that starts it.

"Loop wants to play. 'Stead o' workin' she wants to play. You know how she is, always wantin' to play games. So she ups and throws me in. My schnozzle caught in the piccolo and by that time, the bass drummer was on the stage hoppin' mad 'bout his busted drum, so we both threw him through the bass viol, one of 'em tings you know dat looks like a violin with elephantitis or funny glands dat didn' work, or somepin and—well, anyway, pretty soon everybody wanted to play and, after we'd threw four bald-headed men from the front row through de trap drums, why, the manager comes on, see, and me and Loop grabs him and tosses him into a fat woman's lap, who was sittin' in de eighth row, and he clutches like a drownin' man and pulls off de lady's false front. And well, anyway, de

audience likes de little number so much we keep it in for every show. It wasn' much, but if dey likes it, why it was okay wit Loop an' me."

And then Jimmy would forget his lines and, out of the corner of his mouth, he'd whisper to Lupe, "Slip me de lines, quick. I'm stuck. What's de next line, baby?"

And Lupe would scream and point at Jimmy. "Look," she'd tell the audience, "Jeemy don' know his lines. Look at heem. Don' he look foony standeeng there. Ah, hah, Jeemy don' know what to say next." And that was enough. The riot was on once more, in full swing. In two minutes by daylight saving time, the bass drum completely encircles either Jimmy's or Lupe's neck. It got so that after the first show, the bass drummer wept from the time the curtain went up until it went down. Huge, crocodile tears poured down his cheeks because he knew, alas too well, what would happen to his drum before the first act was over, and he'd have to sit and ring cowbells through the rest of the show. There wasn't a whole drum left within two blocks of Broadway.

And then they came to Hollywood to make the picture, "Hollywood Party," for M-G-M.

And exactly where it left off, it started again.

"We've got to have stills of you two," the studio told them.

"All right," Lupe said, "have Jeemy come over to my house. We'll make them there."

"So I goes over, see," says Jimmy, "an' I looks over Loop's palateral place an' I says, 'So dat's it, eh? Want to imprint your ol' frien' wid all your grandure, huh? Puttin' on de Plaza.'

" 'De wot?' Loop says. An' I says, 'You know wot—de Plaza.'

" 'You mean the Ritz, don' you Jeemy?' Loop says, an' starts rollin' an' screamin' aroun' an' I lets on dat it boined me up, see, but I knew all de time I was in de wrong hotel by de soun' of it. So wot, see? Anyway I goes through de parlor filled wit furniture she got from a guy called Louey on Sixteenth street. She called it Louey Sixteenth which is just Mexican gettin' mixed up.

"Anyway, upstairs dere's a big bull head, or ape head, or somepin' hanging from de wall an' I says, 'Don' tell me dey stuffed Johnny Weissmuller while we was away.' An' dat was enough. Loop picks up one o' dem iron axes from one of dem armor guys dat's hollow inside (no insides or diagrams or nothin', you know) an' I knew it was time to get goin' by de nearest exit wit no time lef' for prayin' for mercy, or nothin'. So I raced to a window, wit' Loop screamin' right in back and wavin' de axe, and down below I sees a swimmin' pool. So I makes one [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98]

LUPE & JIMMY

The results make all Hollywood sigh for a nice, quiet earthquake

Illustrated by Frank Dobias

Otto Dyar

GET out the asbestos screens and the fire extinguishers—Clara Bow's with us again, more sizzling than ever after all her ranch life! She'll have a sizzling story, too—a hot tale of carnival life, called "Hoopla." It's from that old and stirring favorite, "The Barker"

The New Charles Farrell

By Kirtley Baskette

What Charlie and Janet think of each other now

Says Janet: "I want to work with Charlie again. He understood me. We had a depth of harmony which few people could realize; there was always an exquisite sense of understanding each other."

Says Charlie: "Hasn't Janet been great lately? You don't know how fine that makes me feel. She's making good on her own. She's bigger than ever, and better, too. When I make good on my own—after we've both made good on our own——"

CHARLIE FARRELL has just ended a vacation which cost him a cool $100,000.

A tenth of a million dollars invested in his own re-creation.

He says it's the best investment he ever made, in spite of the fact that at the time he decided to make it, the whole world whistled softly, and Hollywood privately decided the boy was certainly touched by the sun.

You know the story about how Charlie voluntarily tore up an ironclad contract with Fox for around $3,000 a week, and relinquished his security as a star, because he was tired of being a perennial Pollyanna-saccharine sweetheart. You will recall that it occurred at the very nadir of the Depression, at a time when it

No sweetness and light here—no, sir! You might recognize the Charlie above, as he starts life in "Aggie Appleby." But see at left what a tough mugg he becomes! He loves it

looked very much as if there might be no jobs for anyone, least of all for a top-salaried screen star, and it seemed that the entire industry might be going straight to pot.

It was certainly no time for speculation. But Charlie did not consider that he was speculating. He was doing something he must do, regardless, and he felt sure he was right.

Criticism rained on his curly head from all quarters of the globe. Scores of offers came from other studios to play parts such as those which had caused him to end his Fox contract. But he shook his head, and waited. And eight months—thirty-three weeks—passed by without a single part being offered to vindicate his action.

Ordinarily eight idle months would be disastrous to a star. Ordinarily Hollywood knows best.

Now Charlie Farrell is back—and it begins to look as if he knew what he was doing. He no longer is the indifferent, listless, purely screen-personality Charlie who walked in and out of pictures without having anything to do. This time he is a dynamic, self-appraising, ambitious actor who thinks for himself. Enthusiastic, confident—yes, and cocky!

Those eight idle months have made a new man of him. They have stiffened his spine, cleared his vision. They have built up his physical strength and lifted his mental outlook.

While he polished off a dinner with an appetite suited to one of his polo ponies, Charlie eagerly discussed the past, the present and his plans for the future. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 97]

THEY'RE ALL

As the beautiful and tragic Marie Antoinette, Norma Shearer will grace the throne of France and rule over a people. Movies may be "make believe," but would not any star enjoy the power of absolute command and the glory of a queen's crown?

FOUR of Hollywood's greatest picture stars are about to become queens. Katharine Hepburn, Greta Garbo, Marlene Dietrich and Norma Shearer. Queens, real queens, with all their regal trappings; with all the adulation, worship and power. Before whom humble commoners must bend the knee and with rapt, upturned faces, murmur, "Hail, the Queen!"

And don't you suppose they know it, and revel in it—these four movie queens gone royal? Don't you suppose they feel the thrill, the glory, the exciting intoxication of real power? Oh, yes. It's much, much more than a mere costume picture these women are making. Isn't it really a gratifying—unconsciously, perhaps—of the suppressed desire that burns within the breast of nearly every woman in these modern times? (Especially those women who have already tasted so fully of the glory of movie adulation?) The desire to dominate—completely and utterly? To "queen it" in reality?

To the housewife only of yesterday who believed that "woman's place is in the home" those famous and powerful women monarchs were strange people in history books. And the fact that, years ago, queens had lived and people had adored them, in no way affected her desires or conduct.

Then something happened, and a revolution began to be waged by women against the old order.

They talked about the "single standard," and they organized clubs. They battled their way into the professions, business and politics. They swept aside the old stigmas against actresses, and they set up screen and stage stars as women of ideals and purpose.

Now for the first time in generations an ambitious and attractive woman could hope to taste the sweet wine of the public's worship.

An obscure youngster, cleverly managed, could become a great star.

Moreover, any great movie star could attain queenly beauty. And every great movie star could have more dollars

QUEENING IT

And each will thrill to the power that was once a monarch's

By Ruth Rankin

Paintings Reproduced Courtesy
The Metropolitan Museum of Art

than Catherine had rubles, more diamonds than Marie Antoinette had gold.

And yet, with wealth and fame at her feet, perhaps the star may yearn for the regal pomp and circumstance that went with being a queen. Perhaps she still desires the breathless admiration, the genuflections that were bestowed only upon royalty.

At any rate, these four famous stars are preparing to surround themselves with the glory that was once a queen's, and appear before a wide-eyed public on jewelled thrones.

Garbo will wear the crown of Queen Christina of Sweden. Marlene Dietrich will ascend the throne of Catherine the Great of Russia. Norma Shearer will take command as the lovely Marie Antoinette. And Hepburn will rule as England's Queen Elizabeth.

Katharine Hepburn should be happy as the imperious Queen Elizabeth whose power was absolute. Independent and unafraid, Elizabeth's domination was complete and her people adored her. Almost any modern woman would enjoy the rôle

Many times Garbo has been called "queen." In choosing for herself the rôle of Queen Christina, did Garbo want to make her title less figurative?

The queen whose crown she will wear was one of her own country women, and Garbo is Queen Christina's counterpart to an astonishing degree.

Between the other stars and their queens we do not find the close character resemblance that exists between Christina and Garbo.

But perhaps Dietrich remembers that she, like Catherine, was once a fair-haired German girl who went into a strange land

When Dietrich ascends the throne of Catherine the Great she may remember that she, too, was a young German girl, alone in a strange land but ambitious to wear a crown

with a grim determination to conquer.

Catherine of Russia was born an obscure German princess. At fifteen she went, alone, to a country where she did not even know a word of the language, to marry the degenerate heir to the Russian throne.

Catherine set out to conquer this new world. And her burning ambition was to wear the crown.

Like Dietrich, she was blonde, blue-eyed, a beautiful, healthy, large-boned woman with exquisite skin.

Plunged while still a child in the midst of the most grossly sensual court life in all Europe, Catherine became the center of intrigue.

Peter, her husband, was a weak and cowardly creature who thought his position entitled him to disregard all decency. His brutality often imperiled her life. Whether or not she murdered him is a debated question. Upon Catherine's ascent to the throne began one of the most dramatic and colorful reigns in history.

A clever diplomat and a woman of tremendous personality, she charmed the crown heads of Europe. And, being a liberal ruler, her wise reforms endeared her to the masses.

Thus, though rumor numbered her lovers as high as three hundred, and gossip about the Queen encircled the globe, Catherine commanded the respect and admiration of her European neighbors and the love and worship of her subjects.

Catherine considered herself superior to such female "affectations" as modesty or womanliness. She left such qualities of femininity and civilization to the lesser women who had not her superb arrogance and ego.

She was sufficient unto herself, and made her own personal laws.

Thus we see a queen, magnificent, powerful.

Dietrich may have to give us a sugar-coated Catherine on the screen. But, in any case, it will be a splendid setting for the German star and she will be identifying herself with one of the most magnificent and colorful rulers the world has known.

With regal grace and royal bearing Garbo wears the robes of a Queen she closely resembles—Christina of Sweden

Dietrich has "queened it" on the Paramount lot for several years. She plays off-stage the remote and dramatic lady of her characterizations. It will be interesting now to see her wear Catherine's crown.

Elizabeth, the dominating, imperious Queen of England, has been chosen by Katharine Hepburn for her royal rôle.

Elizabeth—a strong-minded woman who swept aside all obstacles with an indomitable ambition, and thought with the mind of a man; a woman with a tragic

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 89]

She Plays Garbo Herself

CORA SUE COLLINS has reached the zenith of her career. She is not only playing *with* Garbo in "Queen Christina"—she is playing Garbo herself! Imagine that!

During her two years in Hollywood, Cora Sue has played daughter, or the star herself as a little girl, with Bebe Daniels, Sylvia Sidney, Claudette Colbert, Wynne Gibson, Norma Shearer and Zita Johann. Now she's playing Garbo as a child. Not bad for a young lady whose family brought her to Hollywood looking for a chance not so long ago—and not in a Pullman, at that!

The two actresses have been quite friendly, too. Between scenes they've sat, side by side, chin in hand, gazing off into space, with never a word, but enjoying each other's company. Might that be the Garbo influence at work in Sue?

Cora Sue's start was as rapid as her career. The first day she appeared at Universal, answering a call for children Cora Sue's age, supervisor Stanley Bergerman chose her for a film with ZaSu Pitts and Slim Summerville. Her next was with Pat O'Brien and Wynne Gibson—and the O'Briens have been her devoted friends since. Many of the lovely little dresses she wears are presents from them.

It might seem odd that brunette Cora Sue was picked to play the blonde child Garbo—but anyone thinking that reckons without the resourcefulness of the make-up department. They even gave Cora Sue a two-tooth plate to replace two that had gone the way a youngster's teeth will at that age. She can do tricks with the plate. She even made Garbo giggle, once!

Cora Sue has a message for her public. When she's crowned, and hesitates in her speech, it is because the director wanted her to. She can read lines perfectly, she'll have you know!

What 7,000 Girls Wanted

THE telephone rang early in the morning, and little Charlotte Henry tumbled out of bed, instantly awake, to answer.

She didn't ask who was calling. She started right out, as she had for weeks, with "Did I get it?"

The agent at the other end of the wire answered, "Hold on to something, and don't get hysterical, Charlotte. Yes, you got it!"

Charlotte dropped the telephone and cried for fifteen minutes.

There were seven thousand applicants for the rôle of *Alice* in "Alice in Wonderland." The search went on so long that director Norman McLeod, in despair, says he was ready to put on a pinafore and play it himself. But now he's delighted.

Charlotte is five feet tall, and instead of usual "young girl" beauty—she isn't a record-breaker for that—she has just the mane of tumbling, light-brown hair, the pointed face, and the big, sparkling blue eyes, that are required to make her a living replica of the Tenniel drawings that are as much *Alice* as anything Lewis Carroll wrote.

Charlotte is nineteen, and attended a convent and public schools in New York. She is the intelligent type of youngster that is becoming more and more favored by directors. Her favorite study is history, and she hasn't any "boy friend." Neither does she go to parties.

Her experience includes some stage rôles and parts in several pictures. She has read and reread "Alice in Wonderland" since childhood, because it always has been one of her favorites. She will put all this love of the story into her work.

She has a new superstition, too. Her screen test was made on the thirteenth—so "thirteen" is her lucky number now!

It's the Caveman Within

That's how an eminent psychologist explains the amazing popularity of our Diamond Lil

By Virginia Maxwell

WHAT explanation does science offer, to account for the strange spell that Mae West casts over millions of normal, everyday people? There can be no question that she does cast a spell; for her first picture, "She Done Him Wrong," has broken all box-office records and has taken the movie-going public by storm.

It is a matter of official record that 742 theaters throughout the country played return engagements of Mae West's picture. One hundred four theaters ran the picture three different times; twenty-six gave it four engagements, and six had to show it the fifth time before their audiences were satisfied.

But how does she do it? What light can science throw on the question?

Let's take the answer from a man whom, I believe, is as well qualified as anybody in the United States to give it—William J. Fielding.

William J. Fielding has written a number of books on the subject of human emotions. Among them are "The Caveman Within Us," and "Love and the Sex Emotions," which are used as guides in modern psychology classes. His opinions are quoted time and again by such distinguished professors as Dr. William A. White, the noted psychiatrist, and M. M. Willey of Dartmouth College.

So he should be able, if anyone can, to reveal the secret of Mae West's charm.

"Yes," said Mr. Fielding, when asked, "there is an answer to that question, and an extremely definite one. But to understand it, we'll have to realize something about ourselves—the fact that each one of us has, buried deep down in our characters, a sort of 'caveman.'

"This 'cave creature' in our characters is not intellectual or moral. He is *vital*, a perfectly untamed savage, interested in the most elemental facts of life, and he would be perfectly ruthless about satisfying his desires at anybody's expense, if given a chance.

"Of course, he doesn't get a chance. We are civilized, sane, moral people—and when these 'caveman' impulses come up in us, we stamp them down. But that doesn't get rid of them. They're still smoldering, inside of us, waiting their chance to break loose. That's where Mae West's personality comes in.

"When we see her in 'She Done Him Wrong,' we see a natural, unrestrained person, acting exactly as the 'caveman' within each one of us would like to act—and he responds to the sight just as a moth is drawn to flame. Here is life as he would like to live it! He revels in every nuance of Mae's actions, every glance of her eyes, every gesture, every note of her voice. That's why she draws the crowds. She is the most successful person on the screen today, when it comes to pleasing the inner 'caveman.'"

That is not hard to understand—especially when we remember the audience's glee during the scene when Mae swung her seductive hips at Cary Grant, and murmured the line which has since become a byword: "Why'n cha come up some time?"

But this "caveman" business—it sounds as though something were not quite right about that. It's not the best parlor behavior, so to say! And as for indulging him by going to a Mae West show—

"It's the very best thing anybody could do," Mr. Fielding says with emphasis. "Mae West is a godsend in that respect, and especially in depression days, when everyone's worried and nervously tense.

"One of the worst things people used to do to themselves, was overrepression of this 'caveman' side of their characters. I don't mean that we should let the 'caveman' go—that would be ruinous, in civilized society. But we have to take account of him, just the same, and if we don't, disaster is likely to follow. You know what happens to a boiler when the safety valve is tied down!

"That's the way it is with the 'caveman.' He's there; we can't get rid of him; so the only safe way to deal with him is to let off the emotional 'steam' he creates in harmless ways. Happily, this can be done very simply.

"This 'caveman,' after all, can be fooled. If he sees somebody doing what he'd like to do—if he can revel in the actions of someone who appeals to him on the stage or screen—that suits him, and he quits plaguing us with his promptings. That's why, I believe, gangster and 'bad girl' pictures have had such a vogue.

"I HAVE often watched an audience following underworld characters on the screen, and it has always been evident the audience derives a satisfaction from the display of instincts which cannot find a socially approved outlet. That, I believe, is the secret behind the amazing success of Edward G. Robinson and George Raft in gangland rôles.

"In civilized life we've got to repress so many normal emotions, such as fear, anger, primitive passion, revenge, that it's balm for the emotions to follow a screen character doing what our unconscious selves have been wanting to do but can't, because of social conventions. We derive an emotional satisfaction from a well-deserved revenge in a screen story. You can feel this reaction throughout an audience, even if it is ultra-conservative about applause.

"It was through denying themselves this healthful outlet for pent-up emotions that many people did themselves im-

Mae West, look what you've done! You've brought out that old "caveman" in us. And how!

Us Calling *for* Mae

measurable harm in the past. Over-repression, even as to these substitute outlets, has been injurious. It has caused many neurotic ailments. Neurotic traits become the outlet, instead of harmless diversions. You can put it, if you like, that Mae West helps to prevent many a nervous breakdown."

So it's "good medicine" as well as good fun, that the audience is absorbing when it chuckles over the scenes with Gilbert Roland playing the gigolo and Mae proving just about two miles ahead of him in every move he makes! Most of us never will know in real life the things which seem instinctive to *Lil*—so, if we accept Mr. Fielding's view, it is little wonder that audiences eat up these scenes.

But there is another interesting side to this success of Mae West's —the strange way that it seemed to burst upon the scene at exactly the right moment to win maximum acclaim. But to Mr. Fielding, there is no mystery about this.

"Emotional reactions, like picture stories, run in cycles. When we go to extremes, there is usually a return to conservatism. And vice versa. After an ultra-conservative period, taste suddenly swings back to the primitive—and that is just what happened when Mae West appeared with her screen version of 'Diamond Lil.' We'd been having sophisticated heroines, the Garbo figure — everyone was ready, whether knowing it or not, for a complete change.

"That seemed obvious when 'Diamond Lil' was playing on Broadway. I went to see it one evening with some other psychologists. We agreed then that Miss West's stage character typified the complete throwing off of repressed emotions, and we believed then that it would have a tremendous appeal to the average, normal person because of that."

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"I'm No Angel," Mae cries in her new picture. And we don't object. Since "She Done Him Wrong" came hip-swinging along we like our Mae a bit, well—naughty, and never an angel

Sylvia gave ZaSu

AGAIN Sylvia, America's foremost physical culturist and masseuse, tells how she aided a star to regain appearance and health—and shows how anyone can use the same treatments right at home.

Better than that, PHOTOPLAY *Magazine has arranged to have Sylvia answer all personal questions asked, without charge. On page 84 you'll find many of her answers and how to obtain her assistance. Turn there now to see what valuable help you can have—and read Sylvia's articles every month to know how various troubles may be overcome and one may always be at her best.*

Who could fail to see what ZaSu does to herself when she gets to worrying? That's why she was worn to a shadow when she called on Sylvia for help. (Inset, Sylvia)

IT'S true that ZaSu Pitts plays comedy rôles. It's true she is not so beautiful as the glamorous stars. It's true that on the screen she gets herself up to look like nothing human.

But ZaSu, like every other girl with a lick of sense, wants to look her best. And when she's away from the camera and has her nice clothes on, she is very attractive.

The fact that ZaSu sent for me should be a lesson to a lot of you girls. She had sense enough to know—and some of you haven't learned that yet—that it is every woman's duty to look her best!

As usual with all new patients, I went to ZaSu first at night. I was so busy that I couldn't fit the new ones in at any other time. She was still married to Tom Gallery, then, and had just adopted Barbara La Marr's orphaned son.

The maid opened the door and silently pointed up the stairs to a bedroom. When I knocked ZaSu called, "Come in." In I went, and received one of the greatest shocks of my life.

I would have thought that ZaSu Pitts would have a severe, plain bedroom. Well, not on your life! Such taffeta ruffles, such big taffeta pillows, such lacy *chaise longues*, such frills and furbelows, I've never seen. The bedrooms of Gloria Swanson, Connie Bennett, and Alice White, all rolled into one, had nothing on ZaSu's.

I ploughed my way through all the taffeta and tried to find some place to put my coat and beret. But every chair was full of little boy's clothes. ZaSu apparently had just been buying out the stores for the boy.

In the middle of the big bed was ZaSu herself, waving those beautiful hands in a helpless gesture. She looked about as big as a minute in that huge bed. Her face was troubled. "Oh, dear," she said in a plaintive tone, "I don't know where you're to put your things."

"Listen, baby, don't worry," I said as I threw my coat and hat on the floor. "Don't worry about anything!" For I just needed one look at her to see she was the world's champion worrier. And that, I knew, was what kept her so thin.

I made her get out of bed then and walk up and down the floor in front of me. Right away she started clowning, stumbling over the pillows and imitating a vampish walk.

"Listen," I said to her, "save those laughs. I can pay for them

Another of Sylvia's "Help Yourself" stories, based on her work for famous stars

And don't miss Sylvia's personal answers to girls, on page 84!

Pitts *Renewed Beauty*

when I see you on the screen. Anyhow, I know why you're clowning. You don't think you're as good looking as some of the stars I treat. You're embarrassed. Well, get that out of your head.

"You're okay and some of those babies I slap around aren't a bit better looking than you without their war paint. Get that old inferiority complex right out of your head. Make the most of your assets. Stop making yourself ridiculous except when you're paid to do it!"

And that advice goes for all of you girls who think you're plain and not so pretty as other girls you know. Beauty is a state of mind. You're beautiful if you think you are, and if you'll work hard to be beautiful. And don't ever forget it.

ZASU was quite thin. She needed to put on weight on her chest, arms, face and neck. But she needed to take weight off her abdomen. Like a lot of thin girls she had a little pouch right in front and that, I saw the minute she walked, was because the stomach muscles were weak. She was very run down, too, and simply couldn't hold her shoulders up until she had more strength.

I treated her and got her nerves all relaxed, when suddenly Tom Gallery burst into the room and said, "There's a bunch of fighters downstairs and I don't want to see them." Then he ran into the other room.

Tom at the time was promoting fights. Without a word ZaSu rang for the maid, jumped into her clothes, and told the girl to bring the fighters up.

"You can't do this, ZaSu," I said. "You'll get yourself all nervous again."

"I've got to," she answered, just as the door opened and I found myself knee-deep in cauliflower ears. All those fighters were mad, too, about something; but I've never seen anyone manage a situation as well as ZaSu did that. She

Sylvia's treatment was strenuous, but it worked. The worried, drawn look began to vanish as though by magic

Now see what a beauty ZaSu became, once Sylvia got her built up and her peace of mind restored! It seemed like a miracle

knows a lot about psychology and in about two minutes they were calmed down and she had persuaded Tom to see them and everything was okay. But in doing this she had used up all her energy and had undone all the things I had done for her.

"I promise you," she said when they had left, "that this won't happen again."

So she got undressed once more and I gave her some soothing exercises. But that stuff about its not happening again was a fib. An hour later I left her. She was looking like a rosy baby and all relaxed and wonderful. But just as I got down to the living-room there were a lot of people who had dropped in to see the new house and were all for going up to see ZaSu and have some fun.

"Nothing doing," I said. "She's going to sleep now."

But while I was saying it, ZaSu was already out of bed and on her way down.

I gave her a dirty look and she [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 84]

Star News *from* London

Douglas, Jr., a Czar now—Peter III of Russia—gives *Empress Elizabeth* (Flora Robson) a light

London, England.

EVERY hair of your London correspondent's head is standing straight on end!

Inwardly I'm quaking faster than ever I did in a Hollywood temblor!

Did I say something last month about the sweet serenity, and the peaceful quiet of my dear old London?

I take it back! The place is a bedlam! A hurricane has hit this ancient city. A volcano is erupting fiercely.

In other words, Charles Bickford is in our midst!

I've known his tousled brick-red hair ever since he first appeared in Hollywood, and he's never failed to shock me with his violent diatribes against everything and everybody connected with motion pictures. But nothing he ever said to me—nothing that he ever did—faintly compares with the interview which I've just had with him.

I repeat, I'm still all a-tremble!

For Charlie Bickford swears he put Cecil B. DeMille in his place!

I'm amazed—after that—that there *is* a Hollywood. How could such a thing have happened without the heavens falling?

"De Mille got me into the picture," he began, "by telling me he had a part made to order for me. And De Mille's enthusiasm fooled me. Made me almost enthusiastic over this part in 'This Day and Age.'

"All right. I agree to play the part—and I give it all I've got.

"I battle him plenty—naturally. And I get my own way once or twice. But in spite of all that, I figure the picture won't do me any harm. In spite of everything, I'm satisfied the part is fat enough for me to score in it.

"Then comes the preview of 'This Day and Age'! When I see it, I see red! What De Mille had done to me was murder! He'd just cut me right out of the picture, that's all!

"I told him he could take his part in 'Four Frightened People' and do what he liked with it. I wouldn't touch it with a ten-foot pole."

When he finishes with his visit to Russia (where he hopes to make a film) Bickford plans to return to Hollywood and tie up with Irving Thalberg under a personal contract. This will take him back to the M-G-M lot where he worked the first few years he was in Hollywood—only to quit after a rip snorting fight with his bosses.

But is Hollywood big enough to hold this lambaster of lions—and C. B. De Mille?

INCIDENTALLY Bickford's coming here to play the lead in "The Red Wagon," a British International picture, adds another name to the long list of Hollywood players who have worked in English studios during the past year.

Since Gloria Swanson and Esther Ralston headed the march just over a year ago, more than twenty American actors and actresses have worked in film studios in England. And present indications are that the trek from Hollywood will continue indefinitely.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR., while working on his new Russian court film, is very much in evidence these nights at all the smart gathering places, and continually is the attentive escort of Gertrude Lawrence who, several years ago, was the stage partner of Beatrice Lillie in vaudeville.

I saw them together the other night at the opening of Jack Buchanan's new film, "That's A Good Girl." (Buchanan is not only the star and director of this musical comedy picture, but he is also the owner of the Leicester Square theater where it is being shown.) As they chatted together before the lights were lowered, it was abundantly evident that they're that way about each other.

By Kathlyn Hayden
PHOTOPLAY'S London Correspondent

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Bert Longworth

WHAT do you suppose it is that's drawing such a fascinated stare from Joe E. Brown, perched so un-nautically on a ladder? Maybe it's Thelma Todd, high-jinxing on the set. She's helping in the fun-making for Joe's new one, "Son of a Sailor." Or perhaps Joe is working up a mood for a high time ashore, when the director calls him

Telling The

WHEN an intense personality and an earnest young man feel a touch of the divine fire, you may expect to see the confession made as above. Gary Cooper and Miriam Hopkins are telling how they feel in "Design for Living," with Miriam taut in every fiber and Gary taking it seriously

COMPLEX personalities and a complex emotion. Ann Harding and Nils Asther are very much in love, in this scene from "Right to Romance." But a haunting sadness permeates their love—something that keeps them from letting elemental fires blaze high. No other two actors on the silver screen today could show such a state of mixed feelings to more charming advantage

NO doubt about the fire in the souls of these two at the left! The whole world has been interested in Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone—and here they are, in a scene from "Dancing Lady" that's a marvelous study in what fiery passion will do to highly sensitive, highly intelligent, highly attractive people. We can expect the screens to sizzle when these two get into action

Old, Old Story

WELL, well! Here's torridity for you, from "Bombshell"—and it's being provided by a couple who can turn it on like a light! None of us need to be told how Jean Harlow can flame with love when she wants to—and as for Lee Tracy, we know his whirlwind personality, too

DIRECT and simple, with no camouflage—that's the way Maurice Chevalier acts! "A leetle kiss, now"—and the ladies find it mighty hard to resist the request, when backed by the winning Chevalier smile. Certainly Ann Dvorak's not going to, in the scene above from "The Way to Love." But she's going to try one artful trick. A little teasing, you know—"get it if you can!"

NOW, to end on a truly artistic note, we have the supremely artistic, the Continental style of revealing the grand passion. It's Gilbert Roland, using every tender nuance known to the European gentleman, while Connie Bennett—well, one would say she knew every detail of the art, too. Of course, that's her job in this film of war intrigue. It's "After Tonight"

"THE calm before the storm!" Chester Morris, Helen Twelvetrees, John Miljan, at the back, and director Kurt Neumann with the script, are friendly enough here—but there'll be plenty of excitement in a moment. This is the last "talk it over" session before they all go to it in a big scene for the prizefight film, "King for a Night"

War Clouds *in the* West?

On this side, Mae West, Queen of Curves. Gossip picks her for one contender

On this side, Marlene Dietrich, Queen of Glamour, gossip's other contender

IS another civil war brewing in Hollywood?

Will Mae West and Marlene Dietrich square off for a bitter battle of the "sexies" to determine just who is queen at Paramount? Will one of Hollywood's lots again prove too small to house two outstanding stars—this time the curveaceous Mae and the orchidaceous Marlene? Will the classic conflict of Gloria Swanson and Pola Negri, Hollywood's most famous intramural struggle, which rocked Paramount to its very foundations a decade ago, be re-enacted with Mae and Marlene opposed in the up-to-date warrior rôles?

Questions, questions, questions! Conjecture, speculation, consternation! How the tongues do wag as the instinct for gossip, in the world's most gossipy town, scents as thrilling a topic as this!

What started all the buzz-buzz and excitement? Just six little words, that's all.

But what pithy words, in a statement attributed to Marlene—and maintained by her to be a misquotation—which were printed in New York newspapers and flashed all over the world, when the exotic Dietrich arrived back in the United States from her vacation in Europe.

Probably you read them:

"I never heard of Mae West!"

She denied saying it. But, of course, it was too much of a "natural" for a gossip to overlook. Who else had threatened, and indeed usurped, Dietrich's supremacy at Paramount but Mae West? Who had more reason to be cattily jealous of Mae than Marlene Dietrich?

"I never heard of Mae West!"—in those six little words Hollywood was sure it heard the tocsins of a coming Hollywood war, started, as many wars are started, by a loosened pebble gaining speed until it becomes an inexorable avalanche!

The pebble Hollywood identified as the natural rivalry of Marlene and Mae for the queen-star's throne at Paramount. And the avalanche—

Here's the situation, as Hollywood adds it up, at this writing:

Marlene denied the quotation in New York, but she waited until her arrival in Hollywood to explain it fully. During that touchy time, Mae scoffed at the whole matter. Said she:

"Miss Dietrich is too intelligent to show any jealousy toward me, even if she felt it—and I know she doesn't. We aren't at all alike on the screen.

"She used to come into my dressing-room and tell me how she and her daughter, Maria, played my songs at home. She said it for publicity? Nonsense—to show jealousy of an actress on the same lot would not be good publicity!" Mae dismissed the thought. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 109]

By Kenneth Baker

When Kate says "no" she usually means it, but this time she changed her "no" to "yes" because the big bad wolf of a sleuthing photographer snapped her picture. Then Hepburn decided she'd better pose for a few shots while watching tennis matches

Cal York

Announcing—

All dressed up for the party, Patricia Ellis and Earl Blackwell enjoy the Beverly Wilshire opening party. Pat has always wanted to be grown up and she certainly achieves that effect with her beautiful satin gown

IT has been observed by so many that there must be some foundation for it—the cooling off between Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone. Whether the arrival of Judith Wood (or Helen Johnson, as she is also known) Franchot's former heart throb, from New York, has anything to do with it, we are not sure at the moment. But one thing is absolutely *certain*—Joan would never go shares with any other girl alive, and you can bet your last dollar on that!

FLASHES of temperament:

Dorothea Wieck fought with her hairdresser—hairdresser walked out on her.

Anna Sten quarrelled with Betty Hill, her script girl.

Sally Eilers walked out on her part in "Sally and Jimmy" with the result that her salary was suspended.

Clara Bow requested that the cast not working in scene with her in "Hoopla" leave the set while she emoted in a dramatic scene.

Judith Allen squabbled with Paramount because she was cast for a Western.

And Jetta Goudal comes back.

IT was during a discussion of the best places to get away from it all that Neil Hamilton came out with the shockingly honest remark.

"The only place I know," said Neil, "where I can really get away from it all is in the bathroom!"

IS Max Baer doing a Stepin Fetchit? You will remember the famous colored boy who made an overnight hit in the movies and spent a fortune on automobiles and then went the way of all (Hollywood) flesh.

Anyway, Max has invested $17,000 of the money he made from his picture, "The Prizefighter and the Lady," in a magnificent automobile and his wife has sued him for divorce. Meantime, Max is the bright candle in the lives of Hollywood's feminine moths.

A COUPLE of the boys over in the library at M-G-M have a most interesting time watching Garbo. She emerges from her very closed set, and strides up and down in a restricted area where there is little or no traffic, and studies her lines. A technician happened to walk into this hallowed territory, and was so startled he stopped in his tracks and stared.

Garbo halted long enough to deliver a few timely remarks about "rudeness," then fled. She reported it to the head office, we understand. Hence her two daily observers are very cautious. One remarks, "She's the best looking thing in pants I ever saw. If all the girls who tried to wear 'em looked half that well, I'd vote for 'em!"

DO you suppose Douglas planned to come back, when he left Pickfair? Or does he have so many clothes he just doesn't need all

The Monthly Broadcast *of* Hollywood Goings-On!

Norma knows her fashions as well as her drama, as you can see. She wore this smart outfit to the Pacific Southwest tennis matches. Florence Eldridge (Freddie March's wife) sat directly behind Miss Shearer, keeping close account of each point scored

Polly wants a wise-cracker; and who pops up but that goofy Ed Wynn to supply the laughs for Madame Moran. With her giggle and his gags the Beverly Wilshire was panicked at their opening party t'other night

of them? Because when we were being shown through Pickfair, by its charming mistress, Mary Pickford, we couldn't help noticing several suits hanging in Doug's closets, off the Chinese room, which Mary had built for him.

THEY were talking about the star who recently married a "confirmed" bachelor.

"Boy, oh boy, won't she have herself a time trying to live with *that* guy!" exclaimed the first extra.

"Why, don't be silly," answered the second extra. "He has the most even disposition in the world—*always sore!*"

AND one of the secrets of Mae Murray's perpetually youthful figure, we hear through our "underground channels," is the fact that she takes her morning and evening dip with large chunks of *ice* in the bath-tub. Can *she* take it!

SKIRTS may be long these days but the trend of the screen seems to be to legs. Maybe the musicals are responsible for it. At any rate, Joan Crawford appears in daringly scanty attire in "Dancing Lady" and the advance shots from Clara Bow's "Hoopla" show her entire figure alluringly revealed. And it looks as though Sally Rand, famous fan dancer, may still have more rivals in Hollywood.

YOU can't down Marie Dressler. After her collapse at a banquet in New York, she quickly rallied after a few days of rest, wholly able to face more dinners and more speech-making. When she made "The Late Christopher Bean," she had just recovered from a trip to the hospital and surprised all by the vitality she showed on the set.

Apparently the making of motion pictures is a terrific strain. Many a stage actor goes into his sixties hale and hearty, while Hollywood takes much out of the most rugged physiques.

WHEN these lines come under your eye, Lupe Velez and Johnny Weissmuller should have been honeymooning for many a day. In October they took out a license to wed at Las Vegas, Nevada. The license was issued at 4:45 in the morning. Evidently Johnny and Lupe believe in getting an early start.

Incidentally, this impetuosity was equalled by Jean Harlow and hubby Hal Rosson, when they were married at Yuma, Arizona, at 4:00 A.M. But, then, the sun rises early in the Southwest.

WALLY BEERY and a crony were discussing a local prize-fighter. "He has a face," described Wally, "that only a mother, or a vegetarian, could love."

MAE WEST is going in for black velvet in a large way. Wears practically nothing else, and at the studio—not in a scene, just a-visitin' around—she was *something* in a closely-moulded black velvet gown with large white faille bow, and a black velvet picture hat

HARVEY STEPHENS, the new leading man out at Fox, had lots of stage experience, but the ways of pictures were new and amazing to him. He went home and regaled his wife with this one.

"Why, do you know dear, out here they are so considerate of their stars they even have step-ins for them!"

And you can imagine Mrs. Stephens' bewilderment, until she discovered that he meant *stand-ins!*

REMEMBER when Connie Bennett's $30,000 a week stipend caused all the gasps of amazement? Well, John Barrymore is said to equal her record with no less than $60,000 for his part in "Counsellor-at-Law," which he is making at Universal on loan out from M-G-M. John draws the check for fourteen days' work, which is $30,000 a week, and around $4,300 a day.

LOUIS B. MAYER is very popular with at least one young couple in Hollywood at the moment. He gave the new Mrs. Hal Rosson and her husband a honeymoon trip to Honolulu for a wedding present, and sent another photographer down in Mexico to shoot "Viva Villa," so that Jean and Hal could be together. But Jean spent her "holiday" in the hospital instead, with an operation for appendicitis.

W. F. Seely

This tiny tot knows even at his tender age how to vamp the heroine; Master Dickie Arlen and his actress Mom, Jobyna Ralston Arlen

PICKFAIR is a quiet, lonely place these days. The play-room, which Mary had built for Doug shortly before their separation, is dim and cold, in spite of the warm-looking little pot-bellied stove, resurrected from some old gold-mining-town barroom, standing in the corner.

The old authentic mahogany bar, which was found after several months' search through the old gold-mining deserted villages, stands deserted again—with the neatly piled polished glasses all in a row, quite empty of cheer. The gaming table, from Phil May's famous Reno place, stands ready—with no takers. The game-room was so completely Doug's that it now seems almost out of place in the beautiful middle-Empire house.

Doug's former room, upstairs, has been rearranged as a sitting-room and study for Gwynne, Mary's adopted daughter, with a beautiful new grand piano in one corner. Gwynne is an accomplished pianist.

A fact which you may not know, is that Mary is an ardent student of the piano, practises at least an hour each day, and plays beautifully.

Hoop-la! Over they go for honors as high jumpers as well as movie stars. Just one of the ways those Hollywood heroes keep their waistlines down; Lew Ayres leading, with Johnny Mack Brown and Billy Bakewell in close pursuit on the tennis court at Lew's place

IF these set casualties keep on, every star in Hollywood will be limping around on crutches.

First Clara Bow ran into a mob fight and took one on the jaw for a clean knockout in "Hoopla"; then Gloria Stuart, wearing a hoop skirt in "Beloved," sat down too fast and suffered a bloody nose from an ascending hoop; and then Andy Devine, playing a Western comedy rôle in "Horse Play," dropped his six-gun and broke his toe!

DESPITE the trunk loads of magnificent feminine attire Dietrich brought back from Europe, she seems to be unable to resist the lure of pants. Dining with Director Josef Von Sternberg recently, there was little difference in the attire of the two except that Marlene's hair was noticeably shorter than Von's.

And Josef, for the first time, makes the astonishing (for him) admission that there is a positive charm in making pictures. Is it possible that the Rouben Mamoulian interlude has had some slight change on Von's attitude?

AN emerald cut solitaire on Frances Dee's left hand at last! Joel McCrea gave it to her just before she left on location for West Virginia. So, at last, Hollywood's youngest and most desirable bachelor has surrendered Perhaps Joel learned some of the fine points of courting when squiring Constance Bennett around.

THE cash luncheon customers at the M-G-M commissary were treated to the strange sight of a kicking, squirming Jimmy Durante being lifted bodily out of his seat and carried high in the air over Max Baer's head, for an ignominious bum's rush.

"Sticking his nose into the prize-fighting business," Max explained, grinning.

ON the day Judith Allen went down to her lawyer's office to draw up final divorce papers from her wrestling husband, Gus Sonnenberg, she came home to find her house robbed—completely cleaned of all personal possessions, clothes, jewelry—everything she owned. The only dress left was the one she was wearing.

"I didn't mind losing a husband so much today," wailed Judith, "but I didn't count on losing all my clothes, too."

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 86]

Five "babies" call on Judge McComb to have under-age contracts signed: Lona Andre, Ida Lupino, Toby Wing, Grace Bradley and Baby LeRoy

Bruce, Adrienne and Stephen Ames made a happy trio. But Reno has the answer now

By Hale Horton

Three WAS A Crowd!

Just as folks thought, Adrienne Ames couldn't go places with Bruce Cabot and hubby too

DON'T blame it on *King Kong!* The fault is Adrienne Ames!

How do I know? Bruce Cabot told me so! And take it from your favorite key hole expert, the facts are plenty amazing!

Up to three months ago, the theme song of Bruce Cabot's very existence was a bold, carefree life.

Now, however, he seems to have gone as meek and mild as Mary's Little Powell; demure like a boarding school girl of the nineties! No more does he flatten guys in the street when he objects to the tone of their voices!

Boy, oh boy! What a lamb!

Fleece and all.

The pay-off came a little while ago. He dropped into my apartment and I offered him a highball. "No thanks," he said. "I don't drink. Haven't touched a drop in months. And," he added, "I'm leading a pretty quiet life, all right." And it certainly seemed as though!

As I gaped in astonishment, it occurred to me that either a gentleman of considerable brawn or a lady of glamour might be held responsible for the change. The gentleman I had in mind being *Kong*, the gorilla; the lady, Adrienne Ames. Perhaps, I reflected, through proximity to the gigantic *Kong*, Bruce somehow achieved a certain insight into the smallness of the human race, and as a result began to yearn for the big things in life, and to go philosophical on us.

But Bruce scoffed at the idea. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 103]

Emmett Shoenbaum

ISN'T life being grand these days to Sally Eilers, with a trip to Europe, a vacation in Yosemite National Park, and a nice new husband! Now she's working with George O'Brien in "Heir to the Hoorah." See what fun it's been, judging from Sally's golf at Yosemite

Hollywood Good Fun

IF you're thinking of coming to Hollywood (and don't tell me with that impulsive nature you aren't at least thinking of it), there's one thing you must learn right off the bat. And that's how *not* to behave. In no place else in all the world (I looked it up in Flossy Big Star's three book library) is etiquette as quaint and colorful and slightly on the exotish side as in Hollywood. One can travel in almost any part of the globe and behave according to Emily Post and get by. But in Hollywood! I'm "lefting." Here, etiquette is based entirely on Emily Post-Mortems and nothing has ever equalled it since the Rise and Fall of De Mille's Roman Empire. With leopards.

First, let's take the parties. And don't worry. You'll take them. And even after the second black eye, you'll like them in a confused sort of way.

To begin with, Hollywood parties should be divided into three classes. As a matter of fact, they should be divided into small pieces and buried under a spreading chestnut tree somewhere. But, of course, with the way things are all over the country, they probably won't be. So let's get down to our classifications. There are, as I said, three kinds of parties in Hollywood.

a. Those that usually end in rows. (Rhymed with cows.)

b. Those that sometimes end in hospitals.

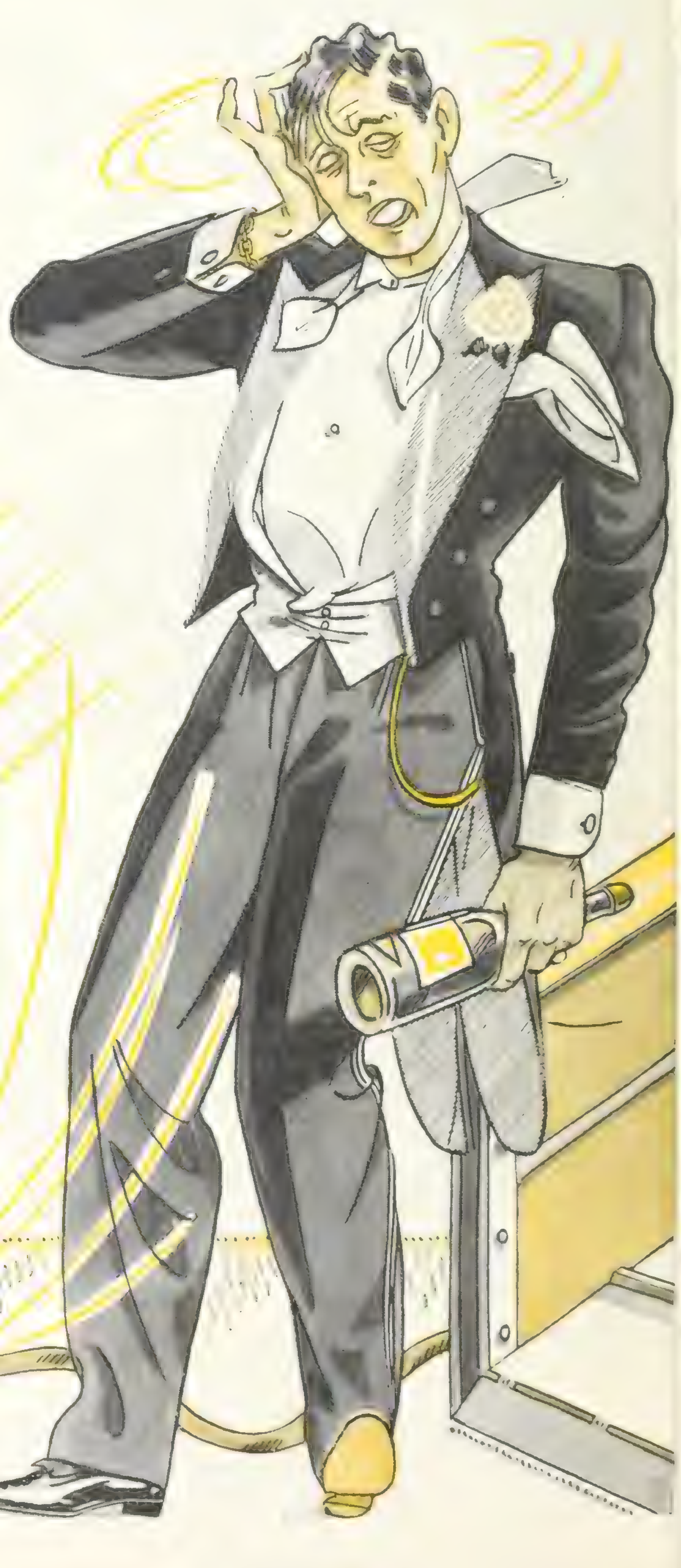
c. Those that certainly end in a cute and cozy combination of "a" and "b" plus jails.

The latter are much the most popular type of formal entertainment in Hollywood today. Knowing saves a lot of bickering about where to go after the party. Knowing very definitely where he's headed, the guest can settle down to his fantastic misbehavior with a terribly free mind.

The only drawback, however, to the jail ending type of entertainment was the matter of bail—and who was to furnish it. The guest or the host. However, the matter has been completely ironed out by merely having beautifully engraved (they do things right, mind you) announcements sent out before each party which read, "Bail Furnished" or "We furnish the party, you furnish the bail."

Sometimes it's the host who ends happily in the hoosegow, as witness the famous star, whom we shan't name for the same reason Garbo won't kiss—because now he has a wife and kiddies—who, tiring of his own party, rode lickety split to the local pen and demanded either he or his guests go to jail. He won. And two days later stole back to the party, still going on, mind you, to discover no one knew he'd even been gone, as they'd had only a vague idea he'd been there in the first place. (Mama, that man's here again.)

In normal places, it's the guests who always, sooner or later, leave the party. In Hollywood, as often as not, it's the host who, tiring of it all, walks out on the sounds of revelry by night. For instance, there's that well-known comedian who, upon tiring of his own festivities, forgot he was the host, and after telling one and all it was the lousiest party he'd ever attended in all his befuddled life, calmly walked out his own front door on his way home.



"'Go way, go way,' he motioned. 'I should never have started on this voyage in the first place'"

You don't have to believe all you read here, but you'll get a laugh, anyway

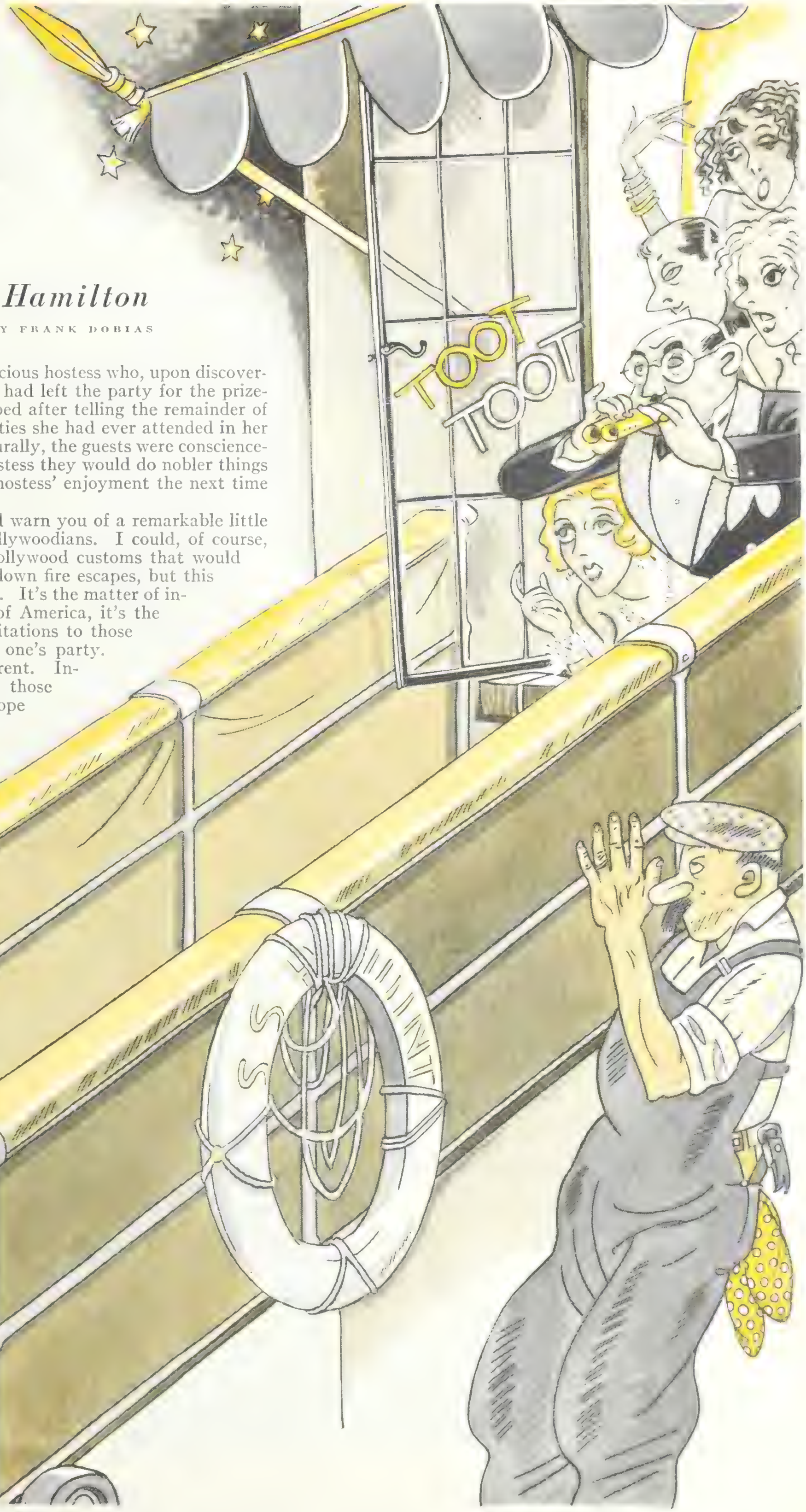
By Sara Hamilton

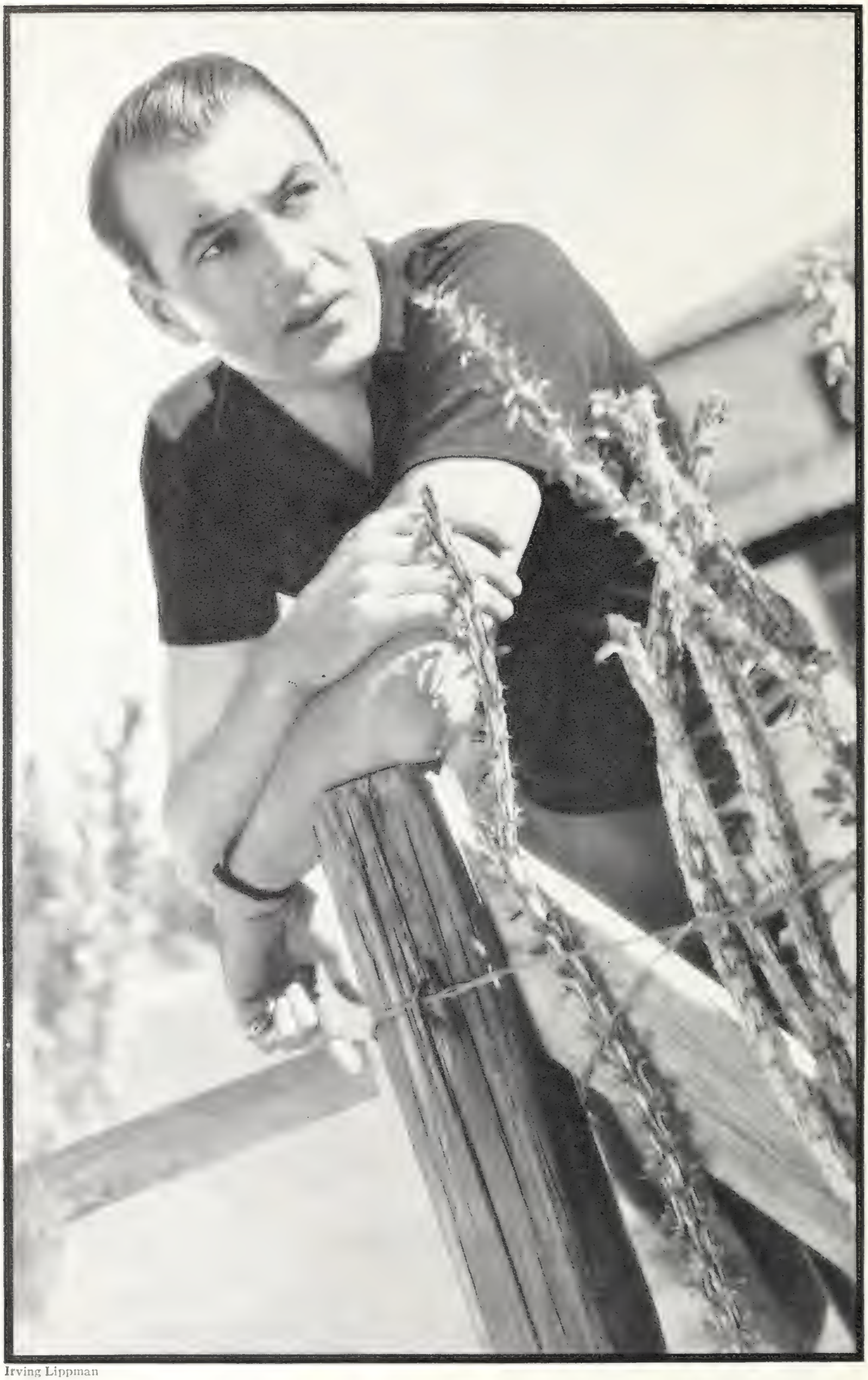
ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK DOBIAS

And there's that lovely, luscious hostess who, upon discovering several of her men guests had left the party for the prize-fights, simply walked off to bed after telling the remainder of the guests that of all the parties she had ever attended in her life, this was the worst. Naturally, the guests were conscience-stricken and promised the hostess they would do nobler things towards contributing to the hostess' enjoyment the next time she gave a party.

But first, perhaps, I should warn you of a remarkable little custom prevalent among Hollywoodians. I could, of course, warn you of several little Hollywood customs that would send you screaming up and down fire escapes, but this one concerns our little parties. It's the matter of invitations. In certain parts of America, it's the custom, I think, to send invitations to those whom one wishes to attend one's party. But in Hollywood, it's different. Invitations are sent only to those whom the host and hostess hope to heaven will not attend. The others come anyhow. In droves, usually. And

(PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 92)





Irving Lippman

The call of the wild and of his youth has Gary now. High hats, fancy drawing-rooms, are "out" as he revels, every off moment, in ranch life

Lone Cowboy

While Hollywood hostesses moan, Gary and Winnie, the mare, are all for the open. Henry, the cook, is passing Gary a "handout"

THEY tried to ride herd on Gary Cooper.

And they failed.

For more than a year and a half the Hollywood socialites thought they had him thrown, tied—and branded "society man." Big chief on the colony's stag line.

Then, quietly, gently, he slipped the ropes.

Maybe it was that accidental detour that did it. Gary was driving his car, the "Yellow Peril," and he turned off on the wrong street, a funny little side street with devious twists, as far removed from fashionable filmdom as a back alley. But over one of the shops he spied a sign. The cut-out of a horse's head with the single word written across it—"Saddlery." Abruptly he pulled up the "Peril." It had been years since Gary had seen such a place.

Inside, a lanky fellow two inches taller than himself was stretching leather. You could fairly feel the tang of the wide open ranges in that shop of Jeff Davis'. He had six teeth in his head, did Jeff, and he was chewing a cigar. Now he looked up and spat judiciously. "Hello, Gary. Sit yourself."

No introductions needed. No effusive welcome. Just the simple friendly manner of the West. And suddenly Gary was at home.

He stayed two hours that first visit. Sometimes they didn't bother to talk. And an old dream of the Montana lad's began to take definite shape. The next day he was back. "I've been thinking, Jeff, I ought to have a saddle.
I drew a design of one last night."

What he didn't tell the old cow-hand was that he'd been thinking that same thing since he was eight. Never had had a saddle of his own. The one in his mind's eye was carved—so—and had silver studs along the pommel quarter-strap.

"Where's Coop hiding out these days?" "What has become of Gary?"

The Cocoanut Grove might have developed into a wilted forest for all of him. The *maître d'hôtel* at the Vendome waited in vain. There was no Cooper party to escort to a prominent table. The gentleman from the plains had disappeared.

NO one, you see, knew about that back street where he turned in night after night. "How's it going, Jeff? Think we ought to slope it more here?" There was a surprising look in his eyes. The eager, anticipatory gleam of a twelve-year-old. He picked up bits of leather. Began to work with them as he'd been taught to do around long dead camp fires. While Jeff made the saddle, Gary wove strips of soft leather through the thicker pieces. Under those long intent fingers a case for his field glasses evolved—and a watch case.

Something that had been stifled in him was released. It was as if he had found the prairie again after protracted drawing-room sessions.

And then, one blatantly brilliant afternoon, Jeff called him at the studio. Gary is always the most tender conversationalist over the telephone—he goes in for all those nice, lingering vowel sounds like "ha" and [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 105]

By Frances Kellum

Select Your Pictures and You Won't

The Shadow Stage

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

A Review of the New Pictures

☆ *THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII—*
London Film-United Artists

IF you've acquired the notion that England just can't produce good pictures, forget it right now. Here is a true masterpiece, directed by Alexander Korda with rare skill and with superb photography. Wait till you see the royal kitchen, the banquets, and the hawking episode!

And then, Charles Laughton as *Henry!* He is, as the real Henry was; blustering, cruel, sensuous; but Laughton works in his own inimitable humor in a way that's positively delicious. Compared with the sunburst of this performance, his *Nero*, in "The Sign of the Cross," was just candlelight.

Henry's love affairs being what they were, there is no breathless romance, and history would hardly recognize the *Henry* portrayed—but these are not to be taken as objections. It is a great, strong picture.

☆ *I'M NO ANGEL—Paramount*

THOSE who like Mae West will have their fill here! She's all over the picture, with curves, wisecracks, and some of the most daring action yet filmed.

This time Mae West is *Tira*, the carnival dancer and lion-tamer who gets into the big show and the hearts of Park Avenue millionaires with equal ease. Cary Grant is the particular victim, who turns out to be not such a victim, after all—for if Mae gets him, he gets her too, and how! The cast is good throughout, but you'll be watching Mae.

Unlike "She Done Him Wrong," where delightful flashes of naughtiness peeped from the story, this has flashes of story peeping from the naughtiness. That doesn't make it so good as drama; but who cares about that in a Mae West show?

☆ *BOMBSHELL—M-G-M*

BOYS and girls, grand-daddies, everybody—here is the picture about Hollywood you have been waiting for all your lives! It seems an understatement to say that this is one of the fastest and funniest Hollywood pictures ever made. It's really something to run a temperature over.

Jean Harlow gets the break she deserves—and does she give it the works! She plays a movie star, a really nice person, who is ballyhooed into the "It, Has, and Whereas" girl, the "Bombshell," by no less a fast worker than Lee Tracy—and he gives the rôle everything he has, which is plenty.

The story itself is a "natural," because in addition to all his press-agenting stunts, Lee is all for Jean himself. You can imagine what tangles result from that—especially when a marquis enters the situation! Lee uses the marquis to produce headlines; then has his troubles holding his own with Jean. So if you'll take our word that Jean gets every last shred of comedy out of these situations that Lee creates you'll understand why the hard-boiled preview audience was screaming.

Frank Morgan and Ted Healy, as papa and "Junior," Franchot Tone as a phony Boston "high hat," and Pat O'Brien are great and the lines are gorgeous. And the least Jean Harlow could do for Hal Rosson was to marry him, after that superb photography.

Have to Complain About the Bad Ones

The Best Pictures of the Month

BOMBSHELL
THE BOWERY
THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII
I'M NO ANGEL
FOOTLIGHT PARADE
MY WEAKNESS
ANN VICKERS
THE WORLD CHANGES

The Best Performances of the Month

Jean Harlow in "Bombshell"
Lee Tracy in "Bombshell"
Wallace Beery in "The Bowery"
George Raft in "The Bowery"
Charles Laughton in "The Private Life of Henry VIII"
Mae West in "I'm No Angel"
James Cagney in "Footlight Parade"
Charles Butterworth in "My Weakness"
Lilian Harvey in "My Weakness"
Irene Dunne in "Ann Vickers"
Paul Muni in "The World Changes"
Aline MacMahon in "The World Changes"
Paul Robeson in "The Emperor Jones"
Alice Brady in "Stage Mother"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 111

☆ ***FOOTLIGHT PARADE—Warners***

WRAP all the stars and color of previous Warner musicals together—add Jimmy Cagney to keep it going at Cagney speed—and you have the recipe for this one.

Jimmy's a producer of movie stage prologues, turning them out wholesale for the country. Some time is lost on plot complications and "backstage" atmosphere at the start—but be patient! It gets going, and when it does, the specialty numbers will take your breath. Some will call the water scene the most gorgeous they've seen in films.

You'll miss the heart appeal of the earlier Warner musicals, since Ruby Keeler and Dick Powell just pop in and out of the story; but with Joan Blondell, Frank McHugh, and Guy Kibbee in top form, there's plenty of interest. You'll be delighted with Jimmy. The lad's a real hoofer.

☆ ***THE BOWERY—20th Century-United Artists***

HERE it is—the peer of all the "Gay Nineties"—Bowery pictures! Fairly reeking with authentic rowdy, hurdy-gurdy atmosphere, and crammed with historic incident to polish off a plot crammed with suspense, robust humor and touching pathos. A grand evening of fun for anybody.

Wallace Beery as *Chuck Connors* and George Raft as *Steve Brodie*, who couldn't refuse a dare, battle for the control of the Bowery, the affections of Fay Wray, and the loyalty of waif Jackie Cooper. And how they battle!

The glamorous past of the Bowery is woven in with John L. Sullivan's supremacy in the ring, Carrie Nation's hatchet temperance campaign, and the story is climaxed with Steve Brodie's storied leap from Brooklyn Bridge.

The colorful costumes, music and slang of the era are faithfully presented.

Wally is superb, and George Raft has by far his best part yet as the reckless daredevil and woman-killer. Jackie Cooper, a little grown-up since "The Champ," nevertheless will play on your heart-strings. Fay Wray is lovely, and Pert Kelton handles her burlesque soubrette rôle with plenty of sparkle and "it." Clear on down the line, every character, every bit, rings true.

Its almost epic quality and its frequent high spots will make this one talked about for a long, long time. If you miss it, you'll be sorry!

☆ ***MY WEAKNESS—Fox***

INTRODUCING the petite English star, Lilian Harvey, and how—with the aid of Charles Butterworth, whose riotous comedy gives Lilian exactly the setting she needs!

The story is fantastically done, as though fairy-story people were telling it, and Harry Langdon, the oddest Cupid you ever saw, acting as master of ceremonies. It seems that crusty uncle Henry Travers cuts off the income of playboy Lew Ayres, and Lew, while trying to argue uncle out of a romance, says he could palm off any hillbilly girl on a rich man, he knows women's wiles so well.

Uncle says it's a bet—and to use Lilian, a Cinderella-like maid in a hotel. From then on the show's a barrel of fun, with uncle's sappy son (Charles Butterworth) the center of the fireworks.

The National Guide to Motion Pictures

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

☆

ANN VICKERS— RKO-Radio

HERE Irene Dunne is a social worker who loves but doesn't care about marriage; so her life is one trouble after another. Bruce Cabot starts the irregularities, and Walter Huston, as a corrupt judge sent to prison, ends them on a happy note. In between, Irene, as *Ann Vickers*, has many ups and downs, including loss of her job when her conduct becomes known. The acting is a delight; but it's slow.

☆

THE WORLD CHANGES— First National

A TYPICAL American life story, superbly done by Paul Muni, from a beginning in the Dakota wheat fields, to a tragic finale in a Wall Street market crash. In addition to Paul's great work, fine performances are contributed by Aline MacMahon as his mother, and Mary Astor as his wife. The others are good, too, and it's a gripping, true-to-life story throughout.

THE WAY TO LOVE— Paramount

YOU'LL see a different Chevalier here! He's the happy-go-lucky assistant to Edward Everett Horton, who straightens out "heart problems," and he wants to be a Paris guide. When he rescues gypsy Ann Dvorak from a carnival and installs her in his roof-top home, the fun begins—and there's plenty of it. It's a thoroughly enjoyable show, in spite of some technical defects; and Mutt, the dog, is fine.

ESKIMO— M-G-M

W. S. VAN DYKE spent more than a year in the Arctic getting this saga of Eskimo life, and the result proves well worth the effort. Native actors, speaking Eskimo, enact a stirring tale of conflict with the white man's law, enforced by the mounted police. The hunting scenes and a chase through an ice field alone are worth an evening of time. English captions translate the Eskimo speech.

THE EMPEROR JONES— United Artists

THE great Negro singer, Paul Robeson, repeats his famous stage performance about a hot-tempered Pullman porter who's out to make good for himself, and does so as emperor of a Negro country. There's no romance—just the story of an over-cocky man who meets his death in the jungle at last, haunted by creepy voodoo drums—but it's a delight to all lovers of superb acting. Almost an all-Negro cast that's good.

MAN'S CASTLE— Columbia

"BINDLE STIFF" Spencer Tracy gives stranded Loretta Young shelter in a vagabond's shack under Brooklyn Bridge—and then finds himself torn between love of the road and love of Loretta. Frank Borzage's deft direction gets both delightful humor and stirring pathos from this situation, which ends happily with a "blessed event." Marjorie Rambeau, Glenda Farrell, Walter Connolly and Arthur Hohl are fine, too.

Saves Your Picture Time and Money

GOLDEN HARVEST
Paramount

AFTER TONIGHT—
RKO-Radio

A GRANDLY done and exciting story about two brothers and wheat. Farmer Dick Arlen grows it; brother Chester Morris gets rich as Chicago Board of Trade broker. The crisis comes when Dick calls a strike, and Chester, rather than break the strike, bucks the market and goes broke himself. The trading scenes in the pit are new and thrilling, and the whole story is rich in human appeal.

SUCH intrigue and counter intrigue! It just goes to prove that you can't trust anyone when there's a war around. Connie Bennett is at her best as the little Russian spy whose heart gives her away. It looks like Austrian officer Gilbert Roland is going to have to execute his sweetheart—but then - oh, it's all too exciting to give away! If you aren't strongly against war pictures, here's a good one.

AGGIE APPLEBY, MAKER OF MEN—
RKO-Radio

BROADWAY THRU A KEYHOLE
20th Century-United Artists

CHARLIE FARRELL returns after his self-inflicted screen vacation in this first-rate comedy drama. It's all about tough lady Wynne Gibson's method of transforming up-state mama's boy Charlie into a tough mug, and reversing the process on pugnacious Bill Gargan. Good situations in which Wynne, Charlie and Bill do themselves proud. ZaSu Pitts is also in top form. You'll laugh and like it.

WALTER WINCHELL'S much-heralded screen peep behind Broadway's bright lights provides an entertaining eyeful, even if the story drags a little. Racketeer Paul Kelly and crooner Russ Columbo both love Constance Cummings, Broadway night club entertainer. Yes, the crooner wins. But the biggest corsage of Mr. Winchell's orchids goes to the dance numbers and the ditties sung by Russ and Frances Williams.

CHANCE AT HEAVEN—
RKO-Radio

FROM HEAD-QUARTERS—
Warners

IT'S a case of gas-station operator Joel McCrea overlooking the virtues of poor girl Ginger Rogers, who adores him, for the smiles of rich girl Marian Nixon (who never looked so pretty in her life). This sounds pretty much like formula: but the human quality of the Vina Delmar story, and appealing acting, make it a "virtue triumphant" story that you'll love. Yes, virtue does triumph; Ginger gets Joel.

CRACKING good mystery about the murder of a blackmailing playboy. George Brent, Eugene Pallette and Detective Headquarters suspect Margaret Lindsay, Dorothy Burgess, Robert Barrat, and practically everyone else, in a whirl involving Oriental rugs, rare firearms, butlers and brothers. It maintains bullet-like speed and suspense right to the end.

ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 90]

They Call Him "Perfect"

Here's the man behind more than 250 perfectly played screen rôles. Lewis Stone has yet to "miss" in any film

All Hollywood hails Lewis Stone as the most finished artist there is in pictures

By Kirtley Baskette

MORE than anyone else he deserves to be called Hollywood's perfect actor.

That does not exclude the other aces of the screen—the Barrymores, Huston, Laughton, Garbo, Harding, Shearer, Crawford or Hayes.

For years—eighteen, to be exact—he has maintained his perfection while traveling with the fastest acting company the screen has had to offer.

Not once has he missed. Not once has he failed to give not only a perfect, but a pluperfect, performance. Not once has anyone even faintly breathed the word "ham," or hinted the accusation of overacting.

No other screen artist approaches his record. None ever will. He has too much of a headstart, and he doesn't fancy waiting for the crowd to catch up.

You know him; you acknowledge him—Hollywood's perennially perfect acting machine. The man who can do no wrong. The star who is not a star.

Lewis Stone.

Of him says Clarence Brown, who has directed practically every great star for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer:

"To me, Lewis Stone is one hundred per cent."

BROWN is a taciturn man, wary of rash statements. His compliments can safely be multiplied by ten. That's why his enthusiasm over the ability of Lewis Stone is all the more a professional tribute to one whom he knows, if anyone does, professionally.

The director continues,

"He is the master motion picture technician today, as he was in the silent days. He can get more out of a glance, or a twist of his head, than many actors can with a whole bag full of dramatic gestures.

"He is always letting the audience know what he is thinking about. That is genuine art. Yet he retains his restraint better than any actor I have ever known. He is one player whom I would not hesitate to place with his back to the camera, because he can frequently get more out of a scene from the back of his neck than some actors can from a full face shot.

"As a director, I'll ask for nothing better than Lewis Stone."

And that (to repeat) from Mr. Brown is certain to be no overstatement.

Eighteen years ago, Lewis Stone played his first part before the camera in "Honor's Altar" with Bessie Barriscale. He was as competent then as he is today. Since that time, in over 250 outstanding screen rôles, he constantly turned in what critics term a "flawless performance." Since that time, he has continually kept Hollywood's current stars on their histrionic toes, by walking away with scenes and, frequently, whole pictures.

And yet, in all that time, Lewis Stone has never set about deliberately to "steal" a picture, or even a scene. He has simply made a serious business of his acting career, and gone about turning in his usual perfect job. He has planned every performance with the precision of an architect drafting a building plan, and has constructed his characters to millimetric accuracy.

THERE have never been any "upstage" tricks to Lewis Stone's performances. Can you remember Theodore Roberts' tilted cigar, George Fawcett's cocking eye and shuffling feet, Raymond Hatton's swaying stance and pulled-down mouth, Tully Marshall's squinting glance or Theodore Kosloff's flicking handkerchief? These were deliberate scene-stealing maneuvers.

Lewis Stone has none. He has never needed them. Possessing a "stage presence" consciously and deliberately developed to grace the features God gave him, he has always dominated through the sincerity and genuineness of his characterization, through the perfection of his acting technique—not showmanship.

CALL him the "key-Stone" of a picture instead of the star, and you will approximate Lewis Stone's importance to every drama in which he plays.

"Grand Hotel" tossed the critics into a sustained squabble about the relative superiority of Garbo and Crawford; they differed about Barrymore's *Kringelein;* but about Lewis Stone all chorused in essence, "his characterization left nothing to be desired."

In this star-studded film, he had less then 200 feet of acting, and not over forty lines of dialogue. Yet he traveled through the picture fairly bumping into dramatic incidents; and he crystallized the theme of the play at the start and at the finish with his plaint, "nothing ever happens in the Grand Hotel."

Going back to "The Trial of Mary Dugan," [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 95]

Hollywood Jottings

Mae West revives the picture hat and huge muff

Wide black chiffon evening scarf tied in new way by Carole Lombard

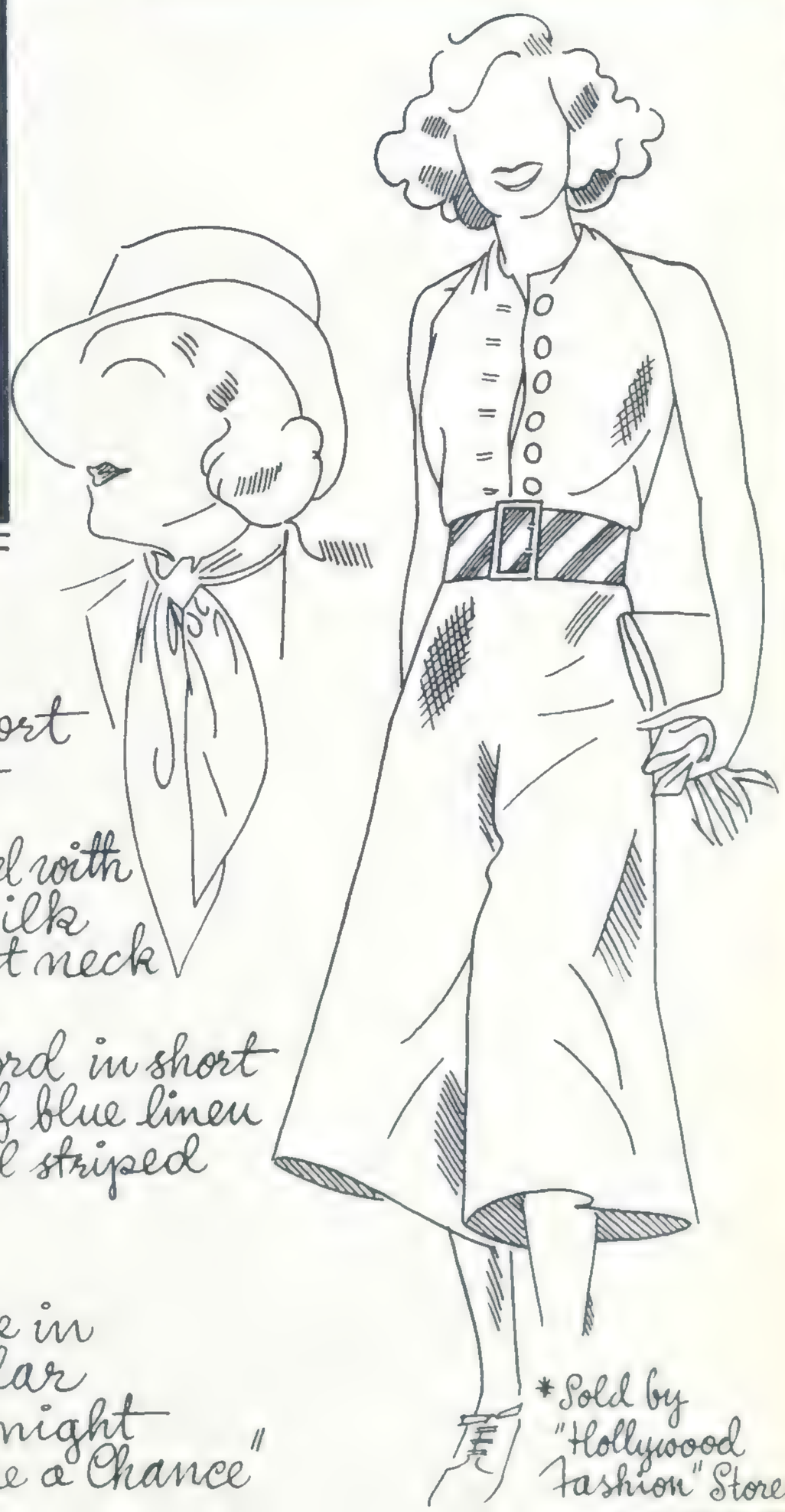
*June Knight in silk scarf of Chinese colorings and Molyneux's suede belt with trick metal buckle

*June, again, in rhinestone tongue clips and new shell earring

Two winter resort forecasts —

Carole Lombard with knotted white silk 'kerchief about neck

— Joan Crawford in short pajamas of blue linen with top and striped belt



*Chinese influence in plaid taffeta collar worn by June Knight appearing in "Take a Chance"

*Sold by "Hollywood Fashion" Stores

HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS

heresponsored by PHOTOPLAY Magazine and worn by famous stars in latest motion pictures, now may be secured for your own wardrobe from leading department and ready-to-wear stores in many localities. . . . Faithful copies of these smartly styled and moderately-priced garments, of which those shown in this issue of PHOTOPLAY are typical, are on display this month in the stores of those representative merchants whose firm names are conveniently listed for you on Page 115

IT'S a new idea in sleeve detail that Gwen Wakeling suggests for an ensemble worn by Constance Cummings in "Broadway Thru A Keyhole." On the coat, golden brown dyed mole epaulets have the puff at the top caught under, and the sleeves on the striped wool dress beneath have the same treatment. A small mole collar is the only other coat trimming—the dress has a trick belt

SUEDE with wool is one of the nicest combinations this season. Royer has designed this charming outfit for Claire Trevor to wear in "The Mad Game." The dress is a hairy plaid wool in green and beige with collar and cuffs of green suede edged with ruffles of the wool. The trim sleeveless suede jacket fastens with brass buttons. A smart Tyrolean-like suede topper is a new head note

Designers Put Clever Ideas Into Newest Screen Styles

— Seymour

KALLOCH gives the tunic dress a stunning send-off in this model designed for Fay Wray to wear in "Master of Men." A wide ruffled collar of white bengaline circles the neckline and follows the diagonal closing. Wide belt of black suede with jeweled buckle of onyx and crystal. The sleeve fullness comes below the shoulder

YOU'LL need help to button yourself into the duplicate of this green woolen dress worn by Dorothy Tree, for it buttons down the back! That's an Ascot tie of leopard with the collar points pulled out over it. Dorothy wears it in "East of Fifth Avenue." Her hat has the popular visor brim with draped crown

From Five On—

DOROTHY TREE has this perfect five 'til midnight frock in her personal wardrobe. At cocktail hour she wears it like a formal suit with the velvet jacket topping the dress. The white yoke of the jacket is also of velvet with clever tucks at the shoulders. Then later in the evening Dorothy removes the jacket and her small velvet hat—and lo, she is formally gowned! Note reversed sailor collar of satin with silver and black braid

AT tea hour at home, in "Walls of Gold," Sally Eilers wears this garnet velvet gown with deep dolman sleeves in metallic fabric. It is a stunning costume design by Royer—the sleeves have a medieval look and the boyish collar of metal cloth is an amusing idea

'Til Midnight

— Seymour

EMBROIDERED satin makes a youthful evening gown for Dorothy Tree to wear to an anniversary party in "East of Fifth Avenue." The high neckline in front dips to a deep "U" at the back. Soft bows of the satin make effective shoulder detailing. The bodice is cut high and the skirt fullness is concentrated smartly at back

TRAVIS BANTON has brought a daytime fashion into the evening picture in this dress worn by Claudette Colbert in "Torch Singer." He uses a shirtwaist detail for the top, high in back with deep front decolletage. The whole gown and wide belt is in silver sequins, although we have copied it for you in metal striped crepe

— Seymour

STILL another Banton design for Miriam Hopkins in "Design for Living," is this trim daytime dress of beige wool. Aren't the collar and cuffs of starched linen a flattering detail? The wooden buttons are fastened to the dress but pull through the collar and are tied with soutache braid. The button detail is repeated on the belt, too

GAY, youthful clothes have been designed for Miriam Hopkins' rôle of *Gilda* in that sparkling comedy, "Design for Living." Travis Banton is responsible for the knowing details of this sheer gray-blue woolen. The collar is linen and the linen lacings pass through unusual square eyelets of silver. Three tiers of the fabric give a widened shoulder line. Very smart

WONDER what Richard Arlen is telling his dog Pete, that has Pete peering so intently from his perch on that waterside pile? Perhaps Dick's saying what a pleasure it is to rescue Judith Allen in the film we'll all be seeing soon—"Hell and High Water." Of course, if there's any big rescuing to be done, Pete is all attention

SHE wears orchids, this dainty miss from Iowa, but she played a mighty fine Irish rose in "Paddy, the Next Best Thing." That's been Margaret Lindsay's way, though, during her year and a half in pictures, and they're keeping her exceedingly busy these days. We'll be seeing her soon in "The World Changes," and in several other stories, too

When CONNIE *was* Down and Out

The strange story of the heartbreak that established Constance Cummings in pictures

By Rosalind Keating

The inside friend every budding star requires proved to be the man other stars feared. It was Ronald Colman, the "devil" who turned "angel" and saw Constance Cummings through her most trying picture ordeal after Hollywood had turned her down

IT'S the sort of thing one would never expect to happen, if we take the people concerned at the superficial appraisal Hollywood places on them. Here are the main characters in the episode:

Constance Cummings—the girl who flashed brilliantly to film fame while working with Walter Huston in "Criminal Code," and with Harold Lloyd in "Movie Crazy"—the girl who, after a session in British films and being married in London last summer, is expected to do fine things for the new Twentieth Century company.

Ronald Colman—the aloof, finished actor, who declines completely to "go Hollywood," but who exercises magic at the box-office. Colman, the quiet, reserved gentleman, who is the despair of gossip hounds; who walked out of Hollywood last spring, simply because he was fed up—and who may come back this winter.

Now hearken back to the buzz-buzz that went around Hollywood, about two weeks after Constance made her first attempt in pictures — playing opposite Ronald in "The Devil to Pay," a show which, in production, certainly lived up to its name.

Irving Cummings, the director, resigned. Parts were changed. Sam Goldwyn went into an earthquake each night when the rushes were shown. There was tension on all sides, though Colman was unvaryingly kind and pleasant to Miss Cummings, starting off with sending a large basket of flowers to her dressing-room the day the picture began.

Constance's clothes were wrong. They had been selected by the wife of a company executive, and they were not for her type.

Though no word of criticism had been spoken, Constance realized that things were not going well. Then, one day, when she was to rehearse her lines with David Torrence, she never got the call to come to the studio. When she went to inquire, the axe fell. She was out. She came home in a daze. She had failed.

And what a buzz!

"Ronald Colman was simply a devil. No leading lady could ever get along with him." "Vilma Banky had fought with him continually." "Lili Damita had had such an unpleasant time [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]

Ladies LOVE *Villains*

"He knows how to be mysterious. You would never catch that man telling a woman about any of his former flames!"

So we present the smoothest of them all —C. Henry Gordon

By Ruth Rankin

THE cast flashed on the screen. . . . "Ah! C. Henry Gordon. There's the man for *me!*" breathed the lovely young Pasadena society matron, on my right.

"Why?" (I'm curious about things like that.)

She handed me a "for-heaven's-sake-don't-you-know?" look.

"Because he knows how to be mysterious, that's why. You would never catch that man telling a woman about any of his former flames!" She favored her husband, on the other side of me, with an enigmatic wifely glance. He promptly withered.

There was a handsome young leading man in that picture—there always is—but you couldn't help noticing how Gordon dominated every scene in which the two appeared.

You've probably noticed it frequently. C. Henry is the most consistent hard-working heavy in Hollywood. But I have yet to hear anyone, man or woman, say "Oh dear. *That* man again." He always leaves you wanting to see just a little bit more. And that, my friends, takes Art.

I did some more polite probing in the direction of my Pasadena companion. . . . "Well, if you must know," said she, with a dim, remote dream before her eyes, "he looks just like the first man I ever loved—the so-and-so!" she added, affectionately.

AND that is one of the explanations of C. Henry. Several other girls have, very surprisingly, confessed the very same thing. It would appear that Henry Gordon resembles the universal First Man—so-and-so's, every one of 'em, a fact always added with affection. He's the man they can't forget—and he's the man who *always* forgets!

Henry (strange how he can even make that homely name seem a trifle sinister) says, "Villains should be mysterious."

So the C. in front of his name is part of the mystery. He tells you so in a velvety, caressing baritone that is enough, alone, to make any girl curl all up inside—tingling, anticipating defeat—like an anchovy on a cracker.

Next time you see him on the screen, listen closely to that voice. He plays with it, experimenting on your emotions. It has identically the same quality as Jack Barrymore's, pitched a little lower. Henry knows all the possibilities of that voice—he has made it his slave. Just as he has the piano, which he plays divinely.

C. Henry has had a grand life. Never a dull moment. All you have to do is look at him to know that. What you might not sense immediately is a fabulous sense of humor, restrained and grand. It applies the finishing touch to his enchantment.

The real name is Henry Racke, the ancestry Bavarian. His grandfather was a violinist, his uncle, Charles (could that be where the "C." is derived?) Meyer was one of the first of the fine wig-makers in this country. His father was a wine merchant, who officially introduced a famous champagne to New York.

The young Henry went [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]

PHOTOPLAY'S
Hollywood Beauty Shop

Conducted by Carolyn Van Wyck

GLORIA STUART, in costume from "Roman Scandals," is shown with a flacon of that precious perfume about which Eddie Cantor and chorus sing "Keep Young and Beautiful." A perfume romantic, mysterious, unforgettable

A LIPSTICK in three gorgeous shades, designed especially for evening and electric lights, pictured by Toby Wing. Evening lights have a definite effect on make-up, so study carefully evening shades of powder, rouge, lipstick

LONA ANDRE, while on location for "Take a Chance," paused long enough to show us a few beauty tricks. Lona blends a light shade of cream rouge from that third finger almost to the eyelids and outward toward temples

All the beauty tricks of all the stars brought to you each month

Presenting Eight Ideas On Lovely

THIS is the new "Teasdale Bob," created by Verree Teasdale. The front view is very chic and gracious and the back is a big surprise. From a side part the hair is swept smoothly across the head and banked in soft curled rolls. A style that tends to slenderize the face and add height, and that flatters

HERE is the surprise. Miss Teasdale says her coiffure goes north, east, south and west. And indeed it does, in a most charming and interesting manner. That lateral sweep is quite original and very smart

AN attractive evening coiffure that will add at least an inch to the height of the small girl is illustrated by Mary Carlisle. Mary will wear this in "East of Fifth Avenue"

LYDA ROBERTI shows you the way Hollywood stars use brilliantine to give their hair a glorious sheen and to accent its color. Always spray it on for rich lustre

Hair From The Cinema City

A STUDY in contrast. Dorothy Wilson, with her recently bobbed hair, looks quite different from the long-haired Dorothy at right. Perhaps a change in make-up plays a part, too. Which do you prefer?

CHARMINGLY serious, intently alert, Dorothy Wilson presents an interesting character study in this pose. These two pictures are worth consideration from the girl confronted with the problem of to bob or not to bob. As a rule, long hair is more attractive on the young girl than on the older woman

JEAN PARKER is ready to immerse her hair for a thorough cleansing with a new soapless shampoo, fragrant with pine. It leaves hair clean, lustrous, soft, and rinses out easily

LONA ANDRE shows the technique of beauty brushing. Separate hair into strands, brush up and away from scalp. Lona's new brush is designed to touch each single hair

(For More Beauty Tips Turn to Page 80)

"I was cheating myself of loveliness till I learned about Sally Eilers' beauty soap"

says Cynthia Wills, of New York

"Nobody will ever know how I wanted to have beaux the way my sister did. So often I just sat home alone! Yet I knew my features were good."

"Now I'm using Lux Toilet Soap every single day and now my skin looks positively radiant."

"I've *proved* what a difference a nice complexion makes! I get compliments on my lovely skin all the time. Parties, telephone calls, dates galore! No more blues—now that I've found this wonderful complexion care!"

9 out of 10 screen stars use this fragrant, white soap. You see a few of them here. Left to right: the popular Fox star, Sally Eilers; lovely Lola Lane; Leila Hyams, Universal star; Minna Gombell.

Skin grows old-looking through the gradual loss of certain elements nature puts in skin to keep it *youthful.* Gentle Lux Toilet Soap, so readily soluble, *actually contains* such precious elements—checks their loss from the skin. *For* every *type of skin . . . dry, oily, "in-between."*

"Then one night I was in the movies, alone. A close-up of Sally Eilers came on the screen. How very lovely she was! *It's really her exquisite skin that makes her so enchanting, so irresistible,* I realized all of a sudden."

"Think how delighted I was to discover in a newspaper the secret of Sally Eilers' lovely skin! *She uses Lux Toilet Soap regularly,* I learned."

Screen Stars depend on this soap for greater loveliness .. *Now Scientists tell you WHY*

SKIN GROWS OLD—LOOKING THROUGH THE GRADUAL LOSS OF CERTAIN ELEMENTS NATURE PUTS IN SKIN TO KEEP IT **YOUTHFUL**. GENTLE LUX TOILET SOAP, SO READILY SOLUBLE, **ACTUALLY CONTAINS** SUCH PRECIOUS ELEMENTS—CHECKS THEIR LOSS FROM THE SKIN.

NRA

Ask The Answer Man

RICHARD CROMWELL'S grand acting in "This Day and Age" has brought him into the limelight this month. Readers are asking why they haven't seen more of this lad in recent months. Well, they won't be disappointed in the future, because they'll be seeing him in "Above the Clouds" with Dorothy Wilson, and in "Hoopla" with Clara Bow.

Dick, whose real name is Roy Radabaugh, is one of sunny California's own sons. He was born in Los Angeles, January 8, 1910. After graduating from high school he started out as an artist. He opened a small art shop in Los Angeles and made personality masks of many of Hollywood's famous actors and actresses. When Columbia was casting for a lad to play the lead in the talkie version of "Tol'able David," Dick applied for the job. And got it. He had no previous stage or screen experience. After his success in that picture he appeared in "Fifty Fathoms Deep," "Maker of Men," "Emma," "Tom Brown of Culver," "That's My Boy" and others.

Dick is 5 feet, 10 inches tall; weighs 148 pounds and has light brown hair and grayish-blue eyes. He is fond of tennis, swimming and painting. He did some of the murals in the Pantages Theater in Hollywood. Doesn't care for clothes and seldom wears a hat or tie. He has two sisters and one brother. Lives in a cute white house which he helped design and build.

ARTHUR OKMANN, ST. PAUL, MINN.—You win, Art, old fellow. It was Wally Beery who played the rôle of *Butch* in "The Big House." And his name is spelled Beery, not Berry.

L. HALE, CINCINNATI, O.—The birthdates of the members of the royal house of Barrymore are—Lionel, April 28, 1878; Ethel, August 15, 1879, and John, February 15, 1883.

YOLA FRANKOVSKA, LODI, POLAND.—Don't worry about your English and your handwriting, Yola, they are both very excellent. In fact, I know many a lad and lassie who would like to own such interesting handwriting. Your compatriot, Jan Kiepura, is not yet thirty and has been on the concert and operatic stage for seven years. He speaks and sings fluently in German, English, French, Italian and Spanish. His first public appearance was in Warsaw, where he sang the title rôle in "Faust." Maurice Chevalier's latest picture is "Love Me Tonight."

RUTH BRENT, CHICAGO, ILL.—The feminine winners of the Motion Picture Academy Awards prior to Helen Hayes and Marie Dressler, were Norma Shearer, Mary Pickford and Janet Gaynor.

THE WOODEN SOLDIER, FORT KINLY, ME.—'Tention, soldier! Your friend Chester Morris has been turning out pictures aplenty. His most recent are "Blondie Johnson," "The Infernal Machine" and "Tomorrow at Seven." Watch for him in his coming new pictures "Kid Gloves," and "Golden Harvest."

MARION LAMBERT, SEQUIM, WASH.—Walt Disney is the creator of little Mickey Mouse. You can reach him at the Disney Studios, 2719 Hyperion Ave., Hollywood, Calif.

ELISE CURRY, BETHESDA, MD.—Ralph and Frank Morgan are brothers. Ralph's most recent pictures are "Rasputin and the Empress," "The Power and the Glory," "Shanghai Madness" and "Doctor Bull." Brian Ahern deserted Hollywood after his first picture "The Song of Songs." Brian was born in Kings Norton, Worcestershire, England, on May 2, 1902. He stands 6 feet, 2½ inches in height; weighs 174 and has fair hair and blue eyes. He was on the stage and appeared in British pictures before he made his Hollywood bow. The other fellow you described answers to the name of Luis Alberni.

Creating masks of his favorite stars is Richard Cromwell's chief pastime. Here you see one which he made of Garbo

HELEN HICKS, FORT WORTH, TEX.—Always glad to be of assistance to music lovers, Helen. The name of the song that Joan Crawford rendered in "Possessed" was "How Long Will It Last?"

HELEN DETERS, NEW YORK CITY.—The picture in which John Barrymore appeared as a school master, is "Topaz." Sally Blane's real name is Betty Jane Young. She was born in Salida, Colo. Sister Loretta Young was born in Salt Lake City, Utah. Joan Crawford's real name is Lucille LeSueur. Blanche Friderici played the rôle of *Mrs. Hume* in "The Barbarian."

R. S., TORONTO, ONT., CAN.—Toby Wing was the cute little eyeful you saw in "42nd Street." She is considered Hollywood's most perfect chorus girl. She is 5 feet, 4½ inches tall, weighs 118 pounds. Has blue eyes and blonde hair. She was born on her grandfather's plantation, "Right Oaks," Richmond, Va., July 14, 1915, and christened Martha Virginia Wing. Toby made her movie début in "The Kid From Spain." This was followed by parts in "42nd Street," "College Humor," "This Day and Age" and "Torch Singer." Her favorite recreations are tennis and swimming. In high school she was tennis champion.

MARIE DOBBS, CALEXICO, CALIF.—No, Marie, Cary Grant did not play in "So Big" with Barbara Stanwyck. George Brent played the rôle of *Roelf* and Hardie Albright played *Dirk*.

V. L. HUSTON, KANSAS CITY, MO.—The cute pup by the name of Michael, that appeared with Marion Davies in "Peg O' My Heart," is, I believe, a Sealyham, and a fine actor, too.

SONDRA STRONG, CLEVELAND, O.—If you read my page regularly you would have found Robert Montgomery's history long before this. Since you do not know the particulars concerning his life, here they are. Bob first saw light in Beacon, New York, May 21, 1904. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 160 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. In 1928 he was married to Elizabeth Allen. They have one daughter, born last March. Bob spent five years on the stage prior to his movie début in 1929. His latest pictures are "When Ladies Meet," "Another Language" and "Night Flight." Don't miss any of them, if you're a real Montgomery fan.

Read This Before Asking Questions

Avoid questions that call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address. For a personal reply, enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Casts and Addresses

As these take up much space, we treat such subjects in a different way from other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, self-addressed envelope must always be sent. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

Now smile . . . *we dare you!*

Are the 7 stains marring your beauty?

YOUR hair looks lovely . . . Above your eyes those delicate brows are arched to perfection . . . And that final touch of lipstick—it couldn't be better!

Now, part those lips! Smile—and dare the final test of beauty . . . Is there a flash of teeth that gleam and sparkle?

No? Nature, you say, has been unkind to you? She has given you naturally dull teeth, lacking in lustre? . . . Nonsense!

Stains spoil teeth's beauty

Your teeth are *stained*—discolored by things you eat and drink and smoke. Seven different stains are left on your teeth.

And all your faithful brushing cannot free your teeth of these discolorations, unless you call to your aid a toothpaste with *two* cleansing actions.

Most toothpastes, you see, have only one action—and to this one action, alone, the seven stains will not yield.

Colgate's Dental Cream has *two* actions. First, gently and safely, it dissolves and *washes* away some of the stubborn discolorations. Second, safely and thoroughly, it *polishes* away the stains that are left.

No more "dull" teeth

You *can* do something about it. To your waves and manicures—to your powders and lotions—add one final beauty aid. Buy a tube of Colgate's Dental Cream. Use it for 10 days. Smile and see the difference!

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

For a limited time, you can get the large 25-cent tube of Colgate's for only 19 cents. Buy it—today.

The 7 causes of stains that discolor teeth: 1. Meats and other proteins. 2. Cereals and other starchy foods. 3. Vegetables. 4. Sweets. 5. Fruits. 6. Beverages. 7. Tobacco smoke . . . Colgate's removes all 7 stains . . . Use it after every meal . . . See your dentist regularly.

Accessories for Your Good Looks

By Carolyn Van Wyck

SALLY EILERS wears this charmingly refreshing coiffure in "Walls of Gold." Soft curls are piled high at the back of her head, and the front is parted, flatly waved

A MAGNIFYING mirror is an important part of make-up equipment and a good idea for Christmas giving. Betty Furness studies her lips critically to avoid any blurred unevenness

FOR a long time we have discussed make-up only in terms of tone and how to apply it. Now it is high time we paused to consider the dozen and one little gadgets and aids that work wonders in the actual application.

The two most important of all aids are cleansing tissues and absorbent cotton. I don't believe anyone can get along without these. Although it may be a great temptation to grab Mother's best linen towel to remove cream and make-up, I don't believe it ever works half so well as two or three tissues. Aside from their cream removal use, tissues are perfect for blotting up excess face lotion or foundation, for smoothing or removing cream rouge and also for lip paste. And when you have a cold, what handkerchief is so comforting as a good soft tissue that you may immediately discard?

Absorbent cotton is perfect for applying any liquid to the face, liquid cleansing lotion, thin or creamy, all lotions and astringents, and liquid powder. Absorbent cotton steeped in your favorite eye lotion or even water will refresh the eyes, and when skin is very sensitive and you wish to use soap and water, a pad of cotton is softer for washing than any cloth or your fingers.

I know how we all adore powder puffs. Sometimes they become old friends—too old. However, if we can discard the puffs, especially in our purses, and substitute fresh cotton daily, we find it not only powders much better, softer, more thoroughly, but is a splendid hygienic means of keeping pores unclogged and skin uncontaminated. Cotton that comes already cut in small pads is especially convenient for this and, indeed, all cotton purposes. It is splendid, also, for applying deodorants that are not equipped with a sponge, and a small pad with a drop of perfume tucked in your hat band permeates the hair with fragrance.

Above, you will see Texas Guinan having her lips rouged with a Chinese brush. You can buy such a brush in any art shop, and it is a good way of applying soft lip paste, because it permits you to get a perfectly even line.

The small eyebrow brushes that may be bought in the five-and-ten-cent stores do wonders for brows and lashes. If both brows and lashes are good without any accent, this brush will free them of powder, smooth them into an even line. Or if you wish to encourage growth, smooth on a bit of grower or vaseline, and then brush. If you do not need pencil or mascara, you will find that a touch of grower or vaseline brushed through brows and lashes is a perfect day or evening touch. It will accent the color slightly, give them a slight lustre, and meanwhile improve their growth.

Betty Furness is shown above with a magnifying mirror. No girl should be without one. It is the most perfect means of discovering the true condition of your skin. In other words, it turns the eye of truth directly upon you. It will tell whether the pores of your skin are small and perfectly clean; will show up any tiny flaking of skin that may bespeak dryness, will show where little lines are beginning to form.

In the matter of make-up, your magnifying mirror is perfect. Any blurred line, any unevenness of color, immediately screams at you. If you shape your own eyebrows, this type of mirror permits you to see every little vagrant hair.

Aside from perfume uses, an extra inexpensive atomizer or two will serve many purposes most effectively and economically. They are perfect for applying face and hair lotions.

YOU will soon be seeing Texas Guinan, nightclub queen, in "Broadway Thru a Keyhole." Here is a studio make-up expert rouging her lips with a Chinese brush, an aid for any girl who uses paste

ALREADY we feel sure many brows are wrinkled in the matter of Christmas giving. We have compiled a list of small things that make adorable gifts, for yourself or others. It is yours on request, as well as information on all beauty. Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Carolyn Van Wyck, Photoplay Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

LOVE IS *not* BLIND

EVERY CLOSE-UP IS A COMPLEXION TEST!

WHEN the perfect moment comes, will a shiny, oily nose mar your beauty and your romance? You need worry no longer! Gone at last is the embarrassment and the heartbreak caused by Half-Hour Nose. Pompeian has created a new powder that really *clings*. You can powder once and enjoy yourself all evening, confident of your lasting loveliness.

Pompeian is far more than a clinging powder. Smooth and fine, it gives the skin a soft new beauty with that youthful, natural unpowdered look. Its ingredients are as high in quality and as intricate of blend as any powder sold. It has an intriguing fragrance of fine French perfume. The purity of the ingredients assures you a powder free from grit and starch, that will not enlarge the pores nor irritate the skin in any way. The Pompeian creams and rouges, famous aids to lovely complexions, are equally high in quality and just as reasonable in price. Regular large sizes are available at all drug and department stores at only 65c. Convenient 10c sizes at the better 5-and-10-cent stores.

THE POMPEIAN CO., Inc., Bloomfield, N. J. *Sales Representatives:* HAROLD F. RITCHIE & Co., Inc., New York City

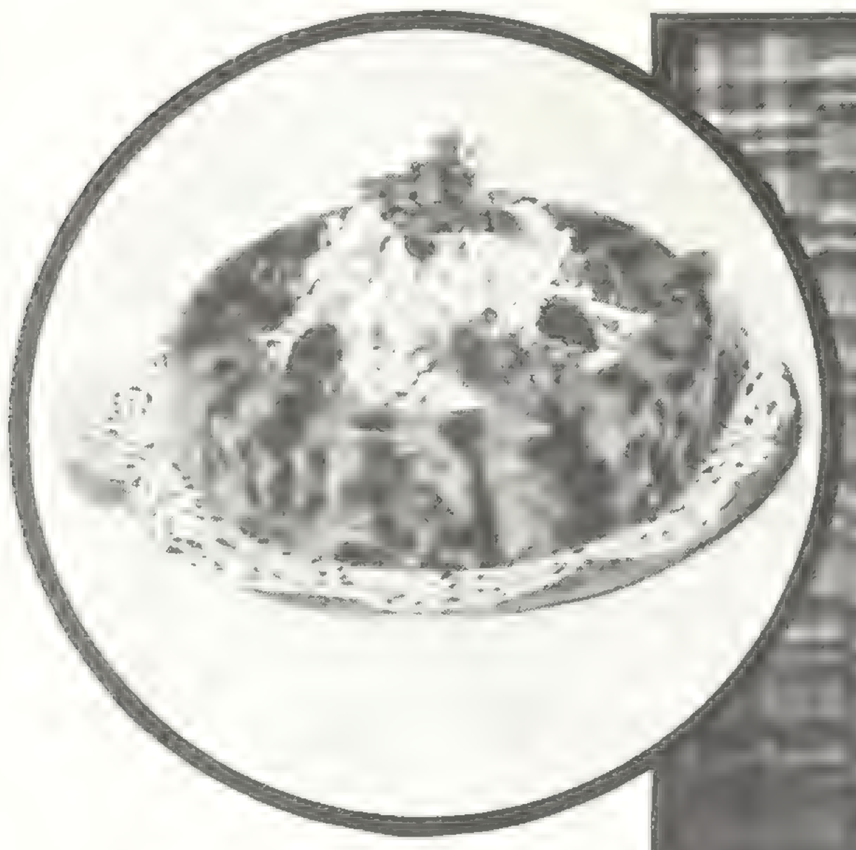
NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

Pompeian BEAUTY POWDER

Windblown through Silk

Robert Young and Leila Hyams featured in "*Saturday's Millions*," a Universal Picture

Palatable Holiday Dishes



Above, illustrated for you, the Vegetable Aspic Salad which Lilian feels is an important part of her dinner

BESIDES the Christmas turkey and the other accepted holiday dishes, it is nice to serve an additional something that is a bit out of the ordinary. Though we may not have a large dinner party, I believe we all feel that the occasion demands special attention to the menu.

For just a little extra work we may have a dish that is delicious and an asset to our table decoration.

VEGETABLE ASPIC SALAD

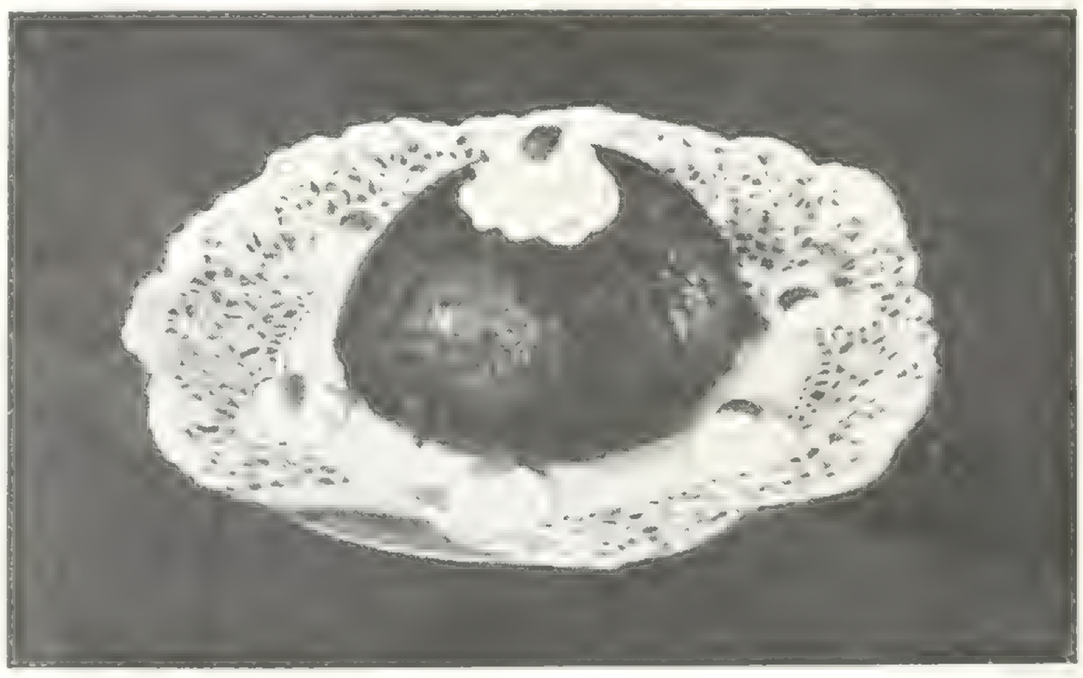
2 tablespoons gelatin
¼ cup cold water
½ cup boiling water
1 tablespoon onion juice
½ teaspoon celery seed
1 teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons lemon juice
Pepper and paprika

Into this gelatin aspic, place whatever cooked vegetables you prefer—peas, string beans, beets and asparagus is a good mixture. Mark the serving divisions with strips of pimento. Place in a ring mold to harden. Turn out on a large round plate, and fill the center with a cole-slaw mixed with thin mayonnaise. Decorate with green watercress and ripe olives.

This is a colorful departure from the usual Christmas salad.

Sweet Potatoes, Southern style, is a nice variation from mashed potatoes. Lilian's cook prepares them in this manner: Partially boil sweet potatoes, remove the skins, and place in a casserole to bake. Pour over a syrup made from molasses, sugar and water. Dot the top with butter, and sprinkle with cinnamon. Bake in covered casserole for fifteen minutes.

Our hostess, Lilian Harvey, charming Fox player, is about to carve the festive bird. Looks good, doesn't it?



Plum Pudding—a perfect dessert, well worth the effort in making. Best served hot with hard sauce

Plum Pudding a la Harvey is a masterpiece. She prefers it to mince pie. The recipe looks rather elaborate, but is really quite simple:

Soak ½ pound of stale breadcrumbs in 1 cup scalded milk. When cool, add ¼ pound of sugar, beaten yolks of 4 eggs, and stir. Then add ½ pound of seeded raisins, cut in pieces and floured. Also, ¼ pound of currants, ½ pound of finely chopped figs, and 2 ounces of chopped citron. Chop ½ pound of suet and cream by using the hand.

Combine these mixtures, and add ¼ cup of wine, ½ grated nutmeg, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, ¼ teaspoon clove, ¼ teaspoon mace, and 1½ teaspoons salt.

Beat whites of the four eggs to a stiff froth, and stir in this mixture. Turn into a buttered mold and steam for six hours. Serve hot with hard sauce.

HARD SAUCE

¼ cup butter
1 cup powdered sugar
2 tablespoons brandy
2 eggs
½ cup heavy cream

Cream butter, add sugar gradually, then brandy, very slowly. Then the well-beaten yolks and the cream. Cook over hot water till thick, and beat in the egg whites.

Perhaps you would like to serve as a starter on Christmas morning Jack Holt's concoction—

DIXIE EGGNOG

Separate whites from yolks of 12 eggs. Beat yolks until very light, adding gradually 16 tablespoons sugar. When mixed, pour in ½ pint brandy and ½ pint Bacardi Rum. Bourbon may be substituted if brandy and Bacardi are not available.

When liquor has been added, fold in whites of eggs beaten to stiff froth. Lastly, pour in a pint of cream and a quart of rich milk. Two helpings of this, and you're sure to have a Merry Christmas!

Invite Romance

by keeping that schoolgirl complexion

This is the approved way, with Palmolive's precious blend of olive and palm oils

BIRTHDAYS may be forgotten when skin retains the radiant bloom of youth. And daily care with Palmolive—*the soap of youth*—helps to keep that schoolgirl complexion.

Palmolive is made from a blend of youth-giving oils, the oils of olive and palm. That *blend* accounts for Palmolive's supremacy in keeping skin young and lovely.

To beautify, use beauty oils

Palmolive's mild lather is made rich and velvety by olive oil. That soothing lather *penetrates* the tiny pores, freeing them of impurities, leaving skin soft, smooth, gloriously clear and fresh. Olive oil gives that soft, rich green color, too—a color that assures you of natural purity and safety.

Use this beauty treatment

Buy three cakes today. Then, start this 2-minute beauty treatment: twice daily, massage a rich lather of Palmolive into the skin with your hands; rinse with warm water, then with cold. And, after a month, your mirror will give you the confidence of youth—youth that is charming, lovely—youth that invites romance.

Remember, into each cake of Palmolive Soap goes an abundance of olive oil, nature's greatest beauty aid.

PALMOLIVE . . . the soap of Youth

Sylvia gave ZaSu Pitts Renewed Beauty

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41]

whispered, "Oh, Sylvia, please don't mind. I'm having fun now and when these people come all the way out here to see me I couldn't turn them away without making them sandwiches and things."

ZaSu is one of the best hearted girls in Hollywood. In fact, she's too good hearted. She uses up her strength being that way. ZaSu thinks she's the Salvation Army, and anybody with a sob story can win her over. Taking the La Marr baby proves it.

Now my problem with ZaSu was to build her up, relax her nerves, and take down that abdomen. But as the nerves were relaxing, the spine had to be stimulated.

Here's how I did that—and any girl can do the same.

In the morning step under a lukewarm shower (hot baths are absolutely *out*), and with a good stiff, soapy brush start rubbing your spine. Go at it as hard as you can. Rub and rub with the brush up and down the spine. Don't tell me you can't reach. You thin girls can! Do this for at least five minutes, or until you feel the blood surging to your spine. Then let the water get colder and finally dry yourself with a rough bath towel. With this towel rub and rub and rub your spine—for five minutes more.

This is very important! Don't fail to do it if you want extra weight!

Now the reason your stomach sticks out like that is because you don't walk properly. When your spine is stimulated and the blood running through your body correctly you will have the energy to walk properly. Walk for twenty minutes a day with your shoulders up and your stomach in. Make an effort to hold that stomach in. By so doing you strengthen the muscles until pretty soon you do it without thinking. You thin girls with big stomachs haven't got *fat* stomachs. Nothing has to come off. You just have no control of the stomach muscles. And that you've got to get. You get that by walking, walking, walking with your stomach held in!

Get nine hours' sleep a night. In the morning stand in front of an open window and breathe, raising the arms straight in front of you at right angles to your body as you count six. Then bring them straight out to the side—spreading them like opening a fan as you count another six. This is all done as you breathe in. Exhale as you lower the arms to the side and then repeat ten or fifteen times. Then, still breathing properly, take vigorous swimming strokes. This will develop the chest.

Now here's the diet I gave ZaSu, and it's fine for building up:

BREAKFAST

Hot or cold water with a few drops of lemon juice
Dish of brown rice flakes with four steamed prunes
One coddled egg
Whole wheat toast with unsalted butter, honey or jam
Glass of half milk, half cream
Coffee with cream and sugar
A glass of tomato juice at eleven

LUNCH

Vegetable soup
Broiled calves' liver
Two vegetables
Small boiled or baked potato—skin and all
Choice of cup custard with caramel sauce; rice pudding with raisins, or apple; tapioca pudding with vanilla sauce; fruit jello with cream
A large glass of orange juice at four

DINNER

All the celery you can eat
Broiled or baked meat
Two vegetables and small baked potato
Lettuce, tomato salad or grated apple and almond salad or avocados (salad eaten with meat course)
Vanilla ice cream with crushed fresh fruit
Demi tasse

That will put weight on your bones, girls, and will not give you the indigestion to which so many nervous, thin girls are subject.

In a very few weeks ZaSu gained ten pounds and looked wonderful. The only thing I had to fight after that was her nervousness, for she was none too happily married then (a divorce finally settled that), and the household kept her excited.

But she's one of the grandest girls I know. She never tells about her private unhappiness and her heart is as big as a bass drum. But what I kept telling ZaSu, and what I want all you girls like her to know, is that when you make the most of your best points you can be as lovely as anybody. ZaSu looked fine after my treatments and when she was all dressed up. This knowledge that she was okay gave her confidence, too.

It was her business to make herself ridiculous on the screen. But away from it she held her head up and looked stunning!

Answers by Sylvia

MY, you girls are flooding me with letters—but the more there are, the happier Aunt Sylvia is. I know, you see, what these treatments will do—and the more you girls ask me what to do, the more happy, attractive girls there will be. So don't hesitate. Just write me what your trouble is, addressing Sylvia, care of PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City, and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for reply. No obligation, of course—it's my pleasure to help.

SYLVIA

DON'T HEED FOOLISH FRIENDS

Dear Sylvia:

Perhaps this problem is too personal, but it worries me and you say that we're not to worry. My friends all say that now that I'm a wife and mother I'm a fool to try to diet and keep nice and slim and dress up. They laugh at me for trying to look nice. I don't know how to cope with them.

Mrs. R. H., Salt Lake City, Utah

Oh, boy, would I like to give those friends of yours a two hour lecture! Listen, they're just jealous of you, that's all, and because they've lost their ambition and don't want to make the most of themselves they want you to be as bad as they.

Don't listen to them. Laugh right back at them. Tell them you're thankful you still have the courage to keep slender. I don't care if you're the mother of a hundred children, it is still your duty for your children and for your husband to look well. You're right and they're wrong.

Hold your head up, keep your chin out and your stomach in, and don't let those stupid friends of yours get your goat. And your friends will respect you for it.

REDUCING A FAT STOMACH

My dear Madame Sylvia:

I am quite thin but I have a large stomach. Is there anything I can do about it?

M. T., Mobile, Ala.

Well, I guess I'm psychic, that's all. I'm glad your question came this month. Do exactly what I told ZaSu Pitts to do. Read this month's article and follow all instructions.

WHEN TO EAT APPLES

Dear Sylvia:

Are apples fattening? I'm very fond of them, but don't know whether to eat them.

P. K. L., Santa Ana, Calif.

All fresh fruits are good for you. Don't eat between meals except orange or tomato juice. Don't just munch on apples all day long, but it's perfectly okay to include them in your diet as part of your regular meal.

USING THE ANEMIA DIET

Dear Madame Sylvia:

In taking the anemia diet should one be very cautious as to the quantity of liver and turnip-top juice used?

R. T., El Paso, Texas

No, indeed. Both of those foods are exactly what you need. You can eat liver twice a day and take liver extract besides. And five glasses of turnip-top juice a day is not too much. Of course, when the anemia is cured, you don't need to go on with so much of these foods.

FATTENING THIN LEGS

Dear Sylvia:

Can you tell me a way to fatten the calves of my legs?

W. H. R., Little Rock, Ark.

You'll have to build yourself up generally. I'll bet that if your legs are thin so are your arms. It won't hurt you a bit to put on a few extra pounds and if you build yourself up with my diets and exercises the extra weight will go where you need it most. If you get a few fat spots while you're building up, you can squeeze and pound these off.

THIS TREATMENT WORKED

Dear Sylvia:

I just want to tell you that I've been using your exercise for taking off that "desk chair spread" for three weeks and I've reduced two inches already. Isn't that wonderful?

B. W., New York City

Sure, it's wonderful. But I'm not surprised. It absolutely works if you've got the courage to stick at it, and I hope that every girl sees this letter and knows what can be done if one does it. Good for you, keep at it. Or is two inches enough?

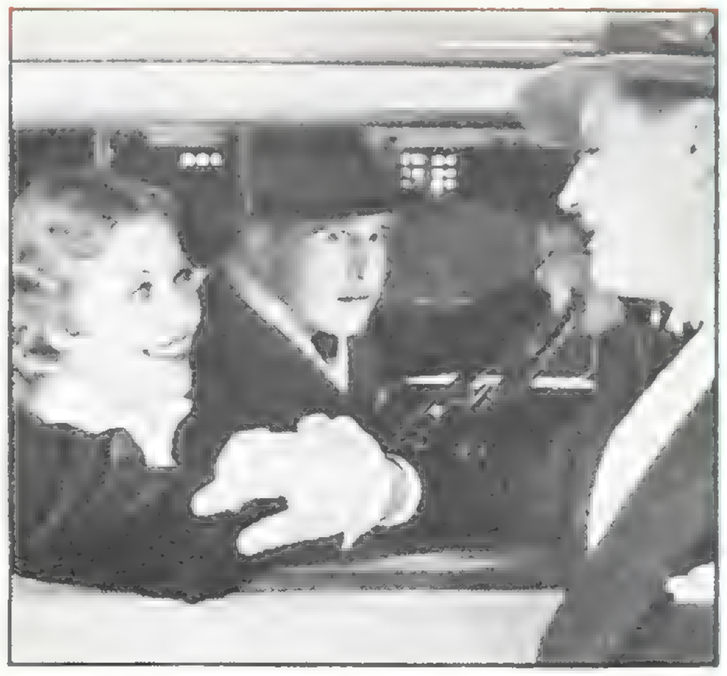
LORETTA YOUNG* RALPH FORBES RALPH BELLAMY

in a Mobiloil Movie.. **"TOWING NELLIE HOME"**

* Loretta Young, now starring in Twentieth Century's "Born to Be Bad"

1 LORETTA: "Tonight? Too bad! Ralph Bellamy has dated me up. Do come as a stag anyway!"

2 FORBES: "What a swell evening this has been—our sixth dance together—even if Bellamy did bring you."



3 FORBES: "Car won't start? Better let me tow you down to the Mobiloil filling station."

4 LORETTA: "Oh, let's! Otherwise we may be stuck here in the cold, heaven knows how long!"

5 FORBES: "While you're getting fixed up with Mobiloil and Mobilgas, suppose I drive Loretta home in my car."

6 LORETTA: "You always seem to know just what to do, with balky cars ...and rivals, too!"

Only Double-Range Gas and Oil are WINTERPROOF!

Mobiloil Arctic and Mobilgas with climatic control are both double-range . . . You get a quick start . . . When your engine warms up, Mobiloil Arctic gives you full engine protection . . . Mobilgas, with climatic control, gives you full mileage . . . Change today to the world's favorite winter oil and gasoline.

Mobiloil Mobilgas

SOCONY-VACUUM CORPORATION

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

Hoot takes June Gale to the theater and whom do you suppose he spots in the crowd? Why, Sally Eilers—Mr. Gibson's ex-wife—and Sally's with her new husband, Harry Joe Brown. But they're all good friends at that

THE one and only marquis of Hollywood, just before sailing for his periodical visit to France, expressed much joy over a loving telegram he received from Connie.

The Marquis Henri le Bailly de la Falaise de la Coudraye also confessed he wasn't very fond of Hollywood's nickname for him, "Hank."

IF a top notch star breaks down and sobs on seeing a picture, wouldn't you say it was great? That's what Katharine Hepburn did. Oh, incidentally, the film was "Little Women," and Katharine is starring in that, you know. Looks as though there will be a big sale of ladies' handkerchiefs when this picture is screened at your theater.

KEEN-EARED newspaper man Harrison Carroll picked up this one: Lupe Velez and Gary Cooper discovered themselves in adjacent ringside seats at the prize fights. They turned their backs to each other. Groucho Marx, a row behind, leaned over and said to Lupe: "Pardon me, but have you met Mr. Cooper?"

PANCHO VILLA is with us again. Do you remember the rip-snorting days of 1916 when the Mexican revolutionist, bandit, or outlaw, as he was variously called, terrified the New Mexico border with his raids and President Wilson sent an army into Mexico to try to capture him?

Well, Pancho is now in the movies. This is not the same Pancho, of course, but his son. The lad will play his father as a youth in "Viva Villa," under Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's banner. The film will be shot in Mexico under Howard Hawks' direction. Wally Beery will play the grown-up rôle of Villa. The money the lad earns from this film will be spent on his education.

THEY'RE calling Charles Laughton "Curly" over at Paramount now. Charlie had his tresses frizzed for his "Nero" rôle, and ever since then has managed somehow to snag a rôle where he could keep up the wave length. You'd never know him with the mass of ringlets and minus about fifteen pounds of avoirdupois.

CROSSING the Atlantic to play in the New York stage production, "A Trip To Pressburg," Pola Negri emphatically denies that she is going to marry Harold F. McCormick, the multi-millionaire harvester and reaper manufacturer of Chicago.

THAT persistent rumor that Greta Garbo may actually desert our shores is given substance by the fact that she has purchased a large estate not far from Stockholm. Furthermore, she has already made arrangements with an architect to build a house on the premises.

BABY GARBO, as they're calling little Cora Sue Collins, because she plays Garbo as a child in "Queen Christina," has a mind of her own. Her mother and some of her friends were discussing hospitals.

"I've been in the hospital twice!" piped Cora Sue.

"Why," reproved her mother, "you've only been there once—when you broke your arm."

"But I was born there," insisted Cora.

IT'S dangerous to trifle with the affections of Primo Carnera, the heavyweight fighting fellow.

Primo has one feminine ideal in this life—Norma Shearer. He asked an M-G-M studio official to get him an autographed portrait of his secret screen passion.

Norma obligingly autographed two pictures

The famous red-head is back on the set again—with all her pep and the old portable phonograph. Clara Bow entertains Richard Cromwell between scenes of "Hoopla." Clara's latest movie is the screen version of the famous stage play, "The Barker." Dick plays in the picture, too

and sent them to the gigantic Italian. The messenger returned, panting.

"He darn near killed me," he confided to Norma. "When he saw the pictures, he threw his arms around me and gave me a hug. I think there's some ribs busted."

WE couldn't help comparing the maids' severely simple white uniforms—like a nurse's—at Pickfair, with the regalia they doll up picture maids in—usually a little black satin number, just reaching the knees, and looking very much as if the girl would have to be blasted out of it. The two we saw are healthy, rosy-cheeked girls, with an accent that sounded Swiss, but it may have been Austrian.

Albert, the same butler who has been with Mary for many years, still holds the fort.

MARLENE DIETRICH'S "Scarlet Pageant," from the story of Catharine the Great of Russia, will be the most important and lavish production on the Paramount schedule. All of the costumes have been authentically copied from photographs and portraits, and *everything* has been made in duplicate, even the sables. (Now Marlene, after *all*—we'll bet even Katie the Great never mislaid her sables!)

CHICK CHANDLER ran across this sign on the California-Nevada state line. The height of public insult, says Chick.

"You are now leaving California," and—"Thanks!"

WE understand that Patsy Ruth Miller will stage a picture comeback, after her Budapest divorce from Director Tay Garnett.

THE Fox still photographer made a trip to Malibu to make some studies of Norman Foster in his home. But he soon discovered that it was impossible to shoot Norman without publicizing Claudette Colbert as well—because every wall space, table and chest in the place is decorated with a likeness of Claudette, and so she's in *every* shot!

WHO are the real male menaces of Hollywood? Cameramen! Figure it out for yourself. Joan Blondell succumbed to the lens charm of George Barnes, and now Jean Harlow is sure of proper lighting after espousing Hal Rosson. George has photographed Joan in her last four pictures, by the way, and Hal has worked on Jean a couple of times himself.

Heart Throb

After thirty-eight years of happy married life, my wife died two months ago. The only avenue of escape from my grief and loneliness is the movies, which enable me, for an hour or so at a time, to forget myself in a world of make-believe where lives often end happily. In romantic scenes she lives again in my memory of those beautiful years.

Formerly, pictures held little attraction for me. But I have now developed a genuine liking for the better type entertainment offered by our most capable players.

M. D. Gass, Washington, D. C.

Something to get excited about!

This So-Much-Better NAIL POLISH!

FOR years and years smart women have gladly paid Glazo's higher price, because its superior quality is worth it. And, quite naturally, Glazo has always been the largest-selling polish of its price.

So it's welcome news indeed that Glazo now costs even less than ordinary polishes. But more important still are Glazo's unique improvements that will change your whole conception of lovely, well-groomed nails.

Glazo's new lacquers are richer, starrier in lustre, and wear 50% longer.

The six authentic shades are approved by beauty and fashion authorities. And you select the ones you wish right from the Color Chart package.

An exclusive metal-shaft brush, far easier to control, with bristles that can't come loose. And Polish Remover in an extra-size bottle that lasts as long as your polish.

Surely you've been hoping for a finer nail polisher like this; and surely you'll be glad for the money you save.

GLAZO—*for Lovelier Nails*

GLAZO LIQUID POLISH. *Choice of six authentic shades. Natural, Shell, Flame, Geranium, Crimson, Mandarin Red and Colorless. 25c. each. In Canada, 30c.*

GLAZO POLISH REMOVER. *Easily removes even deepest polish. Extra-size bottle, 25c. In Canada, 30c.*

GLAZO CUTICLE REMOVER. *A gentle and improved liquid cuticle remover. Extra-size bottle, 25c. In Canada, 30c.*

GLAZO TWIN KIT. *Contains both Liquid Polish and extra-size Polish Remover. In Natural, Shell, Flame, 40c. In Canada, 50c.*

THE GLAZO COMPANY, Inc., Dept. GQ-12-3
191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal)
I enclose 10c for sample kit containing Glazo Liquid Polish, Polish Remover, and Liquid Cuticle Remover. (Check the shade of Polish preferred) . . .
☐ Natural ☐ Shell ☐ Flame ☐ Geranium

GLAZO

***The Smart* MANICURE**

***Only* 25¢**

5,000,000
WOMEN
CAN'T BE WRONG
in preferring
Maybelline
EYELASH DARKENER

because it is

. . . *absolutely harmless,*
. . . *non-smarting,*
. . . *tear-proof, and*
. . . *instantly effective*

Lashes that look long, dark, luxuriant and sweeping add a most exciting interest to eyes. A simple touch of Maybelline, and eyes that are "just eyes" instantly become lovely, bewitching pools—enchanting, beyond words to describe. Five million regular Maybelline users know this secret. They also know that *genuine* Maybelline is necessary to *genuinely* alluring eyes. The reason being that Maybelline gives an entirely *natural* effect.

In addition, genuine Maybelline is non-smarting, tear-proof, harmless and stimulating to lash growth. Five million women can't be wrong! Maybelline—Black or Brown—a year's supply—75c at Drug and Department stores.

The Perfect Mascara

YOU can hardly go into a house for rent in Beverly Hills, that the agent doesn't pop out with, "This was once the home of Greta Garbo—and here is the bed she slept in!" Surprising how often it works, and how many persons are sleeping serenely in beds they fondly imagine were once occupied by the Great One.

IT happened on the set of "King for a Night," where Chester Morris, as a box-fighter, was supposed to sock Alice White in the jaw.

Chester was gallant. "Is there any particular spot you would like punched?" he asked.

"Yes," said Alice, seriously, "Jimmy Cagney smashed in the right side in 'Picture Snatcher.' Why don't you take a crack at the left to even up my face?"

"BOOGIE" is dead.

Mae West's pet monkey and favorite companion expired with indigestion just on the eve of his triumph.

"Boogie," you know, made his screen début in "I'm No Angel."

His demise so upset Mae that she was forced to remain at home from the long-awaited preview of her picture at Paramount studios. He was buried in the pet cemetery near Los Angeles.

The Countess di Frasso's fourteen year old dog, which died about the same time as "Boogie," was buried in this cemetery, also. The canine rated a white casket.

MY word! Twentieth Century is making so many pictures they have to spread out, already. They have leased space out at Pathe, in Culver City, practically next door to M-G-M.

IF you think Gary Evan Crosby (Bing's new heir) doesn't rate in the Crosby family, hearken to the new Crosby plantation house in Toluca Lake. The Manse of Marse Crosby is built around a nursery suite, which is the main feature of the place. There's a bed room, with a miniature replica of Bing's four poster, canopied bed, and tiny furniture, a playroom, a diet kitchen, and a tiny bath—all exclusively for the use of Gary Evan, and everything in proportion to his size.

SOMEONE slapped comedian Clark, the zany of Clark and McCullough, on the back in the RKO-Radio commissary.

"Coward!" sneered Clark. "Strike me with my glasses on—eh?"

They're painted on him, you know.

MAY ROBSON celebrated her fiftieth anniversary on the stage and screen while she was in production with Polly Moran, in a picture titled "Comin' Round the Mountain." This was slated to be a Marie Dressler-Polly Moran, until Marie's health forbade her doing another picture for some time.

EVERYBODY out at M-G-M who works with her, goes into a rave at the mere mention of Jean Harlow's name. Even when

Kenneth Alexander

Constance Cummings talks it over with her husband Benn Levy at their Brentwood home. Benn's given Connie some good advice and she's slated for new stellar honors in this country after her work in London films

she was married to a producer, it never went to her head—which is something to be carefully considered.

The other day, a member of the publicity department took some guests out to her set—to find it absolutely closed to all visitors. They wanted so much to see her. "Well, that's easy," said Jean, "I'll go outside and see them!"

Which she promptly did. And were *they* thrilled!

THE Norma Shearer-Irving Thalberg Santa Monica beach home was the scene of festive doings.

A big electric train, all shining, stood ready to delight the eyes of Irving, Jr.

Christmas? Birthday? Nothing of the sort. That afternoon had witnessed the successful crossing of the swimming pool, and Papa Irving had promised a reward for the aquatic feat.

GINGER ROGERS appeared on the "Flying Down to Rio" set, all done up in a golden flying suit.

"Just a bird in a gilded case," cracked li'l Ginger.

THAT'S Hollywood Department:

On an RKO-Radio set reposed a chair, on the back of which faded letters announced importantly:

"Douglas Fairbanks, Jr."

In it lolled a fat negro, chauffeur to some star busy before the cameras. Fast asleep completely oblivious of the throne he had usurped.

DID you ever wonder how Ann Harding developed that miraculous speaking voice? You can do it yourself, if you happen to have a dictaphone in the family. When Ann was a business woman, working in an insurance office, she had to do a lot of dictating into a dictaphone. When she saw her words typed, there were so many mistakes, that she began to wonder how come. Then she went to work, pronouncing every word slowly and clearly, and listening carefully to her voice as she did so. Ann says you don't need lessons in diction, if you will only listen to your own words and voice carefully, and correct your own mistakes.

W. S. VAN DYKE can be sure his swimming party to dedicate his new pool won't be forgotten for some time. (Sure we swim in the winter time in Hollywood.)

It was literally just "too ducky!" Everyone was soaked.

Writer Edgar Allan Woolf was called a "sissy" when he ran home to keep from being ducked, but he had a good alibi.

"I've got a $500 check in my pocket," he called back, "and I don't want to get it wet!"

They're All Queening It

| CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36 |

love life. Pathetic at times in her strength, she was always wise, original, a firm ruler and a "better man" than any in her kingdom.

The capricious Hepburn rocketed to fame and conquered a nation with two pictures. Ambitious and dominating, she found herself at the top, looking for new worlds to conquer

Hosiery discomforts few women escape

-now ended for good and all!

● It's true! Even perfect legs have suffered some time or other from badly fitting stocking tops. But that's all ended now! The new Custom-Fit Top, exclusive with Phoenix, never gags your thighs. Never drifts around on your knees. It's never too annoyingly short nor too bulkily long. It stretches both ways and fits every leg as though it had been made especially for it, with perfect comfort! And that, just that, is one of the reasons why Phoenix Hose with Custom-Fit Top is such a popular stocking in America today. Another is the famous Phoenix "long mileage" service foot. Try a pair! They're priced from $1 to $1.95.

PHOENIX "GIBSON GIRL" COLORS

For wear with the lovely off-shades of the early 1900's which have been revived for our Fall costumes—Phoenix has created "Gibson Girl" Hosiery colors. Tally-ho, Tandem, Brownstone—and many others! See them in your favorite shop, and consult the free Phoenix Customers' Individual Fashion Service found on the counter.

HER FROCK—a custom model by Kalloch, Columbia Pictures' clever designer.

HER HOSE—PHOENIX with CUSTOM-FIT TOP. LILLIAN BOND (above) wears this costume in "When Strangers Marry."

PHOENIX HOSIERY with CUSTOM-FIT TOP

and wanting more spectacular fame than she had found. What could be more splendid and awe-inspiring than royal robes and the throne of a queen?

AND then comes exquisite little Marie Antoinette, brought to France as the child bride of boorish Louis XVI.

Plunged into the extravagant corruption of the French court, extremely young and beautiful, she became pleasure-mad, a vain little queen living for gaiety and flattery—until the birth of her son, the unhappy "Lost Dauphin."

And when she woke up, at last, to the magnitude of her offense, then it was she rose to meet the situation and really become a queen worthy of the name. But it was too late.

All through her last terrible days before the march to the guillotine, her bearing was dignified and marvelously courageous. She commanded the respect of even her bitterest enemies in those last days. And as she rode to her fate in a tumbrel, her head high, she was every inch a queen.

Though Shearer is, in certain respects, the antithesis of the tragic Antoinette, she must still feel a kind of glory in becoming the beautiful French queen who was famous for her loyalty to her family, and her courage in the face of death.

OH yes, they will all enjoy ascending the throne, these stars who have earned the glorification of the multitudes. And the queenly rôles they have chosen will provide the ceremony of coronation.

Mother, never give children a grown-up's laxative

THE welfare of your children is your first thought at waking. It is your last thought at night.

And yet, you may be doing them *harm* by giving them laxatives intended for adult use...laxatives often too strong for children.

Constipation affects 90% of all children

No child is immune from constipation, for one of the causes of constipation, mother, is beyond your control—the tendency to neglect nature's urgings for extra minutes of play.

The tell-tale symptoms

When your child is sallow, finicky—probably his elimination is *not* thorough. *Give him a safe laxative—Fletcher's Castoria.*

Chas. H. Fletcher's Castoria is a simple vegetable preparation made *especially* for children . . . Contains no harmful drugs—NO NARCOTICS. It is gentle. It does not gripe. Children love the taste of it! Purchase a bottle at your druggist's. And be *sure* that the signature *Chas. H. Fletcher* is on the carton.

Hear ALBERT SPALDING—eminent violinist, Don Voorhees and his Orchestra, Conrad Thibault, baritone, supported by a mixed octet.

Fletcher's Castoria presents these radio artists every Wednesday evening. Columbia network—8:30 to 9:00 P. M. Eastern Standard Time.

Chas. H. Fletcher

CASTORIA

for

constipation

in children

from babyhood to 11 years

The Shadow Stage

The National Guide to Motion Pictures

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 61]

THE CHIEF—M-G-M

GANGWAY—here comes Ed Wynn! He's the whole show, however, as the story is pretty slim. "The Perfect Fool" falls into a Bowery hero's shoes, gets mixed up with crooked politicians, and winds up as a dim-wit alderman in love with a burlesque queen. Plenty of screaming scenes, and some not so good.

MEET THE BARON—M-G-M

JACK PEARL, Jimmy Durante, ZaSu Pitts and Edna May Oliver introduce Jack's radio nonsense to the screen. Pearl and Durante, servants of *Baron Munchausen*, explorer, are deserted in the jungle. When found Pearl is mistaken for the *Baron*, and the two impostors stage some hilarious adventures in New York. But Ted Healy and his stooges are the hit of the show.

S. O. S. ICEBERG—Universal

A POLAR expedition trapped on a moving iceberg slowly drifts into open sea, while the glacier cracks up behind. If you have never seen an iceberg born, here's your chance. The radio and miraculous flying by Ernst Udet bring rescue; but we hand the palm to Sepp Rist, who swam the icy waters for help. A remarkable picture of human fortitude in the face of incredible hardship.

STAGE MOTHER—M-G-M

A HYBRID backstage and mother-knows-best picture notable chiefly for the splendid performance of Alice Brady. She is a mother who repeatedly upsets Maureen O'Sullivan's love affairs in order to make Maureen a great

dancer. Franchot Tone and Phillips Holmes are the hapless suitors. Ineffective drama saved by a great actress.

THE WORST WOMAN IN PARIS?—Fox

THIS is the old story about the wicked woman (Benita Hume) whose reputation is worse then she is. Leaving Paris for America, she meets Professor Harvey Stephens in a train wreck. Convalescing in his home, she falls in love, but sacrifices herself for her impoverished Parisian lover, Adolphe Menjou. There's far too little of Menjou's subtle acting.

THE KENNEL MURDER CASE—Warners

HURRAH! No more baffling, unsolved murders! *Philo Vance* is back on the job. Bill Powell is his suave best as the gentleman detective of this well-done tale, while Helen Vinson and Mary Astor are lovely suspects. If you like mysteries, don't miss this.

MIDSHIPMAN JACK—RKO-Radio

AGAIN Annapolis provides a colorful setting, with martial music, flags, and flashing drills, for a formula story of a careless cadet's regeneration. Bruce Cabot, the careless one, loves Betty Furness, the commandant's daughter; but it looks rather hopeless until another's mistake snaps Bruce out of it. Frank Albertson is great, Florence and Arthur Lake screaming.

STRAWBERRY ROAN—Universal

IF you're cur-razy over hosses, don't miss this Western. If not, you will be after seeing this. They really didn't need the actors. The fight between the wild "strawberry roan" and Ken Maynard's "Tarzan" is *something*, as is the stampede. Ruth Hall is a refreshing heroine, who actually knows her way around horses. Ken sings and rides. An exceptionally stirring Western.

SATURDAY'S MILLIONS—Universal

BRIGHT fast-moving story of football hero Robert Young, who believes the game a racket. He learns that it isn't, when he loses the big game and finds he is still a hero. Grant Mitchell does a grand job as Bob's "old grad" father; Leila Hyams is pretty, and Andy Devine and Mary Carlisle win laughs.

WILD BOYS OF THE ROAD—First National

FRANKIE DARRO, Edwin Phillips and Dorothy Coonan join up with other youthful "depression outcasts" to roam the country. Frankie is arrested and accused of a robbery; the big climax comes in the trial, where his plea wins acquittal and a job. A strong and timely drama, excellently acted.

TO THE LAST MAN—Paramount

A HEALTHY portion of strong drama and an epic quality lift this Zane Grey story out of the ordinary Western class. Two Kentucky feuding families carry their arguments West and fight it out until only Randolph Scott and Esther Ralston survive for the merger. Top-notch acting, with Jack LaRue, Buster Crabbe and Noah Beery.

GOODBYE LOVE—RKO-Radio

POOR Charlie Ruggles—what have they done to our quaint, droll Charlie? Charlie is a gentleman's-gentleman to Sidney Blackmer; both are in alimony trouble. And it's all a very messy business about divorces and alimony rackets and ladies getting pifflicated unbecomingly, without enough laughs to redeem it.

YOUR HANDS, TOO, PLAY A LEADING ROLE!

Screen romances are enchanting ...but how much more vital is your romance! Do your hands play their role with exquisite grace and beauty? Give them a lovely complexion and they will! Keep them alluringly soft and smooth with **Hinds Honey and Almond Cream** . . . after exposure, after they've been in water, and always at night. Hinds isn't a thick, gummy, quick-drying "varnish" merely coating the surface. It is a delicate cream in liquid form, that penetrates deep into the pores, to heal, soften, and protect. And Hinds costs a song!

NOW IN A SMART NEW BOTTLE

JUDITH ALLEN'S hands are always lovely. With Richard Arlen in Paramount's "Hell and High Water."

TRY THIS! Hinds Cleansing Cream, by the same makers. Delicate and light, liquefies instantly, floats out dirt! . . . 40c, 65c.

Isn't it maddening to have to miss a wonderful party because of periodic pains? Embarrassing, too, when you can't tell friends the reason. But now you can dress up and go, with the aid of Kalms.

Call up the drug store for a box of Kalms, the quick-acting tablets developed by Johnson & Johnson especially for the relief of periodic pains, such as headache, backache, neuralgia and other customary disturbances.

One Kalms tablet is enough for most cases. Kalms are safe. They do not affect digestion or heart action, and are not habit-forming. Your druggist has them in convenient, purse-size boxes of 12 tablets. If you would like a free sample, use coupon below.

Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, N. J.
Please send me a FREE Sample of Kalms.
P-2
Name_____
Address_____

EVER IN MY HEART—Warners

EVEN Barbara Stanwyck's most devoted admirers may have trouble taking this morbid story. Barbara and her German-American husband, Otto Kruger, are persecuted by hyper-patriotic townsfolk; so Otto turns German spy, and Barbara goes into canteen work. They meet in France, but rather than give Otto away, Barbara gives him poison and takes a nip herself. This ends the misery.

ACE OF ACES—RKO-Radio

THIS doesn't stack up so well with the good air pictures. Richard Dix is a pacifistic sculptor, whose girl, Elizabeth Allan, goads him into joining the war. Dix turns, without very clear motivation, into a blood-thirsty killer of German aviators. Elizabeth is sorry when she meets her hero in Paris and finds him all changed and embittered. Not so hot.

WALLS OF GOLD—Fox

WALLS of gold make a girl very uncomfortable, Sally Eilers learns, when she marries the wealthy uncle, Ralph Morgan, of her young man, Norman Foster, on hearing of his marriage to her sister. Apparently in revenge, she and the whole cast give a dull performance of a dull script.

TILLIE AND GUS—Paramount

SEMI-SLAPSTICK comedy distinguished only by the presence of W. C. Fields and Alison Skipworth. It's a trite story of two married youngsters about to lose their ferry, when W. C. and Alison, old gambling sharks posing as missionaries, arrive to save the day for them—and for the audience, too—by some chuckle-inducing chicanery that's funny enough.

THE DAY OF RECKONING—M-G-M

REVERSE English on the usual plot order makes this different, anyway, even if it is unduly depressing. Richard Dix and Madge Evans start out happily married, but before the picture ends, nearly everyone is either dead or in prison. Story demands are pretty tough on Madge and Conway Tearle; Dix is below par. Stuart Erwin, Una Merkel and Isabel Jewell get the breaks. Not for kiddies.

BROKEN DREAMS—Monogram

A SLIGHTLY hokey picture of how a little child (Buster Phelps) shall lead them. Buster patches up the marital troubles of Martha Sleeper and Randolph Scott and, incidentally, walks off with the film.

WALTZ TIME—Gaumont-British

A DULL, draggy story retards the delightful musical score of this picture opera. The humor is outmoded and what is supposed to be fun resembles a burlesque on Jack Dalton. Evelyn Laye looks pretty and sings well.

THE SWEETHEART OF SIGMA CHI—Monogram

A DULL story of co-ed college life. Buster Crabbe's athletic body helps out, as does Mary Carlisle's blonde prettiness. Ted Fio-Rito and his orchestra supply snappy music, but all too seldom. A grand boat race with camera shots from airplane and shore.

PICTURE BRIDES—Allied

IF you like tropical atmosphere and scenery, you'll find plenty here. But the story is improbable, and the acting so-so. Dorothy Mackaill and four other scarlet sisters take jobs as brides to tropical diamond miners, thereby starting all kinds of trouble. Regis Toomey and Alan Hale struggle through all the confusion. Only fair entertainment.

THE AVENGER—Monogram

SO poorly constructed is this story that it seems a pity to waste such fine talent as Adrienne Ames and Ralph Forbes on its hopeless plot. It's a crook story that drags in everything, but simply cannot click. Adrienne Ames looks pretty but proves dull as the heroine.

THE GOOD COMPANIONS—Fox-Gaumont-British

A MILDLY pleasing tale, done from J. B. Priestley's novel about an English troupe of barnstormers playing small towns. The troupe's star (Jessie Matthews) and the young composer and piano player (John Gielgud) finally make good in London. It has some pleasing music; but only the unusually good work of Jessie Matthews saves it from being dull and draggy.

Hollywood Good Fun

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

bring everyone and anyone who happens to be passing by at the moment.

That the host hasn't the least idea who these extra people are makes no difference. They haven't the least idea who they are themselves. So everything is comfy. So, don't be at all bashful about attending any Hollywood function, classification "a," "b" or "c," without an invitation. Be more skeptical if one arrives. The chances are ten to one you'll never get in. Or once in, you'll never get out. Or the Marx Brothers, usually Chico and Harpo, will chase you up and down until you're so tired of the whole scheme of things you'll wish you were dead instead of just half. And where and why you got the black eye will be one of those things you'll never figure out. Never.

So beware, especially if you're a wide-eyed blonde, of formal Hollywood invitations and the Marx Brothers. Fortunately, little good comes from either.

Hosts and hostesses in Pittsburgh or Boston, say, usually go fuming about for days after a party wondering if the affair had really been the success they suspected it wasn't. They're never quite sure. In Hollywood they're always sure. The success of any party is measured wholly and solely by the number of times Gertie Tailspin falls flat on her face. Let Gertie (Gert to her friends) fall flat on her face three times during the course of the evening and the party's a wow. A knockout. "Oh, it was simply divine," people go about saying for days. "Heifetz played and Gertie fell flat on her face three times." If Gertie falls but once, it was still a nice friendly little evening. Of course, if Gertie merely slumps sideways (and there's one thing Hollywood hostesses can always count on: Gertie will never remain upright), the party was more or less of a bust. So there's always Gertie, the face-faller-on, to gauge the success of any local affair. Which makes it easy for any host or hostess to know exactly how his party went over. Or under. As the case may be.

Cocktail parties, or teas as some put it, are something else again. They begin anywhere

from five o'clock on a Tuesday afternoon, say in November, and end at 7 A. M. or P. M. the following February. From 5 to 7 may mean from 5 to 7 in the afternoon of the same day to the hostess, but it may mean anywhere from five to seven hours, the fifth to the seventh month, or from five to seven years to the guests. None of whom she knows. And try putting them out. So always have your little overnight bag packed and waiting and all arrangements made to have the old trunk sent on at a moment's notice. There's no telling when a cocktail party will turn up.

ANOTHER startling contrast in "parties Hollywood" and parties elsewhere is that instead of the guests eating the food provided by the host, the host eats the food prepared by the guests and likes it. For instance, at a rather formal gathering, classification "b," the butler (hired by the hour) came haughtily into the drawing-room with a tray of delectable sandwiches. "What," screamed a famous screen lover, pawing over the sandwiches, "no peanut butter?" And, whamming the butler over the head with the tray, repaired to the kitchen where he made thousands of peanut butter sandwiches which everyone ate. Including the butler. Cracked skull, regardless.

Then there's that impromptu surprise thing that happens nowhere else but Hollywood. Couldn't possibly, in fact. For example, a famous hostess from the Continent threw what she hoped would be an eye-opener to the local Hollywood yokel. A famous, but constantly bewildered star, used to the slender streamline figures of movie queens, spotted his rather large hostess standing majestically at port, as it were, and was immediately seized with the fixed idea that he was there for the sole purpose of christening a battleship and nothing could stop him. Seizing a bottle of something very rare and special, he banged it over the hostess' head and very solemnly said, "I hereby christen thee Crusader." And made for the window under the delusion he was now sailing the high seas and was appallingly ill in the petunia bed under the window.

And there he stood. Refusing to budge or be budged. "Go way, go way," he motioned feebly. "I should never have started on this voyage in the first place." He grew greener and greener as he thought the waves dashed higher. Outside, the lawn spray was at that moment turned on full blast and nothing would make the boy believe he wasn't in the midst of the Atlantic, for there was the spray to prove it.

"THE Crusader" by this time had been led screaming from the room. This only added to the boy's belief that the ship was sinking and women and children were screaming for help. Finally one bright director conceived the brilliant idea of phoning the sound and prop departments of the studio and having a ship's whistle and a gang plank sent over. With the aid of the ship's whistle they pretended the ship was about to dock, and rolling the gang plank up to the window they managed to get the lad ashore. And just in time, at that. For "The Crusader" had come to sufficiently to be good and peeved and such a storm as she threatened to plow through would have no doubt ended in the boy leaping into the briny deep of a lawn spray and drowning himself by breaking his neck.

You see, it's situations like that, that Hollywood expects and is constantly prepared to cope with. Elsewhere, without the marvelous facilities of a movie studio, the situation would be hopeless.

The little matter of formal announcements is another point of contrast between the customs of far-flung Hollywood and the more stable habits of Eastern civilization. In some places, for instance, the announcement of a baby's coming (if it must be announced at all) follows immediately after the baby's arrival. Or so I'm told. But in Hollywood we go way beyond that point. There's the announcement, you remember, of that certain actress (married to an actor), who announced one fine day that

Make $1 do the work of $3 when fighting colds

Pepsodent is 3 times more powerful than other leading mouth antiseptics. Hence it gives you 3 times greater protection — gives you 3 times more for your money.

CLAIMS are easy to make until they have to be proved. That's why scientists spent last winter in making one of the largest experiments of its kind ever conducted. They wanted proof of what Pepsodent Antiseptic was worth in fighting colds.

Five hundred people were divided into several groups. Some fought colds by gargling with plain salt and water—some with other leading mouth antiseptics — one group used only Pepsodent.

Those who used Pepsodent had *50% fewer colds than any other group.*

What's more, those using Pepsodent Antiseptic, who did catch cold, *got rid of their colds in half the time.*

What convincing evidence — what remarkable testimony.

Here is a clear-cut example of the protection Pepsodent Antiseptic gives you.

Know this about antiseptics

Take note! When mixed with water many leading mouth antiseptics *cannot* kill germs. Pepsodent Antiseptic can and does kill germs in 10 seconds—even when it is mixed with 2 parts of water.

That's why Pepsodent goes 3 times as far—gives you 3 times as much for your money—makes $1 do the work of $3. Don't gamble with ineffective antiseptics. Be safe. Use Pepsodent Antiseptic—Safeguard health—and save your hard-earned money.

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC

in three years she would become a mother. Not two years, mind you, or four. But in three years and some odd days, she intended (not hoped, either, but intended) becoming a mother. I mean you couldn't do better than that. Or could you?

A LITTLE item to the effect that Mr. and Mrs. So-and-So are planning a divorce could appear in almost any paper in the country. Except Hollywood. Here, the local trade paper recently carried the announcement that Mr. and Mrs. Movie Star are not planning a divorce. Which is news, even if neither of them ever bit a dog in their lives.

The matter of removing one's clothes and donning bathing suits before plunging into swimming pools is an old established custom in saner parts of the world, I'm also told. In Hollywood, not only do famous stars plunge into strange pools ("Whose pool is this anyway?" they go about screaming) clad in satin evening gowns, but some hostesses even go so far as to provide lovely little mink coat outfits with bag, hat, gloves and galoshes, solely for pool plunging.

In other cities people are wont to arrive late at the theater and trample everyone silly getting into their seats. But in Hollywood, people get to the theater on time and do their trampling afterwards. Several stars, in fact, have been known to trample as high as six people three hours after the show was over. Which only goes to show how trampling customs differ in different climates. In Hollywood, you always do your best trampling the last thing.

Recently in the East I was amazed to discover young men sent their lady fairs an orchid. One orchid. Or, at the most, two. The sight of that one orchid, lone and serene in its tissued box, is one of the sights never to be forgotten. For in Hollywood, especially if it's Marion Davies' birthday, the moving van calmly backs up to the front door of the florist shop and off goes a load of roses and astounded maiden fern to Marion's.

The gardenia craze has grown beyond all limits. The Hollywood male (and there's a story in itself) sends his lady not a box of gardenias, mind you. Or even some gardenias. He sends garlands, chains, boas, tons of gardenias put up in fantastic shapes like "The Spirit of the N. R. A." or "Washington at Valley Forge." All made of gardenias. Often as not he'll phone the florist to send over six yards of gardenias to Flossy King. "No, wait," he'll add, "put a few more inches to it. Flossy's put on some weight."

The climax was reached recently when a popular star ordered a huge muff made entirely of gardenias for his lady to carry to a première. A certain executive was furious that he hadn't thought of it first. And thought and thought how to go one better. Finally he conceived a bright (bright, for him) idea. "It's new," he screamed at the florist; "it'll knock 'em cold. Get a load of this. Daffodil step-ins. How's that? Ain't that somethin'?"

"My Gawd," moaned the florist, "she won't wear daffodil step-ins. She couldn't sit down."

"Why not?" asked the producer. "You can lie in a bed of roses, can't you?"

"Yeah, but you can't sit down in daffodil step-ins. Besides, hardly anyone would see them. It's a waste of money, pretty near."

SO they compromised on an entire gardenia wrap. With scarf and bag to match.

Hollywood, Hollywood. Where all is so insanely and gorgeously different. The land, indeed, of strange misbehaviors. In any normal, sane place, the waiters pour soup down the customer's neck, and the customer in turn, tips the waiter. In Hollywood, the customer solemnly arises and pours the soup over the waiter's head. Who, in turn, tips the customer. Two dollars not to come back for a week. Ten dollars never to come back.

Did someone tell you when in Hollywood, do as the Hollywoodians do? Well, go on. And see where it gets you for the first time in your life. Maybe.

Will Rogers may not "know nuthin' only what he reads in the 'papers," but he's mighty interested in this game. "Dr. Bull" is his latest release, and "Mr. Skitch" is nearing completion—neither is related to Mr. Zilch!

Star News from London

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42]

Whether it comes under the heading of American diplomacy or English humor, I'll leave it for you to decide—but young Fairbanks' sidestepping two leading questions put to him while he was broadcasting for the benefit of British listeners made *me* smile, anyhow.

"Who, in your opinion," asked the interviewer for all to hear, "is the world's greatest star?"

You could almost see Fairbanks' face go red, and you could hear him stammer while he was fishing for an answer.

Then, haltingly:

"Why, er, er, er, why—Mickey Mouse!"

And he selected as the world's greatest director—Walt Disney!

And that—as they say in Mayfair—is that!

HILDA VAUGHN has just turned up in London, direct from Hollywood. She isn't looking for a job, and doesn't expect to work while she's on this side. Just a holiday. After five weeks here she is going on for a tour of the Continent.

A darned nice woman is Hilda Vaughn—and a swell actress.

COMING back to that Fairbanks broadcast, I was at a party in Chelsea that night. Among the guests were Raquel Torres and Greta Nissen, who are working with Bickford in "The Red Wagon." When Joan's Ex pulled that Mickey Mouse line black-haired Raquel let out a yell.

"Whoops, my dear!" she ejaculated.

Our host's very English butlerstepped quickly to Raquel's side, and looked down at her with anxiety registered in his expression.

"Are you quite all right, miss?" he asked earnestly.

Of course, that made the little Mexican laugh more than ever. And the rest of us had to laugh, too.

They Call Him "Perfect"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62]

playing one of his rare "heavy" rôles with Norma Shearer, remember how you were called upon to like him until the final climactic scene when he had to make you hate him? In "Madame X" where his dramatic struggle was every bit as impressive as that of Ruth Chatterton. In "Letty Lynton" where he never arrived until the last reel, but in spite of all that had gone before, dominated the final sequence. In "The Son-Daughter" where his terrific effort for the happiness of Helen Hayes and Ramon Novarro supplied the heart of the drama.

Perhaps all this explains why he is not a star.

Someone has to play these "backbone rôles." They have always gone to Lewis Stone when he has been available.

Consider his art in "The White Sister." He was sent to his death early in the plot, but so forcible an impression did he make as the old Italian aristocrat that his screen ghost, as it were, hung over all the rest of the picture, influencing every later action of Helen Hayes and Clark Gable.

After "Looking Forward" the world realized again the power of Lewis Stone when by perfect acting he placed an inferior part even with that of Lionel Barrymore and won equal honors with the star.

NO DRY THROATS NOW

To prove how KOOLS soothe your throat, try them sometime when a head-cold has parched your mouth, or when overheated rooms in winter make your throat dry. Note how the mild menthol refreshes you and cools your throat. The smoke actually IS cooler (KOOLS are a better cigarette for you *any* time) but the fine tobacco flavor is fully preserved. FREE Bridge coupon in each pack. 50 bring an initialed deck of Congress Quality U. S. Playing Cards . . . other premiums. Offer good in U. S. A. only.

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp.
Louisville, Ky.

CORK-TIPPED...15¢ *for* TWENTY

REDUCE YOUR WAIST AND HIPS 3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS OR it won't cost you one cent!

"I HAVE REDUCED MY HIPS 9 INCHES with the Perfolastic Girdle"...writes Miss Healy..."It massages like magic" writes Miss Kay Carroll. "The fat seems to have melted away"...writes Mrs. McSorley.

● So many of our customers are delighted with the wonderful results obtained with this Perforated Rubber Reducing Girdle that we want you to try it for 10 days at our expense!

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In TEN Short Days You Can Be Your Slimmer Self.... without Dieting,. Drugs or Exercise.

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

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Dept. 9112, 41 East 42nd Street, New York, N.Y.
Without obligation send FREE Booklet, sample of rubber and details of 10-Day FREE Trial Offer!

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WHISPERED Great Complexion Secret!

TO her friend she confessed the secret of her flawless clear white skin. Long ago she learned that no cosmetic would hide blotches, pimples or sallowness. She found the secret of real complexion beauty in **NR** Tablets **(Nature's Remedy)**. They cleansed and cleared the eliminative tract—corrected sluggish bowel action—drove out the poisonous wastes. She felt better, too, full of pep, tingling with vitality. Try this mild, safe, dependable, all-vegetable corrective tonight. See your complexion improve, see headaches, dullness vanish. At all druggists'—only 25c.

FREE! New gold & blue 1934 Calendar-Thermometer — samples NR and Tums. Send name, address, stamp to A. H. LEWIS CO. Desk TG-55 St. Louis, Missouri

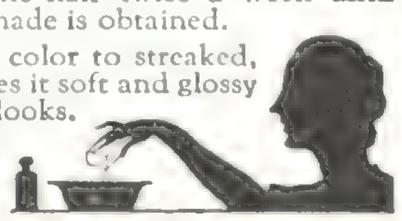
NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT

"TUMS" Quick relief for acid indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn. Only 10c.

The Best GRAY HAIR REMEDY IS MADE AT HOME

You can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained.

Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.



You would think the stars would shy from this invulnerable, matchless menace who always extends them to their supreme efforts.

On the contrary, practically every star has deliberately asked for this most dangerous competition!

EMIL JANNINGS waited weeks to get him for "The Patriot," and thereby forfeited a big share of the acting honors. Ramon Novarro, with typical Latin gallantry, calls it a privilege to lose occasionally at the master's hands, and pleads for Stone at the start of every picture. Garbo has insisted that he play with her from time immemorial.

When "Queen Christina" was cast recently, she had but two requests—Lewis Stone and John Gilbert.

At one time not long ago no less than four top-notch stars at M-G-M besieged the casting office for this man, whom they knew would probably dominate every scene he walked into!

Why? Because although Lewis Stone exacts his due in the inevitable tributes to his acting, he is certain to richen the starring rôle with his complementary excellence.

That's the professional reason.

The other is that Lewis Stone has carved a lasting niche in the hearts of every person with whom he has played. He is one of the best loved, and certainly the most respected actor in Hollywood, and while the stars faintly fear him—they know he's good for them!

To understand the why and wherefore of this flawless actor, it is necessary to know the actual character of Lewis Stone himself.

He is undoubtedly the most self-disciplined man in Hollywood.

A military friend of his puts it pithily when he says, "Lewis Stone is always ready to stand inspection."

ARMY trained (he was an officer in the Spanish-American and World Wars, instructed at Plattsburg, and today holds a major's commission in the Officers' Reserve Corps), he thinks directly, accurately and seriously. He is smart with a military smartness, poised with an army polish, dignified with the authority of command. He has that something about him which makes his audiences "snap to attention"—and hold it.

Acting is his business. He sees to it that every character he portrays is thoroughly and coolly analyzed. He maps out his part in a picture, as he would plan a campaign. He knows what to do about it and he does it. His directors agree that there is no waste motion when Lewis Stone plays a part.

He believes in preparedness to the *nth* degree. He has lived and traveled. He has done many things and known many people. From the wealth of his experience, education and culture, he draws his characters. If he does not know all about what he is to represent on the screen, he finds out. When he is not actually acting, he is devoting himself to study in his library at home, to riding, hunting, fencing, keeping himself in the best of physical as well as mental trim.

He is meticulous about his appearance, on the screen and off. In all his years as a contract player at M-G-M, he has used their great wardrobe facilities but once or twice. Lewis Stone maintains his own wardrobe of accurate, correct clothes.

"I would rather buy my own clothes," he has explained, "and have them belong to me." That "belong" does not express acquisitiveness, but accuracy.

WHEN he arrives on the set, he arrives on time, for he believes that punctuality is the virtue of kings. If the call is for six o'clock, he is there not ten, five or two minutes past six, but at six sharp, impeccable, cool and ready to work.

He is "Mr. Stone" always—even to many of his close friends. You will hear "Hello, Clark" and "Hi, Jean" frequently when Gable or Harlow arrive for work, but it's always "Good morning, Mr. Stone," from actors, technicians, directors. No one would dream of addressing him as "Lew." It simply is not done. An innate, aristocratic dignity forbids it.

Such is the man whose presence, precise dramatic excellence and definite magnetism command your attention and admiration on the screen—and have commanded them for lo, these many years. And Ramon Novarro expresses well what Hollywood thinks of Lewis Stone when he says,

"Lewis Stone is not only a great actor and artist. He is the greatest friend and the noblest gentleman in Hollywood."

Wide World

Carole Lombard and William Powell were so interested in each other, they forgot to watch the tennis match! Well, Carole *said* that recent Reno divorce was a friendly one, and we believe it! Friends of the couple are predicting that Carole and Bill will merge again, but they won't say when

Mrs. Harry Brown to him—but Sally Eilers to her host of screen admirers. Snapped at dinner Ben Lyon gave the bride and groom at the Lyon's home

The New Charles Farrell

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

He was late because he had just come from a long, hard day on the set of "The Shakedown." Only a few days before, he had finished "Aggie Appleby, Maker of Men," his first rôle since the self-inflicted panic.

He was tired, but not even fatigue could dull his enthusiasm about his new lease on life, about the vindication of his action.

"Was it worth it?" he repeated the question. "Why, it's the best thing I ever did in my life! Do I think I've changed? Of course I have! I've almost *felt* myself change. I'm really more like my old self than in years. You know, when I first came out to Hollywood, I was a pretty cocky youngster. Assistant directors were always having to put me in my place.

"But I lost it. I played so many sweet boy lover parts that I actually discovered myself becoming more juvenile, naïve and downright dumb every day! I stopped thinking for myself, battling for myself. Life just ambled along serenely. I was a perfect vegetable."

He held up a beet to illustrate.

"DO you know, not long before I made the break I wasn't interested in seeing myself on the screen. I quit looking at the rushes. They hurt my digestion. I just didn't care. I took on weight—got up to around 185—I was dreadfully dull, I'm afraid."

It was pretty hard to imagine this entertaining host, fairly flashing wit, charming, personable and electric, ever having been a bore about anything. But—

"I don't think it was entirely my fault, except that I didn't do something about it long before I did. But there's no use reviewing all that. Let me tell you about those eight months when I was 'out of a job.'"

While he paused for some necessary nourishment, there was occasion to get in a quick once-over of a trim 172-pounder, who certainly didn't resemble the Charlie Farrell of some months ago, and to reflect hastily that those eight months "out of a job" must have had their headaches as well as their rejuvenating effects.

"The third month was the hardest," continued Charlie. "The first two were purely vacation. Spent on the boat and loafing around. But the third was tedious futility all the way through.

"Here's My Way to keep a Lovely Figure Perfect" said Sylvia to Helen Twelvetrees

Sylvia of Hollywood
World's foremost authority on the care of the femmine figure

"NOT all the movie stars need to reduce," says Sylvia. "Many of them come to me for help in keeping their lovely figures youthful. Then I tell them that my rule for *staying* slim is simply this:—*Choose Food Carefully, Exercise Faithfully, and Eat Ry-Krisp With Every Meal.* In fact, I call Ry-Krisp my Stay Slim Secret, for I know that these crisp wafers which tempt your appetite also *protect* your figure. They're filling but not fattening—they satisfy your hunger *safely* and keep you from wanting starchy, fattening foods.

I'll Help You Get Slim; or Stay Slim!

I promise that you can make yourself lovelier—if you'll follow the advice I give you in my personal Consultation Chart. It includes exactly the same diets and exercises I've given the stars in Hollywood—and you can have it FREE!*"

Ry-Krisp Whole Rye Wafers taste so good—you'd never suspect them of being good *for* you! Because they're made simply of flaked whole rye, salt and water—they've a "different" flavor that's equally interesting with morning coffee—or tinkling midnight beverages. Children love them—husbands find excuses to munch them—and *you'll* find them irresistible with soups and salads. So if you're eating Ry-Krisp to grow lovelier, Sylvia's way, you'd better order one package for yourself—another for the family.

HELEN TWELVETREES, *petite star now playing in Columbia's film* "MY WOMAN"

TUNE IN ON SYLVIA
NBC Red Network Coast to Coast
Tuesdays, 10:30 p.m., E.S.T.
Hear Sylvia herself telling her personal experiences in Hollywood giving valuable beauty advice.

*Your grocer has Ry-Krisp in red and white checkerboard packages. And don't forget to save the valuable package top!**

*SYLVIA'S CONSULTATION CHART—*FREE!* USE THIS COUPON

NRA WE DO OUR PART

Madam Sylvia, Ralston Purina Company,
622 Checkerboard Square, Saint Louis, Mo.
I enclose one box top from a package of Ry-Krisp. Please send me your Consultation Chart from which I can get the information I need to help me solve my own beauty problems. (*Offer good only in U.S.A. and Can.*)

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Address _____

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ENTICING EYES win Love!

● Eyes hold mystery and glamor *only* when they are set off by rich, dark, long-looking lashes. Such lashes are enticing to men.

Now any girl can have such lashes. For Winx—the NEW type mascara—transforms even pale, skimpy lashes into veils of luxurious loveliness.

Winx is made with a special French formula. Therefore it cannot smudge or flake as ordinary mascaras so often do. Never stiffens into coarse, ugly beads. Always looks completely *natural.*

Two forms—**Liquid Winx,** waterproof . . . **Cake Winx,** tear-proof.

And . . . to make your eyes doubly seductive, use the new **Winx Eye Shadow.** It is not greasy.

winx

Looks 10 Years Younger Brushes Away Gray Hair

Now you can really look years younger. With an ordinary small brush you just tint those streaks or patches of gray back to your natural shade—whether blonde, brown or black. It is so easy to do—at home—with Brownatone. Over 20 years success. Guaranteed harmless. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Does not coat the surface—actually penetrates the hair. Defies detection. No telltale, flat "dyed" look. Cannot affect waving of hair.

No need to guess. Cut a lock of hair from your head and apply this famous tint. If Brownatone does not give your gray, streaked, dull, or faded hair its natural color, youth and luster, your money back. Only 50c. All druggists.

DR. WALTER'S
flesh colored gum rubber garments

LATEST BRASSIERE reduces 2 to 3 inches at once. Gives a trim, youthful, new style figure. Send bust measure. . . . **$2.25**

REDUCING GIRDLE. 2 to 3 inch reduction at once. Takes place of corset. Beautifully made; very comfortable. Laced at back, with 2 garters in front. Holds up abdomen. Send waist and hip measure. **$3.75**

Write for literature. Send check or money order—no cash.

DR. JEANNE P. H. WALTER, 389 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

"I read stories and stories, scripts, synopses, ideas and what not—because, you see, I really did have lots of offers for parts. But it was no use. They were all the same sort of thing I had been doing. No one could see me in any rôle with anything to it. And here's another peculiar thing: other feminine stars didn't want to work with me. They were afraid audiences would resent them, and keep looking for Janet!

"WELL, I became pretty discouraged and low. I wanted to drop the whole business. I didn't want to even hear about pictures.

"So I took up polo—"

It seems that Charlie took up polo. It seems that he *really* took up polo—every afternoon for months and months. Polo converted superfluous pounds into solid flesh and wiry muscles; and Charlie didn't stop there.

He learned to fly, took singing lessons, studied French—did a thousand things he had always wanted to do. He forgot all about motion pictures and effected a mental house cleaning. He found time for reflection, time to take inventory of himself, time to mold a new character.

That's why a changed Charlie Farrell exists today.

A Farrell who has changed his attitude, parts of his personality, his physique.

But he hasn't changed his ambition.

"What do I want? I want to be a darn good, dependable actor. I want to put something of my own into every picture I make. I didn't rebel against sympathetic parts. I like to do them. As a matter of fact, I think I'm best in them.

"I enjoyed '7th Heaven' and 'Street Angel.' But please, dear Lord, not every one the same, without a faint chance to be anything but just myself in a sugar coating. If I had kept that up, I would have been all through now, instead of just starting.

"Stardom? That really doesn't matter. If the part is an authentic starring part and the character is one to which I can do justice, of course I'd like to star, but I'd rather have a smaller part with an opportunity to act than a starring rôle which doesn't measure up."

For a while it looked as if such a part would never arrive. But it did, finally, in "Aggie Appleby."

Charlie jumped to his feet and enthusiastically went through several scenes. It's a semi-comedy rôle, that of a painfully innocent youth who is made into a "tough guy" by a worldly wise *demi-mondaine.*

"Like that it goes," he explained. "It's a real character—gives me something to do. 'The Shakedown' has the same kind of part, with something to it. I'm crazy about them both, and don't you think I don't work. I haven't been out three working-day nights since I started 'Aggie Appleby.' Before, I seldom stayed in that many!"

The subject of Janet Gaynor just had to enter into the conversation.

"HASN'T Janet been great lately?" Charlie burst out in response to the familiar syllables. " 'State Fair,' 'Adorable,' and 'Paddy, the Next Best Thing.' You don't know how fine that makes me feel!

"She's making good on her own. She's bigger than ever, and she's better, too.

"When I make good on my own . . . after we've both made good on our own . . ."

He looked up, startled perhaps at his own thoughts.

But it wasn't hard to read them.

A Tornado? No! Lupe and Jimmy

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

dive, see, an' lands flat on my indignation. Sinks to de bottom wit' my schnozzle protrudin' up above. Just den, see, dis Jap gardener fella she has messin' around, comes along an' gives one yell.

" 'RUN!" he yells, 'de war, she come. Dere's a submarine in de swimmin' pool wid its periscope comin' up.'

"How mortifyin'. Was I boined at de activity of it all?

"Anyway, de nex' day when me an' Loop hears dat dis still cameraman goes back to de studio, see, an' says, 'No guy livin' could take a still of two jumpin' jacks,' why we was both boined, see, an' starts after de guy. Us wit' our repose an' everythin'. Our serenity on every occasion. De agnosity of such a crack! Anyhow, we finds out he'd lef' for China. Geeze, he needn' have been so scared.

"We wuz only goin' trow him off de top of de water tower.

"Rehearsin' our dance steps for dis picture, Loop keeps trampin' on me dogs. 'Keep off me feet,' I yells at her, an' she only keeps trampin' 'em more, see. So I fixes her. I put a tack through me hip pocket wit de point stickin' out, see, and over hot-chas Loop, hits de point and, for tree weeks, dey hides me in Clark Gable's dressin' room, see, an' slips things through de window to me at night.

"De fourt' week, she forgets all about it, so it's safe to come out. 'Allo, beeg boy,' she cries when she sees me, givin' my schnozzle a twit. 'Where you been, darlin'? Lupe miss her Jeemy.'

"Dat's what I like about her. She don' harbor no grudges. In a couple years it's all over wit' Loop. Wotta gal."

After weeks of nerve-racking screaming, yelling, chasing in and out of the publicity department, through the commissary, hopping from table to table, in and out the dressing-rooms, with Jimmy hollering for help with Lupe after him, or Lupe squealing with Jimmy after her, the studio at last breathed a sigh of relief. Actual shooting had started on their picture now and everyone said, throwing their aspirin bottles and ether sponges out the window, all would be calm on the old movie front. Jimmy and Lupe would have no more time for their constant threats of schnozzle pinching, tack sticking and downright murder. No more practical jokes with the inevitable chase. Now they'd have to get down to business.

All the nervous wreck cases were brought back from the hospitals and put back at their jobs. Sweetness and even light prevailed. A lull after a storm. A stillness after a volcanic eruption.

Nine o'clock of a Monday morning, Lupe and Jimmy reported for work on sound stage number nine. And Lupe took one look at Jimmy, who stood there in brown oxfords, green socks, red garters, a tiger skin breechcloth and a ten cent cigar.

"My Got," screamed Lupe. "What is it? What are you going to be, Jeemy?"

"I'M *Tarzan,* baby," Jimmy strutted, slapping himself on the chest and nearly knocking himself out. "How do you like the vivaciousness of me curves, baby? Some class, eh? Some physical speciment, eh what?"

There was a moment of tense silence. Even Jimmy felt the deadly potency of that stillness. Slowly, Lupe walked over to her pal. With hands on hips, she surveyed him.

"What you say you going to be in this movie, Jeemy?" she hissed between clenched teeth.

"Why, I'm *Tarzan*," Jimmy said in surprise. "Can't you see by me constitootional atriboots? What's eatin' ya, baby?"

"So. You would take my Johnny's place, eh? You would be *Tarzan*, you ape? My Johnny is the only *Tarzan*, you hear. I'll tear off that tiger skin do-funny, you—"

But Jimmy was gone. The chase was on. Cameramen, extras, script girl ran screaming for their lives. Down the studio lot tore Jimmy with Lupe after him.

"What's the matter?" a friend called to Jimmy as he tore past.

"She's gonna tear off this leopard skin diaper," Jimmy moaned. "I've gotta keep goin'."

"I'll keel heem, sure," Lupe panted. "He wants to take my Johnny's place."

"WAIT, I'll help you," the friend grinned, grabbing the tail end of Jimmy as he whizzed past.

"Hey, you," Lupe whirled about, "take your hands off my Jeemy! I'll pull out your hair, you hear, eef you touch heem, you bum. Don' you touch my fren'!" And like a whirlwind, she was at the poor, bewildered friend. Scratching, biting, kicking, while Jimmy, completely worn out, staggered over to a step and sat down.

When it was over, Lupe staggered over and sat down beside him.

"Well, we sure did run, didn't we, Jeemy?"

"Yea, and when I gets me breath, I'm goin' some more."

And like a shot the two were at it again.

Up the dressing-room steps Jimmy tore. With Lupe after him. Down he raced. With Lupe still after him. As the commotion grew louder, a door at the end of dressing-room row opened. A tall Swede stepped out and gazed at the sight of a man in brown oxfords, green socks, red garters and most amazing of all, a leopard skin breechcloth. A cigar still clenched in his teeth and a wild woman in full pursuit.

Garbo stood calmly by the railing and gazed. Fascinated.

"Vot iss diss?" she muttered to herself.

Doors were opened all along the line. Out popped Joan Crawford, Marie Dressler and Madge Evans. Lee Tracy came racing up, waving his hands. Yelling instructions to Jimmy, to take to the roof. Gable came flying over with a fire extinguisher in one hand and a bath towel for Jimmy in the other. In case worse came to worse.

"Vot game iss diss?" Garbo kept muttering as the entire studio took up the chase that now centered on the roof of Marion Davies' bungalow.

Somewhere in the distance a fire engine was racing, its siren blowing, hunting the riot.

From the roof of the bungalow, Jimmy made one Tarzan-like leap that would have brought a blush of envy to Johnny Weissmuller's tan—to the huge coconut palm he swung, and back to the ladies' dressing-room row. Alice Brady stood in the doorway, her blonde wig in hand. Like a shot, Jimmy had it on his head.

AN executive, alarmed at the commotion, thrust his head out of a window and caught one look at Jimmy and the wig. "*Mein Gott*," he screamed, "is Flora Finch back in the movies?"

And then at the bottom of the steps, Lupe was waiting for him.

"Jeemy, darling," she cried, "look, Lupe has a beeg idea. Come down, beeg boy. It's all right. Lupe won't tear off the leopard skin. Leesen, you can be *Tarzan*, see, and I'll be the monkey that pushes you in the water. Jeemy, it's wonderfool."

And arm in arm, the two pals stole back to the sound stage while an entire studio lay prostrate. All but Greta. Who still stood on the dressing-room balcony looking with bewildered, puzzled eyes, at the departing Jimmy and Lupe, arm in arm.

"Gott, such craziness," she murmured to herself. "Such craziness!"

Mrs. John Nixon

HAS A EUGENE WINTER WAVE

SAYS MRS. NIXON, socially prominent in New York and Atlanta:

"There is no 'season' for permanent waves, abroad. I have frequently noticed that English and Continental Society women keep their hair permanently waved in winter, as well as summer, by the Eugene Method. For, obviously, one's hair should be even more perfect in the formal social season than in care-free summer!"

ENJOY A PERMANENT...*all the time!*

The notion that permanent waves are for summer only is...*provincial!* Your smart Londoner, your chic Parisienne keeps her hair permanently waved—autumn, winter, spring and summer. *Why not?* If a Eugene permanent wave keeps your hair beautifully waved and groomed all summer...why not enjoy the same comfort and convenience all winter? The gentle Eugene Method, repeated as needed through the year, is far kinder to the hair than the only alternative—the weekly hot iron. And it will give you *permanent* waves and *permanent* curls...*permanently.*

Your hairdresser has certain new Eugene technical advantages at his command that make permanent waving an almost perfected art: The new Eugene Reverse-spiral machine and its accompanying Reverse-spiral Sachets—for waving and curling your shortest hair. The standard Eugene Spiral and its Sachets—for utmost naturalness of wave in your longer strands of hair. A new and incredibly quick and comfortable Eugene Dryer.

Make it a point to go to a genuine Eugene Waver. Look for the famous Eugene trade-mark, "the Goddess of The Wave," on each Sachet, *and be sure* . . . . Eugene, Ltd., New York, London, Paris, Barcelona and Sydney.

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Live in an apartment lifted high over Central Park . . . decorated in exquisite private-home taste. Entire floors, with 4 exposures . . . also smaller suites. With boudoir dressing-rooms, and refrigerated serving pantries.

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Fifth Avenue at 59th Street

When Connie Was Down and Out

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

with him." "And now this poor kid, tossed out, without even a chance to show what she could do."

That was the story, as told by people who knew nothing about it. Now for the real story—not of why Constance was out, for with clothes not designed as they should have been to make her broad shoulders look well opposite the dapper Colman, that was inevitable—but of how much of a "devil" Colman proved to be.

Best let Constance's mother tell it—she knows the facts well.

"There was almost no money, for in New York Constance had been supporting me and her sick younger brother, and her salary was pitifully small. Now we had to decide at once whether to go back to New York or whether we would gamble on Constance's chances in Hollywood.

"In my heart, I knew Constance would come through this, the biggest disappointment of her life, but for the time being she seemed stunned. I couldn't reach through to her.

"Then Ronald Colman called on the phone. He asked her to his house to tea, to talk things over. When she came back after a long talk with him, things seemed different. She had found herself, she had made up her mind. We stayed in Hollywood. I'll never forget what Ronald Colman's help and encouragement did to us both that day."

Colman had all the answers ready. He got a friend on the telephone at once, a man who was deeply obligated to him. He secured an agent for Miss Cummings at once. Then he arranged for her to get whatever was necessary. Being well dressed—and knowing it—is half the battle in restoring self-confidence to a girl in Hollywood, or any place else in the world, for that matter. The sun shone again.

Very shortly came the chance to play "Criminal Code." Constance could not believe that the part would really be hers. The agent was to call at ten A.M., and at four P.M. Constance was still sitting beside the phone, waiting for the call that never seemed to come. At five, it came. The part was all set.

Relieved of worry, and backed by the never flagging encouragement and kindness of Ronald Colman, Constance did a fine job of acting. She got a contract with Columbia. Through the rush and push of work in an independent studio, with nerves at hairtrigger tension, with the sharp jockeying for advantage that an actress encounters on such lots, Colman continued to advise and encourage her. When the picture was finished and Constance Cummings, arrived, could walk forth free to better things, Colman staged a hilarious celebration party for her, inviting his friends and their wives.

While it is something Constance does not speak of, a check for five hundred dollars went to the Motion Picture Relief Fund, with her name on it, just out of gratitude for the start Ronald Colman had so unselfishly given her in pictures.

That's the kind of girl Constance Cummings is. I believe this story indicates, also, the kind of man that "aloof sphinx," Ronald Colman, is.

Ladies Love Villains

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72]

to Germany with his father on a buying expedition, and was placed in school there. Later, he went to school in Switzerland, completing his education in the United States.

He became an accomplished linguist, speaking French and German as fluently as a native. He considered the career of an interpreter. And then, says Gordon, with a wry smile, "I discovered you could get an interpreter who speaks twenty-one languages for about twelve dollars a week. So that was out."

His father died. Henry went to work for a railroad company, as "official soft-soaper," whatever that is.

DURING a vacation, he visited a sister in New York. She was an actress, in a small way. Comstock and Gest were organizing some road companies, and Henry accompanied his sister to their offices one day. She went to apply for a part—an idea which had not remotely occurred to Gordon until the director regarded him with sudden interest. "Where have *you* been?" he inquired.

Henry replied, truthfully, "on the road."

With a poker face, he took the sizable part handed him and read it, to their complete approval—and forthwith became an actor!

That started several years of road-company and stock experience. In those days, road companies went out regularly. "It was as sure as the Bank of England," says Gordon.

In between seasons, he was in New York, usually cooped up in some little hotel room, chained to the telephone. "Because you never knew when some agent would ring you up and casually remark, 'How would you like to go to Australia?' "

That happened once, and Gordon went with a "Tiger Rose" company. They later played the musical comedy, "Irene."

And, believe it or not, our Henry sang and danced in that one! Yes, sir! Now he's worried for fear the studio will find it out and cast him in a musical! He's been in everything else out here . . . recently finished work on the Ed Wynn comedy.

Those were the ripe and lusty days of Broadway, when old Kid McCoy's place, and a lot of others, did a flourishing business. That interesting scar across Gordon's left cheek is a souvenir of Kid McCoy's.

It seems a little argument arose between the friend with Henry and another person, who wasn't invited to the party at all. "And where were you during the scrimmage?" I wanted to know.

"For a few brief moments," smiled Gordon, "I was with my friend. The next person I was with was an awfully pretty nurse in a hospital."

IN 1913, C. Henry's career officially began. He played his first part on Broadway—thanks to a chambermaid!

It happened this way. After a long day doing the rounds of the agencies—he was tired of the road—Henry went up to his hotel room. The bed was unmade. He was disgusted. Muttering, "Life is just an unmade bed," he banged the door and went over to the Lambs Club.

A manager named Reginald Barlow (he is now an actor in Hollywood) was casting a New York play, "Experience."

Most of the Broadway casting in those halcyon days was done around the Lambs Club bar.

"And," amplifies Henry, "I gave them plenty of opportunity to cast me!"

Gordon got the part—and his Broadway career was assured from then on. He supported Ina Claire, Walter Huston, Florence

Reed, Fredric March, Mary Duncan, and many others in a number of very successful plays.

Gordon drifted around Hollywood for three years before he had a break.

His first real part was with Warner Baxter in "Renegades."

But the biggest thrill was the part in "Mata Hari," with Garbo. Henry was the spy who sent her to her death.

"What a woman she is," the mystery man pays homage to the mystery woman of all time. "When she strides onto the set with that long crouching pace of hers—your head swims. And when she looks at you with that slow, measured, indifferent look—good godfrey, no other woman alive can look at a man like that—my knees turn to water. There's a woman a man could spend his life speculating about—what she does, and what she thinks."

SO. Another mystery revealed. That's how he feels about Garbo.

C. Henry has been married four times. "I served three apprenticeships—the last marriage is always the best, and mine is ideal. I make the money. Veronica runs the house. She has never been on the stage or in pictures, knows nothing of either. We have been married two years."

So there's one mystery cleared.

Gordon's mother is visiting him at the present time. She is eighty-three years old, in spite of which Henry says:

"I can't keep her home. She's always going places."

Gordon is a man of vigorous physical energy. He spends his leisure time playing golf or galloping along the less frequented bridle paths.

He wears faultless tweeds with great distinction. His dog is a Scottie.

There must be a reason why ladies love villains.

C. Henry Gordon is one of the very best reasons we have ever encountered.

MOTHER GOOSE a la HOLLYWOOD

Georgie Porgie flipping a coin
Smacked the goils and made them loin
That when the goils come out to play
Georgie DOESN'T run away

Illustration and text copr. 1933, Kleenex Co.

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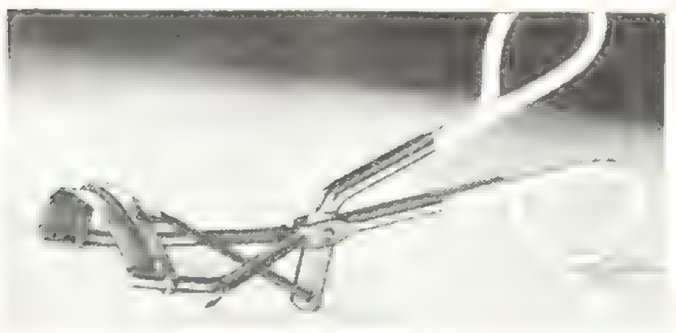

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FOR A GOOD XMAS GIFT SUGGESTION SEE PAGE 16

It's the Caveman Within Us Calling for Mae

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

As Mr. Fielding puts it, the Mae West picture fits in exactly with what some of us are pleased to call the "wild youth" phase of life since the World War. There is nothing particularly "wild," to his mind, about "wild youth."

The present generation of youngsters, he believes, will mature and grow old normally, and in due course will be lecturing its grandchildren about the evils of their ways, just as grandma has been telling the world today how the young folks are going to the dogs.

What really has happened is a breaking through of the taboo which lay upon the half-world of sex in the 1890's.

We have it in the open now, and are not ashamed to enjoy shows about it. And this, says Mr. Fielding, is a much better way of dealing with our "inner caveman" than trying to repress him altogether.

"IF we allow him to dominate us," is his view, "he will plunge us into a vicious or criminal existence. If we attempt to suppress him altogether, he will rebel with all his primitive might and throw us into physical or mental illness, thus adding another victim to the neurotic hosts.

"But when reasonably disciplined, he can be kept healthily in place by catering to his love of amusement and fun, of adventure, and of diversions that conform to the social proprieties.

"The problem of making this adjustment is the most serious one in every individual's life. It decides his fate and happiness. This dual nature within all of us has been sensed from remote antiquity.

It is a constant theme of folklore—the good little fairy versus the bad.

"The group of healthy emotional outlets coming under the head of diversions, that gratify the primitive side of our personality in a socially approved manner, includes amusements of all kinds—of which motion pictures are, in present-day life, by far the greatest single factor—sports, play, games, travel, adventure, humor, jokes, etc.

"Every one of these forms of diversion is an emotional outlet for primitive energy and offers the cultured personality wholesome relief from the rigorous restrictions, repressions and inhibitions that are part and parcel of our highly organized civilized life. Those who fail to obtain this desirable relaxation from concentrated effort are apt to obtain 'relief' in an abnormal manner, when the 'caveman' breaks loose in the form of a nervous breakdown or other harmful condition.

"That is why a screen character who stimulates the audience to let down its repressions is bound to be popular, especially in this age of highly systematized social organization."

SO that's the secret of why we like Mae West. Most of us didn't know we housed this bold, bad, wicked cave creature within us. But now that we've been enlightened, we know why he calls aloud for her. Let's hope that when our curveacious Mae steps forth in her newest, "I'm No Angel," she won't be an angel—because our "caveman" wouldn't like her at all if she were.

And remember, we've got to please our "caveman" now and then if we're going to remain normal.

The in-laws are introduced. Jean Harlow and her husband, Hal Rosson, with Mr. and Mrs. Bello, Jean's mother and step-father. Harlow's latest picture is "Bombshell"—and the cameraman is Jean's new husband

Three Was a Crowd!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52]

"I should be affected by a mechanical ape!" he snorted. "I'll admit I've been reading philosophical works. But if I've changed in any way, if I've calmed down as you say, it comes from the influence of Adrienne Ames."

In order to appreciate the change, one must know something of Bruce's past achievements.

HIS career started back in Carlsbad, New Mexico, where he soon gave indications of developing into a hard-hitting, hard-playing, hard-working he-man, handy with his dukes, quick on the trigger and death to the ladies.

As a child he was entered in New Mexico Military Institute. He managed to stay three weeks; then ran away to a ranch, and at the ripe age of fifteen, he gave up ranching in favor of becoming second to a prizefighter, whom he inadvertently knocked out. This made it expedient to seek other employment.

From then he skyrocketed through prep schools and colleges, drove a bone wagon (hauling in bleached bones of cattle that had perished on the plains), worked for the State Highway Commission swinging a sledge hammer, did odd jobs with surveying parties and in the oil fields, and tried his hand at the wholesale paper business, as well as in printing, real estate and cotton.

He served in the National Guard and was all but murdered while working his way to France on a tramp steamer. In France he wrecked a hotel because one of the guests objected to the way his pal, "Duke" Estey, recited Shakespeare. Returning to New Mexico, he immediately fell in love with a Chicago girl, followed her home and married her: the newspapers hailing the event as of "almost international importance."

As a wedding gift he received fifty thousand ducats, which he proceeded to lose in the wheat pit, to his wife's displeasure. "I thought I was another Jesse Livermore," says Bruce. "But my wife didn't. So we quarreled and separated." After considering the matter, he wrote a twenty page letter of apology and, regrettably enough, forgot to mail it. Hence his divorce.

After deciding to conquer New York as a broker, he came within an ace of conquering the Sixth Avenue Elevated by crashing into it with a brand-new car. He left the car for junk and took a screen test from Bernie Fineman, film executive. "The test was punk," Bruce admits. "So I went to Hollywood and caught a job as bouncer in a café." While in Hollywood he also rented houses, and promoted anything he could, including the Embassy Night Club Roof.

EVENTUALLY he met David Selznick, was given another screen test, and won a contract at RKO-Radio. No doubt you remember him in "King Kong." As a result of his performance in this picture his screen success seems assured. But, as I say, up until three months or so ago he still was our favorite wild man from New Mexico: a lad who had been dubbed TNT while working in the oil fields.

Then slowly, insidiously, the change came about. He began leading a quiet life—and *reading!* And the blame, says he, rests on the shoulders of Adrienne Ames.

It seems inevitable that sooner or later Bruce and Adrienne should have become friends. On the one hand we have Adrienne's glamour, beauty and poise. Many consider her the most fascinating woman in Hollywood. While Bruce is the sort of chap who seems to charm nine-tenths of the women with whom he comes in contact. Tall, dark, husky, handsome and impetuous: an unbeatable formula.

Up to this time Bruce had roamed the world vainly seeking some niche in which he fitted.

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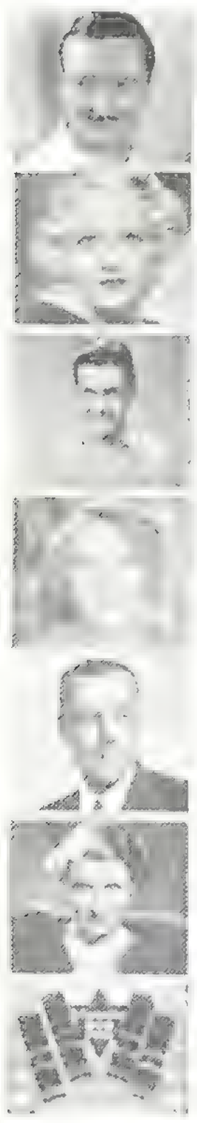

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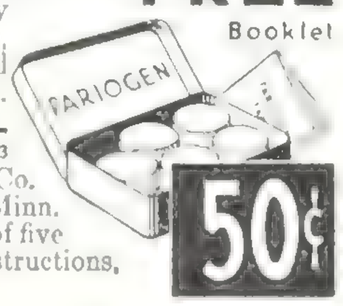

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In spite of his screen success, his dissatisfaction with life seemed to have left him bewildered. He needed a woman like Adrienne to teach him the finer points of living, to curb the restless tendencies induced by his super-sensitive nature.

And it so happens Adrienne Ames is the type who derives joy from doing just that. Furthermore, her loneliness had developed to a point where she was on the verge of giving up her career. "Business keeps my husband in New York," she pointed out. "My career keeps me out here. As a result I see him but two or three times a year. And you've no idea how the lonely hours keep piling up—morning, noon and night! Especially when things are inactive at the studio. I'm gradually discovering that perhaps a transcontinental marriage isn't such a good idea after all."

Briefly, she wanted the companionship of someone whose tastes were similar to hers. Then along came Cabot.

THEIR friendship progressed: and so did the Hollywood gossip. On several occasions I had wanted to ask Bruce about it, yet I seemed to skip it. Finally one day, Bruce broached the subject, when we were lounging in his West Hollywood apartment. Since the place was beautifully arranged I asked whom he had hired to do the decorating job.

"No one," he said.

"Just sort of knocked it off yourself, eh?"

"You know better than that!" was his indignant explosion. "I haven't the foggiest idea about interior decorating, and besides that, I haven't the patience. Adrienne did it for me. Every bit of it." After a moment of thought he added: "There's been rather a lot of talk about us, hasn't there?"

"Yeh," said I.

"I bet," Bruce grunted. "Well, anyway, Adrienne and I talked it over last night and decided the truth might as well be told. So here it is." Whereupon he began by explaining their friendship had begun while both were working on the same picture at Paramount. "One morning," he said, "I met Adrienne on the set. I invited her to luncheon. She accepted.

"During the meal we discovered that both of us were rabid fight fans. That night we attended the fights together. During the evening we had plenty of time to talk. We got to know each other. And from then on we've been together frequently.

"AS I look at it," he continued, "our friendship is the most natural thing in the world. We have so darned many things in common! Adrienne loves to go out and dance; so do I. She gets a wallop out of tennis and ping pong, and I go for both games, too. I enjoy driving to the beach for a swim or just to lie on the sand and cook until I'm burned to a crisp—and does Adrienne? Dotes on it!

"Then, too, she has a grand sense of humor, and she's restful and helpful. Just consider this apartment. She arranged everything. She even taught my house-boy how to serve a decent dinner. I'm telling you I don't see how I possibly could have gotten along without the friendship of a girl like her!"

And then Bruce went on to explain this business of his calming down so miraculously. "While I still go out a bit, I'm not in such a frenzy over everything I do," he said. "I used to seem unable to settle down for any length of time. I roamed around the world, trying different jobs, attempting to find something I actually liked. I worked too hard. Played too hard. There was no happy medium.

"As a result I became in some vague way dissatisfied with existence. Then Adrienne came along and taught me new values. She sort of toned me down, taught me to take it easy. Hence I feel a hundred per cent better, physically, mentally and spiritually. All this Adrienne has done for me. Now do you understand how lucky it was for me to have met Adrienne and been admitted to her friendship?"

At which point I inquired if Adrienne and her husband Stephen Ames, wealthy New Yorker, were planning a divorce.

"I don't know," he replied. "I honestly don't know. If I did I'd tell you. There'd be no point in holding it back. Stephen is out here now. But insofar as I know he just came out to spend a week or so with his wife. The three of us go around together occasionally and have a swell time of it. Stephen's a grand fellow. I like him a lot."

IN a few days it began to appear like the process of being taught to take it easy was accompanied by a certain excitement. Things began to pop. At a party Stephen confided to a friend that he was getting "fed up." Apparently he had about come to the conclusion that his wedding wasn't producing all that could be desired in the way of marital bliss. Then one morning my newspaper held three interesting, if conflicting, news items.

In the Hollywood section of the society page I noticed that "Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Ames (Adrienne Ames) will entertain at a garden tea party on Sunday next, during the afternoon and evening to celebrate the opening of the new playroom in their Beverly Hills home."

There followed a list of a hundred or so invited guests. Bruce Cabot's name was conspicuous by its absence—a typographical error, no doubt.

On another page I read: "Following a farewell luncheon at the mansion at 716 Palm Drive, Beverly Hills, which Stephen Ames bought for his wife shortly after she entered motion pictures, he left for Honolulu aboard the S.S. Malolo. His wife accompanied him to the pier to wish him bon voyage."

On yet another page I read headlines announcing the separation between Adrienne and her husband. Bruce Cabot was prominently mentioned.

Said Stephen Ames on the subject: "When Adrienne and I are divorced, or I will say *if* we are divorced, I think that's time enough for Bruce Cabot or any other man to be brought into a discussion concerning us." He added, "If we find our separation leads to divorce, Adrienne is surely free to choose her own companions. Naturally I wish circumstances would have allowed our married life to continue, but Hollywood is one thing and New York another. And Adrienne feels she wants to continue in the picture profession.

"We have decided to separate for the time being. Perhaps the thought that we have given each other a certain sense of freedom in going our separate ways, will eventually bring us together again, and divorce will not enter into the scheme of things."

"I think my husband has stated our plans perfectly," Adrienne pointed out, "when he says that an amicable agreement to separate for a time may solve our problem. It seems much wiser than rushing into the divorce courts. And as my husband says, Bruce is a family friend. If I like to ride and have him as my escort when my husband is in the East, that certainly should not be taken, in this day and age, as an indication that there is anything serious in the friendship. My husband," she adds, "likes Bruce and we have lots of fun together."

IN the meantime the party was held, and life went on. So did Stephen Ames—on his trip. He returned, however, and paid a sudden visit to Adrienne, then departed for New York—while Adrienne hied herself to Reno.

And after Reno, what? Will Bruce and Adrienne go ding-dong-bell to the altar? Well, the latest word is they will. It is understood that after Nevada courts have severed the nuptial knot that binds Adrienne and Stephen, Bruce and Adrienne will hie to the old home town, Carlsbad, New Mexico, and say their "I do's."

And so all's well that ends well for everybody concerned, except perhaps Mr. Ames. But isn't life like that?

Lone Cowboy

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]

"oh." And do the ladies love it! But when he heard the nasal drawl, he uttered a sharp "Mmm." You knew things were happening. They were. The saddle was finished.

It occurred to Mr. Cooper that he needed a horse to go with it. "I get a day off tomorrow, don't I?" he demanded of Ernst Lubitsch, that past master of the art of sparkling innuendo. Lubitsch shrugged. "You do."

STARTLING to see all the sophistication Gary had assumed for "Design for Living" drop from him like a cloak. The wicked, worldly little devil in his eye had fled; the gay banter was gone. He was a Westerner looking for a horse.

"Here's a thoroughbred Arab mount, Mr. Cooper. He's a beauty." Gary nodded, and drove on to another stable.

There he discovered what he wanted: a four-year-old gray mare. Not a blue ribbon winner perhaps, but . . . she was pretty similar to that other gray mare he had had. The one he had ridden at the ranch when he was a kid. Do everything but talk, that horse. Knew his footsteps a mile away and start whinnying. She had broken loose and a train had caught her. Gary found her an hour later, and had been forced to shoot her to end her agony.

He didn't say anything. Cooper wouldn't. He just sort of went off by himself. But twenty years later he bought a horse that looked as much like her as possible.

"She's kinda used to the name of Winnie," the stableman remarked apologetically. "Better keep callin' her that." Gary protested, "That's a terrible handle for a nag. *Winnie!*" The mare gave an answering neigh and pawed violently. "Oh, well," said Gary feebly, "maybe I'd better."

That afternoon he built a corral for her out at the "place." A six-acre "ranch" in the vicinity of Van Nuys that's as hard to locate as a millionaire without a Wall Street grudge. It's where civilization meets the sage-spotted mesas—pleasant large house with adjoining swimming pool, and at night the deer come down from the hills in back of it to drink.

The Beverly Hills mansion with all its elaborate trimmings that Gary took for a year was merely a "prop" so far as he was concerned. A lady, the wife of a friend of his, had practically saved his life over in Europe. He had a debt to pay. He paid it in the only way he thought she'd enjoy—lavish entertainment. And when it was over he moved to the "ranch."

That corral looked lonely to Gary. So the very next morning he bought a mate for "Winnie." Then he took Biff Grimes out to pass official inspection.

Queer about Biff. He's probably the homeliest pit bull-dog that ever existed. Both ears are chewed off and he's scarred from nose to tail. But he has a way of wheedling into your affections and staying there. He and Gary got together rather dramatically.

It happened one night when Coop stopped at a gas station on his way home. There was plenty of traffic on the road and a crazy dog was staggering around in the middle of it. "That fool pup is going to get killed in a minute," he told Jack Moss, his pal and manager, who was on the seat beside him. The two of them got out. Gary whistled. Seventy pounds of mud-stained, bloody pit bull lumbered in their direction. "He's been in a fight. He's punch drunk." There was no tag on him. Nothing. They put him in the car and headed for the "ranch."

AND now Biff runs it. Right from the start Coop called him after the character he played in "One Sunday Afternoon." Dog and master are a lot alike in a good many ways. Biff doesn't bark and Gary doesn't talk. Not in the ordinary manner. But when they do give utterance, it means something!

If you dropped in of a quiet evening you'd hear a strange duet in progress, an obbligato of short yelps accompanying a pleasant baritone voice. What you might call close harmony on "Bury Me On a Lone Prairie," followed up with some song like "Croonin' Low."

Yes, Biff takes his singing with Gary very seriously. Almost as seriously as he does snake hunting.

He wasn't taught to do it. It's just one of those duties a fellow assumes when he takes over a place like the "ranch." He sniffed out a rattler the first day he was there. A number of them were in the habit of rambling down from those hills. They know better now. Biff calmly

It's a love match! Lupe Velez and Johnny Weissmuller are here attending the annual matches held at the Los Angeles Tennis Club, just before their trip to Las Vegas, Nevada, where they obtained a marriage license

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grabs them by the throat, shakes them until they're dead, and drops them in the incinerator. None of this show-off "look-what-I've-done-for-you" stuff for Mr. Grimes. Another little trait in which he resembles Mr. Cooper. They're capable of terrific devotion, those two, but there's no demonstration.

Frequently, along about four o'clock in the morning, shadows emerge from the house. A very tall, lean one stalked by, another of low square proportions. Noiselessly they work their way to the edge of the six acres where a chicken-wire fence helps to keep out intruders. A sudden glare from a flashlight on a dozen or more coyotes trying to get to the pool for water, a wild scamper of fleet paws off into the darkness, and an eager boy-like laugh: "Oh, you here too, Biff? Grand sight to see those critters run that way." And later in the morning Mr. Cooper will be putting that scene on paper with charcoal or pastel chalks.

SURPRISING, the boyishness that crops out in this taciturn lad of the West. As when he hikes up on the mesas in the rear of his "place" and stands for hours shooting milk bottles and tin cans. Then shifts swiftly for a trick shot at a bull's eye.

The studio will be calling madly for him—and he'll be off on his bicycle talking to the filling station boys down the road. And dressed in his favorite togs. Not those impeccable Bond Street clothes but an old pair of pants, the beloved army shirt he stole from the wardrobe department during the filming of "A Farewell to Arms," and a decrepit hat that's a cross between the ten gallon variety and the regular felt. You couldn't buy that hat for any amount of money. He wore it in "The Virginian" and it has a sort of sentiment attached to it.

Gary's like that. You couldn't pry him loose from those Indian vests and headdresses, for example. Nor from that five year old automobile known as the "Yellow Peril." A concern offered him a $10,000 car, the last word in motor comfort, absolutely free if only he'd drive it. Said Gary: "No thanks"—and he went out and ordered a new $3,000 body for the "old boat."

The truth is, in the midst of the most fantastic success and fame possible for a man, Coop has reverted to type. All the dreams he had as a kid he's fulfilling. All the things he's missed in this Hollywood hullabaloo, he is finding gradually. Even to toothless old Henry.

A Chinese cook simply wasn't compatible with that prop mansion out Beverly way. But can you imagine a ranch without one? So Coop got Henry. He knows only one phrase, "Eberyting okay?" Gary has to draw designs of what he wants for dinner, but if you ever tasted Henry's seven minute bread you wouldn't mind using deaf and dumb language!

The one person lacking for "atmosphere" was an Indian. And then Coop managed to get him. He's wooden, of course. And leans against a saddle all day and night smoking an eternal cigarette. Gary let out a whoop that could be heard in Texarkana when his father first saw the carved figure. For the old judge had stopped in amazement: "Good Lord, Gary, I thought Tamale Joe was dead!" He was the Indian they'd had for thirty years up in Montana.

AND Coop explained. Day after day as he drove along Ventura Boulevard he had seen a fellow sitting in the sun whittling a stick. Gary and Jack Moss used to make bets as to whether he'd moved or not every time they passed. One time they pulled up—and discovered he was of wood. A cowboy leaning against the door, chuckled as they poked the figure. "Can you make me one as natural as that?" demanded Coop.

"Sure."

Gary made a rough sketch and Tamale Joe lived once more.

Cosmopolite? Sophisticate? Not Gary Cooper! He has broken those social shackles. He is—and always will be—lone cowboy.

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Addresses of the Stars

Hollywood, Calif.

Paramount Studios

Walter Abel
Brian Aherne
Lona Andre
Richard Arlen
George Barbier
Mary Boland
Grace Bradley
Kathleen Burke
Burns and Allen
Claudette Colbert
Gary Cooper
Ricardo Cortez
Buster Crabbe
Bing Crosby
Dorothy Dell
Marlene Dietrich
Frances Drake
W. C. Fields
William Frawley
Frances Fuller
Cary Grant
Shirley Grey
Verna Hillie
Miriam Hopkins
Roscoe Karns
Percy Kilbride
Jack La Rue
Charles Laughton
Baby LeRoy
Carole Lombard
Barton MacLane
Fredric March
Herbert Marshall
Four Marx Brothers
Jack Oakie
Gail Patrick
George Raft
Lyda Roberti
Lanny Ross
Charlie Ruggles
Randolph Scott
Sylvia Sidney
Alison Skipworth
Sir Guy Standing
Kent Taylor
Evelyn Venable
Mae West
Dorothea Wieck
Toby Wing
Elizabeth Young

Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Heather Angel
Lew Ayres
Jane Barnes
Warner Baxter
Irene Bentley
John Boles
Clara Bow
El Brendel
Nigel Bruce
Henrietta Crosman
Frances Dee
Florence Desmond
James Dunn
Sally Eilers
Stepin Fetchit
Norman Foster
Preston Foster
Dixie Frances
Henry Garat
Janet Gaynor
Lilian Harvey
Rochelle Hudson
Roger Imhoff
Suzanne Kaaren
Miriam Jordan
Victor Jory
Howard Lally
William Lawrence
Eleanor Lynn
Philip Merivale
Ralph Morgan
Herbert Mundin
George O'Brien
Will Rogers
Raul Roulien
Wini Shaw
Sid Silvers
Harvey Stephens
Spencer Tracy
Claire Trevor
Helen Vinson
Blanca Vischer
June Vlasek

RKO-Radio Pictures, 780 Gower St.

Fred Astaire
Nils Asther
Constance Bennett
Gloria Blondell
June Brewster
Clive Brook
Bruce Cabot
William Cagney
Mowita Castanada
Chick Chandler
Alden Chase
Jean Connor
Dolores Del Rio
Richard Dix
Irene Dunne
Charles Farrell
Betty Furness
Skeets Gallagher
William Gargan
Wynne Gibson
Ann Harding
Katharine Hepburn
Dorothy Jordan
Pert Kelton
Edgar Kennedy
Francis Lederer
Dorothy Lee
Eric Linden
Helen Mack
Sari Maritza
Joel McCrea
Colleen Moore
Ginger Rogers
Robert Shayne
Adele Thomas
Nydia Westman
Bert Wheeler
Thelma White
Howard Wilson
Robert Woolsey

United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Eddie Cantor
Charles Chaplin
Ronald Colman
Douglas Fairbanks
Mary Pickford
Anna Sten

20th Century Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Judith Anderson
George Arliss
George Bancroft
Sally Blane
Constance Cummings
Arline Judge
Paul Kelly
Blossom Seeley
Fay Wray
Loretta Young

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

Walter Connolly
Donald Cook
Richard Cromwell
Jack Holt
Tim McCoy
Toshia Mori
Jessie Ralph
Joseph Schildkraut
Dorothy Tree

Culver City, Calif.

Hal Roach Studios

Charley Chase
Billy Gilbert
Oliver Hardy
Patsy Kelly
Stan Laurel
Dorothy Layton
Lillian Moore
Billy Nelson
Our Gang
Nena Quartaro
Thelma Todd
Oliver Wakefield

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

Katherine Alexander
Elizabeth Allan
Agnes Anderson
Max Baer
John Barrymore
Lionel Barrymore
Wallace Beery
Alice Brady
Charles Butterworth
Mary Carlisle
Ruth Channing
Mae Clarke
Jackie Cooper
Joan Crawford
Marion Davies
Marie Dressler
Jimmy Durante
Nelson Eddy
Stuart Erwin
Madge Evans
Muriel Evans
Clark Gable
Greta Garbo
C. Henry Gordon
Lawrence Grant
Russell Hardie
Jean Harlow
Helen Hayes
Ted Healy
Jean Hersholt
Irene Hervey
Phillips Holmes
Jean Howard
Walter Huston
Isabel Jewel
Otto Kruger
Myrna Loy
Ben Lyon
Jeanette MacDonald
Margaret McConnell
Florine McKinney
Una Merkel
Robert Montgomery
Polly Moran
Frank Morgan
Karen Morley
Ramon Novarro
Maureen O'Sullivan
Earl Oxford
Jean Parker
Jack Pearl
Esther Ralston
Marcia Ralston
May Robson
Ruth Selwyn
Norma Shearer
Martha Sleeper
Mona Smith
Lewis Stone
Conway Tearle
Franchot Tone
Lee Tracy
Lupe Velez
Johnny Weissmuller
Ed Wynn
Diana Wynyard
Robert Young

Universal City, Calif.

Universal Studios

Vilma Banky
Vince Barnett
Andy Devine
Hugh Enfield
Louise Fazenda
Sterling Holloway
Leila Hyams
Buck Jones
Boris Karloff
June Knight
Paul Lukas
Mabel Marden
Ken Maynard
Chester Morris
Charlie Murray
ZaSu Pitts
Roger Pryor
Claude Rains
George Sidney
Onslow Stevens
Gloria Stuart
Margaret Sullavan
Slim Summerville
Luis Trenker
Alice White

Burbank, Calif.

Warners-First National Studios

Loretta Andrews
Mary Astor
Robert Barrat
Richard Barthelmess
George Blackwood
Joan Blondell
George Brent
Joe E. Brown
Lynn Browning
James Cagney
Maxine Cantway
Ruth Chatterton
Dorothy Coonan
Bette Davis
Claire Dodd
Ruth Donnelly
Ann Dvorak
Patricia Ellis
Glenda Farrell
Philip Faversham
Helen Foster
Kay Francis
Geraine Grear
Hugh Herbert
Arthur Hohl
Ann Hovey
Leslie Howard
Alice Jans
Allen Jenkins
Al Jolson
Paul Kay
Ruby Keeler
Guy Kibbee
Margaret LaMarr
Lorena Layson
Margaret Lindsay
Marjorie Lytell
Aline MacMahon
Helen Mann
Frank McHugh
Adolphe Menjou
Jean Muir
Paul Muni
Theodore Newton
Pat O'Brien
Henry O'Neill
Edwin Phillips
Dick Powell
William Powell
Edward G. Robinson
Barbara Rogers
Jayne Shadduck
Barbara Stanwyck
Lyle Talbot
Sheila Terry
Genevieve Tobin
Juliette Ware
Gordon Westcott
Renee Whitney
Warren William
Pat Wing
Donald Woods

Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.
Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
Neil Hamilton, 9015 Rosewood Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

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Screen Memories From Photoplay

15 Years Ago

OUR issue of December, 1918, showed plainly that the movies, which had entered the war period not far ahead of their nickelodeon standards, were coming out "grown up." We told about the new "super theaters" now appearing in many cities, and how they were taking business from the stage.

Sylvia Breamer

Increased care was being taken, too, with costuming. We told about Sam Levy, a tailor, who found Hollywood filled with actors who dressed like rubes at a circus for their films. He taught them how to dress. To do this, he had to work out the art of getting fabrics and colors that would photograph well.

Among new stars, the stage had yielded comedians Fred Stone and Will Rogers—and we said that their first films gave Will a far better start and indicated that he would go farther and last longer. Sylvia Breamer was the outstanding new woman, having achieved stardom in "Missing," following a year of experience with Bill Hart. We said, however, that the new ingénue, Lila Lee, had a brilliant future.

Griffith, now acknowledged peer of directors, told how he picked leading women. "It isn't what you do with your face and hands. It's the light within," was his idea. To prove it, he discussed Mary Pickford, the Gishes, the Talmadges, Seena Owen, Mae Marsh, Blanche Sweet and Miriam Cooper.

Leading articles told about Ernest Truex, "the boy who wouldn't grow up" (he was 25, then), Tom Moore, and Alice Lake, brunette Mack Sennett beauty; and we told the story of Norma Talmadge's "The Forbidden City."

No "best films" were named then, but we waxed enthusiastic over Maurice Tourneur's direction of the melodrama, "Sporting Life," and Frank Keenan's work in "The Bells." On the cover: Sylvia Breamer.

10 Years Ago

IN our issue of December, 1923, unwittingly we were recording the close of an epoch in motion pictures—the eventful post-war years which saw the art of modern picture-making come into full flower.

Rudolph Valentino

We told how that colorful hero, Rudolph Valentino, was setting his home town in Italy wild with excitement by his visit. Dorothy Davenport Reid now was touring the country with her anti-narcotics film, "Human Wreckage," following the tragic death of her husband, Wally Reid. Three pages of pictures showed the splendors of Barbara La Marr's new wardrobe—Barbara was not to have much more time in films.

Among the newer players, great excitement was caused by Conrad Nagel, cast as *Paul* in "Three Weeks," and not liked at all by Elinor Glyn, for the rôle. Director Eric Von Stroheim had his company in the desert, making "Greed," and Ernst Lubitsch was finishing his first year in Hollywood. One novelty in pictures reviewed for the month was "Columbus," the first one in an intended series of thirty being made by Yale University Press to depict American history.

The police dog Rin-Tin-Tin covered himself with glory by rescuing a child trapped in a quagmire. While Gloria Swanson was said to be giving up her gorgeous Western mansion before returning to New York, Pola Negri was busy buying real estate in Hollywood for investment. Pauline Frederick and Lou Tellegen were planning a comeback in "Let Not Man Put Asunder."

The six best pictures of the month: "Scaramouche," with Ramon Novarro; Charlie Chaplin's "A Woman of Paris," which made Adolphe Menjou; "The Spanish Dancer," with Pola Negri; Gloria Swanson's "Zaza"; "The Bad Man," with Holbrook Blinn; and "Cameo Kirby." The cover—Constance Talmadge.

5 Years Ago

HOLLYWOOD had a sensation five years ago, according to our issue of December, 1928! A British fleet had arrived in California waters, with Prince George of England. The Prince had been invited to Pickfair—but after duly appearing, had excused himself and gone night-clubbing with Gloria Swanson!

Ruth Chatterton

Perhaps this was lucky for Hollywood. It diverted talk from that eternal subject—"what the talkies were doing to the movies." By December, this new menace, started in August, was mowing down old-time favorites right and left. Jack Gilbert was having contract trouble, and Nils Asther was being groomed to replace Jack—only to be set aside for several years, until he acquired English that would register into the microphone. And as though the talkie trouble were not enough, we told that death had taken two old-time favorites—George Beban, beloved for his impersonations of Italians, and poor Larry Semon, poverty stricken for several years, now that "custard pie" comedies were "out."

Ruth Chatterton led the contingent of stage actors being drawn in for talkies. Her work in Emil Jannings' "Sins of the Fathers" won a regular contract. Helen Twelvetrees was signed, and Lupe Velez and Madge Bellamy, each just finishing her first year of work, were among the lucky ones doing well before the microphone.

Janet Gaynor's "7th Heaven" with Charlie Farrell was announced winner of the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal for the year.

The six best pictures for the month were: "Four Devils," with Janet Gaynor; "The Divine Lady," starring Corinne Griffith; "The Home Towners," with Richard Bennett, Robert McWade, Doris Kenyon; "Manhattan Cocktail," with Nancy Carroll; "Interference," with Doris Kenyon, and "The Spieler," with Renee Adoree. The cover: Janet Gaynor.

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War Clouds in the West?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]

Then came the corrected version of the Manhattan reportorial confusion. It seems that Marlene, slim, in trim curveless feminine attire, was queried regarding the effect of Mae West fashions on Paris.

"I never heard of Mae West *fashions*," quoth Dietrich blandly, according to the later version—and Marlene must have swallowed that last word, because none of the reporters caught it.

Did that explanation please Mae? Well—not exactly, to judge from *La* West's somewhat testy printed rejoinder. Where the first report had failed to get a "rise" out of her, the second drew return fire.

"WHAT, she never heard of Mae West fashions? Why, she wore them herself in her last picture, 'Song of Songs'! I even heard that she wore my corset so she could show the Mae West curves. But, of course, you'd have to verify that from the wardrobe department."

So the newspaper gossip ran, dragging the issue into the "retort courteous" stage, which as everyone knows, just precedes the "quip quarrelsome"—and that's right next door to open hostility!

Paramount's wardrobe department scoffs at the far-fetched idea of Dietrich's making use of one of West's binders, explaining that Marlene did wear a corset in peasant scenes of "Song of Songs," but that it was especially made for her slim figure.

The studio itself has taken a "much ado about nothing" attitude toward the whole rumpus, but Hollywood is sitting back, wondering if there might not be just a little fire behind those tiny puffs of smoke, just a little fire which might eventually warm up the Paramount lot as it has not been heated since those torrid days some ten or so years ago when Gloria Swanson, then the undisputed queen of the studio, found her throne challenged by a foreign invader, known as Pola Negri.

You see, Hollywood still vividly recalls the battle of the titans which plunged Paramount into almost factional warfare for three years, which practically divided it into two armed camps, which provided Hollywood history with some of its most amazing and amusing anecdotes of big time star struggles, jealousies and counter jealousies—all within the walls of the same Paramount Studio which Mae West and Marlene Dietrich now call their professional home.

It all was built up from just as inconsequential a source, and in many other ways it paralleled the present West-Dietrich set-up. Pola Negri came from Germany, as did Dietrich, although she followed Swanson, where Mae West, the present domestic star, has followed Marlene, to Hollywood.

Both were then queenly and self-determined persons, as indeed are both Dietrich and West. Both represented different types of sex-appeal; both possessed different and clashing temperaments.

IT was in the hey-day of Swanson, when she was the undisputed feminine dictatress of the Paramount lot—when, believe it or not, she was more in the news than is Garbo today, because she did more.

Into the Swanson domain, with an unprecedented fanfare of cinema trumpets, came Pola, queen of foreign films, after her German-made "Passion" had swept this nation as well as Europe. From then on things began to happen and kept happening—how they kept happening!

Gloria Swanson dressed in an elaborate bungalow at the far north end of the studio lot; so

SISTERS?
it's her Mother!

THEY'RE great friends, these two—doing everything, going everywhere together. People think they're sisters—for mother has wisely safeguarded her youth. She has never let gray hair set her apart from her daughter—make her a member of the "older generation."

Today there's no need to tolerate gray hair, that makes you old and faded before your time. Notox, the new scientific hair coloring protects you from dreaded Heartbreak Age. Notox is undetectable—totally different from those antiquated "hair dyes" that were rightly considered objectionable.

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Put one on—the pain is gone!

Pola Negri must have one equally as ornate at the south end.

From each bungalow a clear view down wide "Peacock Alley" was afforded of the other, and this very fact resulted in a dramatic incident.

The studio, entertaining a convention of its salesmen and representatives with a mammoth banquet on one of the stages, had requested the presence of both its queens to top the ultra-Hollywood program of orchestras, dancing girls and endless coursed dinner. Both had agreed to come.

EIGHT o'clock, the appointed hour, passed; neither has shown up. Nine o'clock. Ten. The guests fidgeted; messengers were dispatched, but to no avail. Neither was "quite ready." Eleven o'clock; still no Swanson, no Negri.

Finally in walked Gloria. Then, and only then, did Pola regally make the Grand Entrance!

Old timers at Paramount still chuckle about the famous "skirmish of the cats." The old Paramount lot, which had grown out of a barn, was at one time infested with mice which threatened to eat up the wardrobe, the commissary and even the stars; so a horde of alley cats had been assembled to rat the place. For years, these cats had gathered daily for food near the commissary in an e-e-yowling mob, and often Gloria, who was fond of them, had paused in her regal rounds to pet them. The cats were a time-honored tradition.

Pola arrived, glimpsed the cats, shuddered. She couldn't stand cats! She wouldn't work with cats on the lot! But the cats remained.

Gloria returned to Hollywood from her triumphant tour of Europe sporting a brand new husband, the Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudray, and a brand new title (when titles in Hollywood were very, very scarce) of "Marquise."

By a curious coincidence Pola went out and married Serge Mdivani, and garnered the impressive title of "Princess."

Paramount itself inadvertently fanned the flame of rivalry when, by one of those inexplicable production plans, it placed Pola in a picture with almost identically the same plot and character as that of Swanson's "The Humming Bird." Both stars portrayed apaches in a Parisian setting, and the pictures were released not too far apart and at a time when Gloria was becoming dissatisfied with her Paramount status, and anxious to produce her own pictures.

Such were the incidents that peppered the history of the Swanson-Negri episode for three feverish years—and it is just such a "battle of the queens" that gossip insists is in the making now.

IF there actually exists an undercurrent of hostility engendered by the West-Dietrich complications, and it develops into something of the sort, it could easily be "colossal."

Admittedly "no angel," Mae's caustic wit if directed at Marlene could certainly "do her wrong." On the other hand, that stubborn Teutonic will of Marlene's, revealed more than once during the recent criticism of her masculine attire, would prove a formidable defense.

What a clash of temperaments could be stirred up—what a battle royal!

And what a Roman holiday it would make for Hollywood!

But what a headache for poor Paramount—to face another civil war, another exhausting battle of stars with Mae and Marlene—its two queens—going to it!

Yes, yes, Hollywood gossip has promised itself a merry winter!

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PHOTOPLAY

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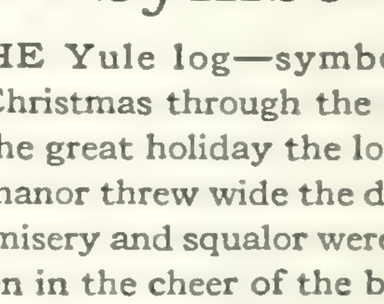

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Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"ACE OF ACES"—RKO-RADIO. — From the story by John Monk Saunders. Screen play by John Monk Saunders and H. W. Hanemann. Directed by J. Walter Ruben. The cast: *Lt. Rex Thorne*, Richard Dix; *Nancy Adams*, Elizabeth Allan; *Major Blake*, Ralph Bellamy; *Lt. Foster Kelly*, Theodore Newton; *Capt. Daly*, Joseph Sauers; *Flight Commander*, Frank Conroy; *Lt. Meeker*, Bill Cagney; *Lt. Tim Terry*, Howard Wilson; *German Cadet*, Helmuth Gorin; *Lt. James "Jenny" Lind*, Art Jarrett; *Lt. Red Cahill*, Anderson Lawlor; *Lt. Billy Winstead*, Clarence Stroud; *Lt. Phil Parker*, Frank Melton; *Lt. Tommy Gray*, Claude Gillingwater, Jr.; *Lt. Nicholas Healy*, Carl Eric Hansen; *Lt. Ralph (Rudderbar) Smith*, George Lollier.

"AFTER TONIGHT"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Jane Murfin. Screen play by Jane Murfin and Albert Shelby LeVino. Directed by George Archainbaud. The cast: *Carla*, Constance Bennett; *Rudi*, Gilbert Roland; *Col. Lieber*, Edward Ellis; *Franz*, Sam Godfrey; *Erlich*, Lucien Prival; *Milika*, Mischa Auer; *Probert*, Ben Hendricks; *Private Muller*, Leonid Snegoff; *Frau Stengel*, Evelyn Carter Carrington.

"AGGIE APPLEBY, MAKER OF MEN"—RKO-RADIO.—From the play by Joseph O. Kesselring. Screen play by Humphrey Pearson and Edward Kaufman. Directed by Mark Sandrich. The cast: *Adoniram Schlump*, Charles Farrell; *Aggie Appleby*, Wynne Gibson; *Red Branahan*, William Gargan; *Sybby*, ZaSu Pitts; *Evangeline*, Betty Furness; *Katharine*, Blanche Friderici.

"ANN VICKERS"—RKO-RADIO.—From the novel by Sinclair Lewis. Screen play by Jane Murfin. Directed by John Cromwell. The cast: *Ann Vickers*, Irene Dunne; *Barney Dolphin*, Walter Huston; *Lindsay Atwell*, Conrad Nagel; *Capt. Resnick*, Bruce Cabot; *Malvina Wormser*, Edna May Oliver; *Russell Spaulding*, Sam Hardy; *Dr. Slenk*, Ferdinand Gottschalk; *Feldermans*, Rafaela Ottiano; *Capt. Waldo*, Mitchell Lewis; *Kitty Cognac*, Helen Eby-Rock; *Mona Dolphin*, Gertrude Michael.

"AVENGER, THE"—MONOGRAM.—From the novel by John Goodwin. Directed by Edward L. Marin. The cast: *Norman Craig*, Ralph Forbes; *Ruth Knowles*, Adrienne Ames; *James Gordon*, Arthur Vinton; *Will*, Claude Gillingwater; *Sally*, Charlotte Merriam; *Hanley*, J. Carrol Naish; *Forster*, Berton Churchill; *Cormak*, Murray Kinnell; *McCall*, Thomas Jackson; *Vickers*, Paul Fix; *Durant*, James Donlan; *Talbot*, Leonard Carey; *Ames*, Boothe Howard.

"BOMBSHELL"—M-G-M.—From the play by Caroline Francke and Mark Crane. Screen play by Jules Furthman and John Lee Mahin. Directed by Victor Fleming. The cast: *Lola*, Jean Harlow; *Space*, Lee Tracy; *Pops*, Frank Morgan; *Gifford Middleton*, Franchot Tone; *Brogan*, Pat O'Brien; *Mac*, Una Merkel; *Junior*, Ted Healy; *Marquis*, Ivan Lebedeff; *Junior's Girl*, Isabel Jewell; *Loretta*, Louise Beavers; *Winters*, Leonard Carey; *Mrs. Middleton*, Mary Forbes; *Mr. Middleton*, C. Aubrey Smith; *Alice Cole*, June Brewster.

"BOWERY, THE"—20TH CENTURY-UNITED ARTISTS.—From the novel by Michael L. Simmons and Bessie R. Solomon. Screen play by Howard Estabrook and James Gleason. Directed by Raoul Walsh. The cast: *Chuck Connors*, Wallace Beery; *Steve Brodie*, George Raft; *Swipes*, Jackie Cooper; *Lucy Calhoun*, Fay Wray; *Trixie*, Pert Kelton; *John L. Sullivan*, George Walsh; *Mr. Rummel*, Oscar Apfel; *Jumbo*, Ferdinand Munier; *Mr. Herman*, Herman Bing; *Slick*, Harold Huber; *Googy*, Fletcher Norton; *Carrie Nation*, Elsie Harmer; *Tammany Young*, Tammany Young; *"The Tart,"* Esther Muir; *"The Mute,"* John Bleifer; *Lumpy Hogan*, John Kelly.

"BROADWAY THRU A KEYHOLE"—20TH CENTURY-UNITED ARTISTS.—From the story by Walter Winchell. Screen play by Gene Towne and Graham Baker. Directed by Lowell Sherman. The cast: *Joan Whelan*, Constance Cummings; *Clark Brian*, Russ Columbo; *Frank Rocci*, Paul Kelly; *Sybil Smith*, Blossom Seeley; *Max Mefoofsky*, Gregory Ratoff; *Tex Kaley*, Texas Guinan; *Chuck Haskins*, Hugh O'Connell; *Peanuts Dinwiddie*, Hobart Cavanaugh; *Tim Crowley*, C. Henry Gordon; *Thomas Barnum*, William Burress; *Esther*, Helen Jerome Eddy. Also: Abe Lyman and His Band; Frances Williams; Eddie Foy, Jr.; Barto and Mann.

"BROKEN DREAMS"—MONOGRAM.—From the story by Olga Prinzlau. Directed by Robert Vignola. The cast: *Dr. Robert Morley*, Randolph Scott; *Martha Morley*, Martha Sleeper; *Pop*, Joseph Cawthorn; *Mom*, Beryl Mercer; *Billy Morley*, Buster Phelps; *Grace*, Charlotte Merriam.

"CHANCE AT HEAVEN"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Vina Delmar. Screen play by Julian Josephson and Sarah Y. Mason. Directed by William Seiter. The cast: *Blacky Gorman*, Joel McCrea; *Marje Harris*, Ginger Rogers; *Glory Franklyn*, Marian Nixon; *Al*, Andy Devine; *Mrs. Franklyn*, Virginia Hammond; *Mr. Harris*, Lucien Littlefield; *Mrs. Harris*, Ann Shoemaker; *Larrick*, George Meeker.

"CHIEF, THE"—M-G-M.—From the screen play by Arthur Caesar and Robert E. Hopkins. Directed by Charles F. Reisner. The cast: *Henry Summers*, Ed Wynn; *Dixie*, Dorothy Mackaill; *Uncle Joe*, Charles "Chic" Sale; *O'Rourke*, William Boyd; *Ma Summers*, Effie Ellsler; *Clayton*, C. Henry Gordon; *Willie*, Mickey Rooney; *Dapper Dan*, Bradley Page; *Morgan*, Purnell Pratt; *Clothing Merchant*, George Givot; *Blink*, Tom Wilson; *Mike*, Nat Pendleton; *Frank*, Bob Perry.

"DAY OF RECKONING, THE"—M-G-M.—From the story by Morris Lavine. Screen play by Zelda Sears and Eve Green. Directed by Charles Brabin. The cast: *John Day*, Richard Dix; *Dorothy Day*, Madge Evans; *Hollins*, Conway Tearle; *Mamie*, Una Merkel; *Jerry*, Stuart Erwin; *Johnny*, Spanky McFarland; *Kate Lovett*, Isabel Jewell; *Slim*, James Bell; *Hart*, Raymond Hatton; *Harry*, Paul Hurst; *Abraham*, John Larkin; *Guard*, Wilfred Lucas; *O'Farrell*, Samuel Hinds.

"EMPEROR JONES, THE"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the play by Eugene O'Neill. Screen play by DuBose Heyward. Directed by Dudley Murphy. The cast: *Brutus Jones*, Paul Robeson; *Smithers*, Dudley Digges; *Jeff*, Frank Wilson; *Undine*, Fredi Washington; *Dolly*, Ruby Elzy; *Lem*, George Haymid Stamper; *Marcella*, Jackie Mayble; *Treasurer*, Blueboy O'Connor; *Carrington*, Brandon Evans; *Stick-Man*, Taylor Gordon.

"ESKIMO"—M-G-M.—From the books "Der Eskimo" and "Die Flucht Ins Weisse Land" by Peter Freuchen. Screen translation by John Lee Mahin. Photographed by Clyde DeVinna, Josiah Roberts and George Nogle. Cast: All Native.

"EVER IN MY HEART"—WARNERS.—From the story by Bertram Milhauser and Beulah Marie Dix. Screen play by Bertram Milhauser. Directed by Archie Mayo. The cast: *Mary*, Barbara Stanwyck; *Hugo*, Otto Kruger; *Jeff*, Ralph Bellamy; *Lizzie*, Ruth Donnelly; *Sam*, Frank Albertson; *Lefty*, George Cooper; *Enoch Sewell*, Wallis Clark; *Martha Sewell*, Nella Walker; *Eunice*, Florence Roberts; *Grandma*, Laura Hope Crews; *Anna*, Clara Blandick; *Teddy*, Ronnie Cosbey; *Dr. Hoffman*, Frank Reicher; *Eli*, Harry Beresford; *Serena*, Virginia Howell; *Clara*, Elizabeth Patterson; *Storekeeper*, Donald Meek.

"FOOTLIGHT PARADE"—WARNERS.—From the screen play by Manuel Seff and James Seymour. Directed by Lloyd Bacon and Busby Berkeley. The cast: *Chester Kent*, James Cagney; *Nan*, Joan Blondell; *Bea*, Ruby Keeler; *Scotty*, Dick Powell; *Gould*, Guy Kibbee; *Mrs. Gould*, Ruth Donnelly; *Vivian*, Claire Dodd; *Bowers*, Hugh Herbert; *Francis*, Frank McHugh; *Frazer*, Arthur Hohl; *Thompson*, Gordon Westcott; *Cynthia*, Renee Whitney; *Joe Grant*, Philip Faversham; *Miss Smythe*, Juliet Ware; *Fralick*, Herman Bing; *Gracie*, Barbara Rogers; *Appolinaris*, Paul Porcasi; *Doorman*, William Granger; *Specialty*, Billy Taft.

"FROM HEADQUARTERS"—WARNERS.—From the story by Robert N. Lee. Screen play by Robert N. Lee and Peter Milne. Directed by William Dieterle. The cast: *Lieut. J. Stevens*, George Brent; *Lou Ann Winton*, Margaret Lindsay; *Sergeant Boggs*, Eugene Pallette; *Manny*, Hugh Herbert; *Dolly White*, Dorothy Burgess; *Jack Winton*, Theodore Newton; *Muggs*, Hobart Cavanaugh; *Anderzian*, Robert Barrat; *Inspector Donnelly*, Henry O'Neill; *Mac*, Ken Murray; *Waters*, Murray Kinnell; *Dr. Van de Water*, Edward Ellis; *Bates*, Kenneth Thomson; *Sergeant-Orderly*, Robert Homans; *Manley*, Frank Darien.

"GOLDEN HARVEST" — PARAMOUNT. — From the story by Nina Wilcox Putnam. Screen play by Casey Robinson. Directed by Ralph Murphy. The cast: *Walt Martin*, Richard Arlen; *Chris Martin*, Chester Morris; *Cynthia Flint*, Genevieve Tobin; *Loopey Lou*, Rosco Ates; *Ellen*, Julie Haydon; *Eben Martin*, Berton Churchill; *Lydia*, Elizabeth Patterson; *Jason*, Charles Sellon; *Judge Goodhue*, Frederick Burton; *Hugh*, Lawrence Gray; *Doctor*, Richard Carle; *Henry Flint*, Henry Kolker.

"GOOD COMPANIONS, THE"—FOX-GAUMONT-BRITISH.—From the novel by J. B. Priestley. Screen play by W. A. Lipscomb. Directed by Victor Saville. The cast: *Susie Dean*, Jessie Matthews; *Joe Brundit*, Dennis Hoey; *Jess Oakroyd*, Edmund Gwenn; *Mrs. Joe Brundit*, Viola Compton; *Inigo Jollifant*, John Gielgud; *Jerry Jerningham*, Richard Dolman; *Miss Trant*, Mary Glynne; *Elsie*, Margery Binner; *Morton Mitcham*, Percy Parsons; *Mr. Ridvers*, D. A. Clarke-Smith; *Jimmy Nunn*, A. W. Baskcomb; *Dr. MacFarlane*, Alex Fraser; *Mrs. Oakroyd*, Florence Gregson; *Monte Mortimer*, Findlay Currie; *Sam Oglethorpe*, Frank Pettingell; *Albert*, Jack Hawkins.

"GOODBYE LOVE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Hampton Del Ruth. Screen play by George Rosener and Hampton Del Ruth. Directed by H. Bruce Humberstone. The cast: *Groggs*, Charlie Ruggles; *Phyllis*, Verree Teasdale; *Sandra*, Mayo Methot; *Chester Hamilton*, Sidney Blackmer; *Dorothy*, Phyllis Barry; *Brooks*, Ray Walker; *Dugan*, John Kelly; *Lura*, Grace Hale; *Tony*, Luis Alberni.

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"I'M NO ANGEL"—PARAMOUNT.—From the screen play by Mae West. Directed by Wesley Ruggles. The cast: *Tira*, Mae West; *Jack Clayton*, Cary Grant; *Bill Barton*, Edward Arnold; *Slick*, Ralf Harolde; *Barker*, Russell Hopton; *Alicia Hatton*, Gertrude Michael; *Kirk*, Kent Taylor; *Thelma*, Dorothy Peterson; *Bonny Pinkowitz*, Gregory Ratoff; *Beulah*, Gertrude Howard; *The Chump*, William Davidson; *Rajah*, Nigel de Brulier; *Bob, the Attorney*, Irving Pichel; *Omnes*, George Bruggeman; *Harry*, Nat Pendleton; *Chauffeur*, Morrie Cohen; *Judge*, Walter Walker.

"KENNEL MURDER CASE, THE"—WARNERS.—From the story "The Return of Philo Vance" by S. S. Van Dine. Screen play by Robert N. Lee and Peter Milne. Directed by Michael Curtiz. The cast: *Philo Vance*, William Powell; *Hilda Lake*, Mary Astor; *Heath*, Eugene Pallette; *Raymond Wrede*, Ralph Morgan; *Doremus*, Etienne Girardot; *Bruce MacDonald*, Paul Cavanagh; *Doris Delefield*, Helen Vinson; *Gamble*, Arthur Hohl; *Archer Coe*, Robert Barrat; *Dubois*, Henry O'Neill; *Brisbane Coe*, Frank Conroy; *Markham*, Robert McWade; *Eduardo Grassi*, Jack LaRue; *Quackenbush*, Don Brody; *Snitkin*, Spencer Charters; *Hennessey*, Charles Wilson; *Liang*, James Lee.

"MAN'S CASTLE"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Lawrence Hazard. Screen play by Jo Swerling. Directed by Frank Borzage. The cast: *Bill*, Spencer Tracy; *Trina*, Loretta Young; *Fay La Rue*, Glenda Farrell; *Ira*, Walter Connolly; *Bragg*, Arthur Hohl; *Flossie*, Marjorie Rambeau; *Crippled Boy*, Dickie Moore; *His Mother*, Helen Jerome Eddy.

"MEET THE BARON"—M-G-M.—From the story by Herman J. Mankiewicz and Norman Krasna. Screen play by Allen Rivkin and P. J. Wolfson. Directed by Walter Lang. The cast: *Baron*, Jack Pearl; *Joe McGoo*, Jimmy Durante; *ZaSu*, ZaSu Pitts; *Ted*, Ted Healy; *Mrs. Primrose*, Edna May Oliver; *Sharley*, Ben Bard; *Real Baron*, Henry Kolker; *Radio Man*, William B. Davidson; *Stooge*, Moe Howard; *Stooge*, Jerry Howard; *Stooge*, Larry Fine.

"MIDSHIPMAN JACK"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Frank Wead and McGrew Willis. Directed by Christy Cabanne. The cast: *Jack Austin*, Bruce Cabot; *Ruth Rogers*, Betty Furness; *Russell Burns*, Frank Albertson; *Allan*, Arthur Lake; *Capt. Rogers*, Purnell Pratt; *Sally*, Florence Lake; *Clark*, John Darrow; *Mrs. Burns*, Margaret Seddon.

"MY WEAKNESS"—Fox.—From the story by B. G. DeSylva. Directed by David Butler. The cast: *Looloo Blake*, Lilian Harvey; *Ronnie Gregory*, Lew Ayres; *Gerald Gregory*, Charles Butterworth; *Cupid*, Harry Langdon; *Maxie*, Sid Silvers; *Jane Holman*, Irene Bentley; *Ellery Gregory*, Henry Travers; *Baptiste*, Adrian Rosley; *Diana*, Mary Howard; *Eve*, Irene Ware; *Lois*, Barbara Weeks; *Jacqueline*, Susan Fleming; *Marion*, Marcelle Edwards; *Lillian*, Marjorie King; *Consuello*, Jean Allen; *Mitzi*, Gladys Blake; *Dixie*, Dixie Frances.

"PICTURE BRIDES"—ALLIED—From the story by Charles E. Blaney and Harry Clay Blaney. Screen play by Adele Buffington. Directed by Phil Rosen. The cast: *Mame*, Dorothy Mackaill; *Dave Hart*, Regis Toomey; *Mary Lee*, Dorothy Libaire; *Von Luden*, Alan Hale; *Brownie*, Will Ahern; *Dr. Rogers*, Harvey Clark; *Mataco*, Mary Kornman; *Flo*, Esther Muir; *Laoma*, Gladys Ahern; *Portega*, Fred Malatesta; *Gwen*, Mae Busch; *Lena*, Viva Tattersall; *Steve*, Al Hill; *Pete*, Michael Visaroff; *Joe*, Brooks Benedict; *Bill*, Franklin Parker; *Tom*, Larry McGrath; *Skipper*, Jimmy Aubrey.

"PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII, THE"—LONDON FILM-UNITED ARTISTS.—From the story by Lajos Biro and Arthur Wimperis. Directed by Alexander Korda. The cast: *Henry VIII*, Charles Laughton; *Culpeper*, Robert Donat; *Henry's Old Nurse*, Lady Tree; *Katheryn Howard*, Binnie Barnes; *Ann of Cleves*, Elsa Lanchester; *Anne Boleyn*, Merle Oberon; *Cromwell*, Franklin Dyall; *Wriothesly*, Miles Mander; *Jane Seymour*, Wendy Barrie; *Cornell*, Claud Allister; *Thomas Peynell*, John Loder; *Katherine Parr*, Everley Gregg; *Cranmer*, Laurence Hanray; *Duke of Cleves*, William Asutin; *Holbein*, John Turnbull; *Duke of Norfolk*, Frederick Cully; *French Executioner*, Gibb McLaughlin; *English Executioner*, Sam Livesey.

"SATURDAY'S MILLIONS"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Lucian Cary. Screen play by Dale Van Every. Directed by Edward Sedgwick. The cast: *Jim Fowler*, Robert Young; *Joan Chandler*, Leila Hyams; *Alan*, Johnny Mack Brown; *Andy*, Andy Devinne; *Ezra Fowler*, Grant Mitchell; *Thelma*, Mary Carlisle; *Coach*, Joseph Sauers; *Marie*, Mary Doran; *Felix*, Paul Porcasi; *Society Reporter*, Lucille Lund; *Mr. Chandler*, Richard Tucker; *Trainer*, Paul Hurst; *Baldy*, Herbert Corthell; *Sam*, William Kent.

"S. O. S. ICEBERG"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Dr. Arnold Fanck. Screen play by Tom Reed and Edwin H. Knopf. Directed by Tay Garnett. The cast: *Dr. Carl Lawrence*, Rod La Rocque; *Ellen Lawrence*, Leni Riefenstahl; *Dr. Johannes Brand*, Sepp Rist; *John Dragan*, Gibson Gowland; *Dr. Jan Matushek*, Dr. Max Holsboer; *Fritz Kuemmel*, Walter Riml; *Ernst Udet*, Major Ernst Udet; *Nakinak*, Nakinak.

"STAGE MOTHER"—M-G-M.—From the story by Bradford Ropes. Screen play by John Meehan and Bradford Ropes. Directed by Charles Brabin. The cast: *Kitty Lorraine*, Alice Brady; *Shirley Lorraine*, Maureen O'Sullivan; *Warren Foster*, Franchot Tone; *Lord Aylesworth*, Phillips Holmes; *Ralph Martin*, Ted Healy; *Fred Lorraine*, Russell Hardie; *Ricco*, C. Henry Gordon; *Dexter*, Alan Edwards; *Francis Nolan*, Ben Alexander.

"STRAWBERRY ROAN"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Nate Gatzert. Directed by Alan James. The cast: *Ken Masters*, Ken Maynard; *Alice Edwards*, Ruth Hall; *Bart Hawkins*, Harold Goodwin; *Shanty*, Frank Yaconelli; *Curley*, Charles King;

If Chevalier were cast in a *Tarzan* rôle

Colonel Bronlee, William Desmond; *Beef*, Jack Rockwell; *Bat*, Bob Walker; *Slim*, Ben Corbett; *Tarzan*, Tarzan.

"SWEETHEART OF SIGMA CHI, THE"—MONOGRAM.—From the story by George Waggner. Screen play by Luther Reed and Albert E. DeMond. Directed by Edwin L. Marin. The cast: *Vivian*, Mary Carlisle; *Bob North*, Buster Crabbe; *Morley*, Charles Starrett; *Dizzy*, Florence Lake; *Harry*, Eddie Tamblyn; *Madge*, Sally Starr; *Bunny*, Mary Blackford; *Trainer*, Tom Dugan; *Professor*, Burr McIntosh; *Coach*, Major Goodsell; *Pledge*, Grady Sutton; *Doctor*, Purnell Pratt; *House Prexy*, Franklin Parker. Also: Ted Fio-Rito and his orchestra including Lief Ericksen, Betty Grable, Bill Carey, Muzzy Marcelino, The Three Midshipmen and The Blue Keys.

"TILLIE AND GUS"—PARAMOUNT.—From the screen play by Walter DeLeon and Francis Martin. Directed by Francis Martin. The cast: *Augustus Winterbottom*, W. C. Fields; *Tillie Winterbottom*, Alison Skipworth; *The "King,"* Baby LeRoy; *Mary Sheridan*, Jacqueline Wells; *Tom Sheridan*, Clifford Jones; *Phineas Pratt*, Clarence Wilson; *Captain Fogg*, George Barbier; *Commissioner McLennon*, Barton MacLane; *Judge*, Edgar Kennedy; *Defense Attorney*, Robert McKenzie; *Harrington*, Maston Williams.

"TO THE LAST MAN"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Zane Grey. Screen play by Jack Cunningham. Directed by Henry Hathaway. The cast: *Lynn Hayden*, Randolph Scott; *Ellen Colby*, Esther Ralston; *Bill Hayden*, Buster Crabbe; *Jim Daggs*, Jack LaRue; *Jed Colby*, Noah Beery; *Neil Standing*, Barton MacLane; *Ann Hayden Standing*, Gail Patrick; *Mark Hayden*, Egon Brecher; *Jeff Morley*, Fuzzy Knight; *Ely Bruce*, James Eagles; *Molly Hayden*, Muriel Kirkland; *Granny Spelvin*, Eugenie Besserer; *Grandpa Spelvin*, Harlan Knight; *Pete Garon*, John Peter Richmond; *Harry Malone*, Harry Cording; *Judge*, Erville Alderson; *Sheriff*, James Burke; *Lynn Hayden (child)*, Jay Ward; *Bill Hayden (child)*, Cullen Johnson; *Ann Hayden (child)*, Rosita Butler; *Tad Standing*, Delmar Watson; *Mary Standing*, Shirley Jane Temple; *Greaves*, Russell Powell.

"WALLS OF GOLD"—FOX.—From the novel by Kathleen Norris. Adapted by Wallace Sullivan and Edmond Seward. Screen play by Lester Cole. Directed by Kenneth MacKenna. The cast: *Jeanie Satterlee*, Sally Eilers; *Barnes Ritchie*, Norman Foster; *J. Gordon Ritchie*, Ralph Morgan; *Carla Monterez*, Rosita Moreno; *Joan Street*, Rochelle Hudson; *Tony Van Raalte*, Fredric Santley; *Cassie Street*, Marjorie Gateson; *"Honey" Satterlee*, Mary Mason; *Mrs. Satterlee*, Margaret Seddon.

"WALTZ TIME"—GAUMONT-BRITISH.—From the operetta "Die Fledermaus" by Johann Strauss. Adapted by A. P. Herbert. Directed by William Thiele. The cast: *Rosalinde*, Evelyn Laye; *Eisenstein*, Fritz Schultz; *Adele*, Gina Malo; *Frosch*, Jay Laurier; *Alfred*, Parry Jones; *Falke*, Ivor Barnard; *Meyer*, D. A. Clarke-Smith; Judge Bauer; Edmond Breon; *Orlovsky*, George Baker; *Cab Driver*, Frank Titterton.

"WAY TO LOVE, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the screen play by Gene Fowler and Benjamin Glazer. Directed by Norman Taurog. The cast: *Francois*, Maurice Chevalier; *Madeleine*, Ann Dvorak; *Gaston Bibi*, Edward Everett Horton; *Monsieur Joe*, Arthur Pierson; *Suzanne*, Minna Gombell; *Rosalie*, Blanche Friderici; *Anna Marie*, Nydia Westman; *Pedro*, George Rigas; *Agent Chapusard*, Douglas Dumbrille; *Pierre*, Sidney Toler; *Wladek, the Mighty*, George Hagen; *A Sunburned Lady*, Grace Bradley; *Marco*, John Miljan; *Drunk*, Arthur Housman.

"WILD BOYS OF THE ROAD"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Daniel Ahearn. Screen play by Earl Baldwin. Directed by William A. Wellman. The cast: *Eddie Smith*, Frankie Darro; *Sally*, Dorothy Coonan; *Tommy*, Edwin Phillips; *Grace*, Rochelle Hudson; *Lola*, Ann Hovey; *Dr. Heckel*, Arthur Hohl; *Mr. Smith*, Grant Mitchell; *Mrs. Smith*, Claire McDowell; *Ollie*, Sterling Holloway; *Mr. Cadmus*, Charles Grapewin; *Judge White*, Robert Barrat; *Red*, Ward Bond; *Buggie Maylin*, Adrian Morris; *Harriet*, Shirley Dunsted; *Aunt Carrie*, Minna Gombell; *Detective Captain*, Willard Robertson.

"WORLD CHANGES, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the novel "America Kneels" by Sheridan Gibney. Screen play by Edward Chodorov. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. The cast: *Orin Nordholm, Jr.*, Paul Muni; *Anna Nordholm*, Aline MacMahon; *Virginia*, Mary Astor; *Richard*, Donald Cook; *Natalie*, Patricia Ellis; *Selma II*, Jean Muir; *Jennifer*, Margaret Lindsay; *Claflin*, Guy Kibbee; *Paul*, Theodore Newton; *John*, Gordon Westcott; *Ogden Jarrett*, Alan Dinehart; *Orin Nordholm, Sr.*, Henry O'Neill; *Mrs. Peterson*, Anna Q. Nilsson; *Patten*, Arthur Hohl; *Orin Nordholm, III*, William Janney; *Clerk*, Philip Faversham; *Hodgens*, Sidney Toler; *Paul*, George Meeker; *Otto*, Mickey Rooney; *Buffalo Bill*, Douglas Dumbrille; *John (boy)*, Jackie Searl; *Mrs. Clinton*, Marjorie Gateson; *Morley*, Oscar Apfel; *Sir Phillip*, Alan Mowbray; *Kraus*, William Burress; *McCord*, Wallis Clark; *Capt. Custer*, Clay Clement; *Mr. Peterson*, Willard Robertson; *Orin (Aged 10)*, David Durand; *Selma (Aged 10)*, Marilyn Knowlden.

"WORST WOMAN IN PARIS?, THE"—FOX.—From the story by Monta Bell. Adapted by Marion Dix and Monta Bell. Directed by Monta Bell. The cast: *Peggy Vane*, Benita Hume; *Adolphe Ballou*; Adolphe Menjou; *John Strong*, Harvey Stephens, *Mary Dunbar*, Helen Chandler; *Mrs. Strong*, Margaret Seddon; *Jeanine*, Adele St. Maur; *Chumley*, Leonard Carey; *Mrs. Jensen*, Maidel Turner; *Doctor*, George Irving.

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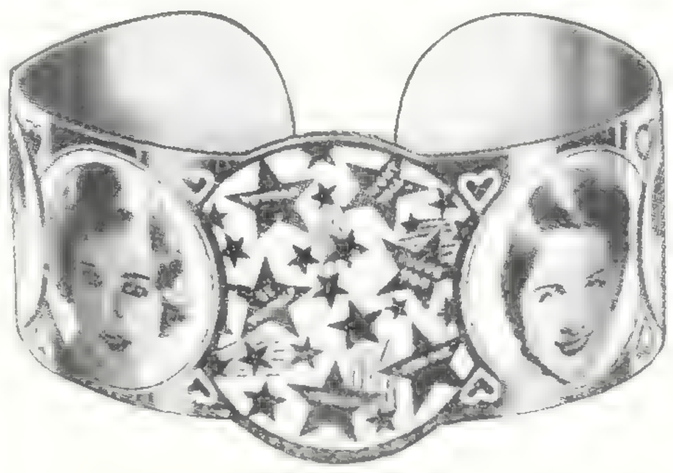

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Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Kathryn Dougherty, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the publisher of the Photoplay Magazine, and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to-wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Kathryn Dougherty, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. Editor, None. Managing Editor, William T. Walsh, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. Business Manager, John S. Tuomey, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concerns, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Photoplay Publishing Co., Chicago, Ill.; Kathryn Dougherty, Chicago, Ill.; Jay A. Colvin, Chicago, Ill.; Frederick Secord, Chicago, Ill.; Oliver A. Bestel, as Trustee of the James R. Quirk Estate, Chicago, Ill.; David B. Gann, as Executor of the estate of Robert M. Eastman, Deceased, Chicago, Ill.; The Northern Trust Co., as Trustee under the will of Edwin M. Colvin, Deceased, Chicago, Ill. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by her. 5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is.....(This information is required from daily publications only.)

KATHRYN DOUGHERTY
(Signature of Publisher)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 2nd day of October, 1933.
[SEAL]

M. EVELYN McEVILLY,
(My commission expires January 20, 1935)

Day-Long Beauty
NEW, TRANSPARENT
LIFE-COLOR LIPSTICK
SEND 10¢ FOR VANITY SET LIPSTICK & ROUGE
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GRAY HAIR
"NALFA"—The latest, most scientific preparation in the world. Undetectable; produces natural shades; leaves hair soft and lustrous. Easy to apply oneself. Does not rub off.
"NALFA" Single Set (2 Bots.).....85c postpaid
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None better at any price. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. State shade desired.
B. CLEMENT, Inc., 46 West 56th Street, New York
Hair Coloring Manufacturer for 32 Years

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17]

THUNDER OVER MEXICO—Sol Lesser Prod.—Russian genius Sergei Eisenstein's idea of Mexico's revolt against Diaz; breath-taking photography and scenery. (*Aug.*)

★ **TODAY WE LIVE**—M-G-M.—Joan Crawford as an English World War ambulance driver engaged to Robert Young but in love with Gary Cooper. Stirring war scenes; Joan and Franchot Tone great. (*June*)

TOMORROW AT SEVEN—RKO-Radio.—Snappy melodrama, with Chester Morris uncovering a villain who kills on time to the dot; Vivienne Osborne. (*July*)

★ **TOO MUCH HARMONY** — Paramount.—A zippy musical enriched by Jack Oakie, Bing Crosby, many other A-1 laugh-getters. A riot of fun. (*Nov.*)

TORCH SINGER—Paramount.—Claudette Colbert is an unmarried mother who succeeds as a singer. Her songs are fine; Baby LeRoy. (*Nov.*)

TRAIL DRIVE, THE—Universal.—An acceptable Western with Ken Maynard. (*Oct.*)

TRICK FOR TRICK—Fox.—Magician Ralph Morgan in a mystery that gives thrills without jitters; Sally Blane and Tom Dugan. (*June*)

★ **TUGBOAT ANNIE**—M-G-M.—Marie Dressler and Wally Beery provide fun running their tubgoat about Seattle. Not exactly a "Min and Bill," but splendid entertainment. (*Oct.*)

★ **TURN BACK THE CLOCK**—M-G-M.—Lee Tracy does a bang-up job as a man given a chance to live his life over again. Mae Clarke, Peggy Shannon, Otto Kruger, others; a fast-moving, gripping story. (*Nov.*)

★ **VOLTAIRE**—Warners.—A triumph for George Arliss, as the whimsical French philosopher intriguing at court. Reginald Owen superb as *Louis XV*. (*Sept.*)

WAFFLES — Helen Mitchell Prod.—They shouldn't have tried making a Southern girl of Sari Maritza. The rest of it is in keeping with this mistake. (*Nov.*)

★ **WARRIOR'S HUSBAND, THE** — Fox.—Broad satire about the Amazons of old—women warriors, led by Queen Marjorie Rambeau and Elissa Landi. But Ernest Truex, by a trick, lets the Greeks win; and how the Amazons like what happens then! Excellent fun. (*July*)

WHAT PRICE INNOCENCE?—Columbia.—Parents Minna Gombell, Bryant Washburn, won't tell daughter Jean Parker the truth about sex, as advised by doctor Willard Mack; tragedy follows. A powerful sermon. (*Sept.*)

★ **WHEN LADIES MEET**—M-G-M.—Unexciting, but brilliantly acted. Ann Harding as wife, Myrna Loy as menace, Frank Morgan, Alice Brady, Bob Montgomery. (*Aug.*)

WHEN STRANGERS MARRY—Columbia.—A dull piece, offering nothing new, about why white men's wives go wrong in the tropics. Jack Holt, Lilian Bond. (*Aug.*)

WOMAN I STOLE, THE—Columbia.—Hergesheimer's "Tampico" done in Algeria. Big oil man Jack Holt after Donald Cook's wife, Fay Wray. Fair. (*Sept.*)

★ **WORKING MAN, THE**—Warners.—George Arliss at his delightfully suave best as a peppery old magnate who saves his dead rival's children from themselves. Bette Davis is the girl. (*June*)

WORLD GONE MAD, THE—Majestic Pictures.—A scrambled thriller, about crooked bankers who hire gangsters to avoid exposure; doesn't click. (*July*)

WRECKER, THE — Columbia. — So-so story about he-man Jack Holt, in the house-wrecking business, who loses his wife (Genevieve Tobin) to home-wrecker Sidney Blackmer. George E. Stone great as a junkman. (*Oct.*)

ZOO IN BUDAPEST—Fox.—Gene Raymond and Loretta Young love in the midst of savage perils. Splendid animal shots and beautiful photography. (*June*)

Hollywood Fashions

by Seymour

Here is a list of the representative stores at which faithful copies of the smart styles shown in this month's fashion section (Pages 63 to 68) can be purchased. Shop at or write the nearest store for complete information.

ARKANSAS—
POLLOCK'S, FAYETTEVILLE.
POLLOCK'S, FORT SMITH.
THE M. M. COHN COMPANY, LITTLE ROCK.

CALIFORNIA—
J. W. ROBINSON COMPANY, LOS ANGELES.
HALE BROTHERS, INC., SACRAMENTO.
THE EMPORIUM, SAN FRANCISCO.

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M. L. PARKER COMPANY, DAVENPORT.
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B. PECK COMPANY, LEWISTON.

MARYLAND—
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MASSACHUSETTS—
JORDAN MARSH COMPANY, BOSTON.

MICHIGAN—
WM. GOODYEAR & COMPANY, ANN ARBOR.
SEAMAN'S, INC., BATTLE CREEK.
THE J. L. HUDSON COMPANY, DETROIT.
WURZBURG'S, GRAND RAPIDS.
GILMORE BROTHERS, KALAMAZOO.
THE STYLE SHOP, LANSING.

MINNESOTA—
THE DAYTON COMPANY, MINNEAPOLIS.

MISSOURI—
STIX, BAER & FULLER COMPANY, SAINT LOUIS.

NEBRASKA—
ORKIN BROTHERS, LINCOLN.

NEW JERSEY—
HAHNE & COMPANY, NEWARK.

NEW YORK—
KALET'S, AUBURN.
ABRAHAM & STRAUS, BROOKLYN.
J. N. ADAM & COMPANY, BUFFALO.
THE PARISIAN, INC., ITHACA.
BLOOMINGDALE'S, NEW YORK CITY.
H. S. BARNEY COMPANY, SCHENECTADY.
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J. B. IVEY & COMPANY, CHARLOTTE.

OHIO—
THE A. POLSKY COMPANY, AKRON.
THE JOHN SHILLITO COMPANY, CINCINNATI.
THE HIGBIE COMPANY, CLEVELAND.
THE MOREHOUSE-MARTENS COMPANY, COLUMBUS.
THE RIKE-KUMLER CO., DAYTON.
THE STROUSS-HIRSCHBERG COMPANY, YOUNGSTOWN.

OKLAHOMA—
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PENNSYLVANIA—
ERIE DRY GOODS COMPANY, ERIE.
BOWMAN & COMPANY, HARRISBURG.
GIMBEL BROTHERS, PHILADELPHIA.
JOSEPH HORNE COMPANY, PITTSBURGH.
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TEXAS—
LEVY BROTHERS DRY GOODS COMPANY, HOUSTON.
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COYLE & RICHARDSON, INC., CHARLESTON.

REDUCES 20 LBS.
NEVER A HUNGRY MOMENT

Photo by Charmante Studio

A trim, slender figure, new energy, glorious health, youthful activity, clear skin, bright eyes—freedom from indigestion, gas, acidity, headaches, fatigue and shortness of breath so often caused by excess fat—all these splendid results come while losing surplus fat with a half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts first thing in the morning in a glass of hot water—the SAFE way to reduce.

One jar lasts 4 weeks and costs but a trifle at any drugstore the world over. But protect your health—make sure you get Kruschen—prescribed by physicians and the one method we know to be safe and effective.

Freida Parks of New Haven, Vt., writes: "At the end of the 2nd bottle of Kruschen I'm happy to say I'm minus my superfluous 20 lbs. I never had a hungry moment and I felt better all the time I was taking it—much more peppy and I lost that loggy, sluggish feeling in the morning."

FREE: *Write E. Griffiths Hughes, Inc., Dept. PM, Rochester, N. Y., for complete details of Kruschen Treatment—also precious little aids to youth and beauty.*

JUNE CLYDE
POPULAR STAR

Her little secret!

(Would you care to share it?)

Nobody knows just *what* she does to keep her hair so attractive looking. It always sparkles! It never seems dull (like so many other girls' hair.)

What is her secret?—You'd be surprised! A simple little shampooing hint that a famous beauty specialist gave her. Yet you may share it, too! Just *one* Golden Glint Shampoo* will show you the way! 25c at your dealers', or send for free sample!

**(Note: Do not confuse this with other shampoos that merely cleanse. Golden Glint Shampoo, in addition to cleansing, gives your hair a "tiny-tint"—a wee little bit—not much—hardly perceptible. But how it does bring out the true beauty of your own individual shade of hair!)*

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J. W. KOBI CO., 630 Rainier Ave., Dept. M Seattle, Wash. * * * * *Please send a free sample.*

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Address _____

City _____ State _____

Color of my hair

Cosmetics Can Never Hide the Truth

If your cheeks are sallow, eyes dull; if you're always dead tired, don't try to hide the truth. Take Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets. A safe substitute for dangerous calomel. Non-habit-forming. A pure vegetable compound that helps relieve constipation, cleanses the system, removes the greatest cause of pallid cheeks. A matchless corrective in use for 20 years. Take nightly and watch pleasing results. Know them by their olive color. At druggists, 15c, 30c and 60c.

The Solution to the Problem—
"WHAT TO GIVE FOR CHRISTMAS"
Is to be found on Page 16, This Issue

Busy Season Ahead For Fan Clubs

MOVIE fan clubs are growing in number and popularity. Groups of movie-minded young people in every locality are busy organizing clubs to sponsor their favorite screen stars, or general fan clubs to increase their knowledge and enjoyment of the movies.

So many requests for information telling how to start one of these clubs have been received by the PHOTOPLAY Association of Movie Fan Clubs that in the September issue rules and regulations for forming three different types were given.

Letters from those wishing to join clubs already established have been forwarded to the proper clubs. Word regarding membership in these will come direct from the officers of each organization.

THE Association is happy to welcome four new members this month. Charters for the following clubs have been issued:

James Fidler Fan Club, Lorraine Mason, Pres., 112 N. 6th Street, Vineland, N. J.

Buddy Rogers Club, Jacqueline Lee, Pres., 53 Park Blvd., Malverne, N. Y.

Moving Picture Club of America, Inc., Gotty J. Benthall, Pres., 28 Lexington Avenue, W. Somerville, Mass.

Gloria Stuart Fan Club, Estelle Nowak, Pres., 3223 No. Central Park Ave., Chicago, Ill.

The approaching winter has brought increased activity to practically all clubs. Club bulletins are being received in greater number. Each month brings many new contributions. These newsy little publications of the various clubs are sincere proof of the enthusiastic work and growth of such memberships. Every bulletin shows that its editor and the club members are spending considerable time and effort in preparing something worth while.

ANY questions concerning movie fan clubs and their activities may be addressed to the PHOTOPLAY Association of Movie Fan Clubs, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

CLUB NOTES

THE Joan Crawford Club, Gertrude Perkel, President, has just issued an extra edition of the "Crawford Chatter." It is an interesting edition, full of late news.

ETHELINE THORNBURG, president of the Foto-Fans, advises that her new address is 809 East 15th St., Minneapolis, Minn.

AN interesting bulletin was received from the Norma Shearer Club. Hans Faxdahl is president. With every issue of the bulletin the members receive two photographs.

FROM Lillian Musgrave, president of the John Boles Music Club, we learn that Mr. Boles was recently visited by a sixty-year-old fan who had corresponded with him since his first work in films. Mrs. A. P. Magner of South Norwalk, Conn., wrote Mr. Boles that she was coming to California and wondered if he would be gracious enough to see her. The result was that Mrs. Magner was the guest of her favorite and his wife for several days.

HERE'S interesting news for every club. There is a certain club which is following a very ambitious and well-planned course; a good example for other clubs to follow. It is the Herald Cinema Critics Club, Syracuse, N. Y. The president is J. H. Bloss.

The Tri-C club, as it is known, was founded in 1927 by Chester B. Bahn to provide a common meeting place for motion picture enthusiasts.

With the advent of the talkies and radio plays, they added dramatic and radio work to their activities.

Their first accomplishment was the production of a picture in 1928, shooting 1,200 feet of standard film in a day and a half, which at that time was supposed to have eclipsed all other amateur production records. The film was shown at one of the local theaters.

The second picture was produced and contained 4,000 feet of film. This played for a week in one of the prominent theaters and later was booked in second run and suburban houses.

At one of their stunt parties, pictures were shot of the gathering, rushed to a laboratory, developed, printed, titled and rushed back to the party and shown to the guests before the evening closed.

A partial list of the film celebrities who have made personal appearances before the club are:

Leatrice Joy, Charlie King, Olsen and Johnson, Esther Ralston, Belle Baker, Viola Dana, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson, Irene Rich and Conrad Nagel.

Well, clubs, that's quite a record, isn't it? It shows what setting a mark, and working hard, will do for an enthusiastic club.

THE new address of Ruth Keast, president of the Johnny Downs Fan Club, is 3506 West 64th Street, Chicago, Illinois.

Mrs. Keast has just returned from a vacation in the East, where she was the guest of her favorite and his partners, in New York. Mrs. Keast has mapped out a very busy winter for the club, and has plans for issuing a new club journal.

WHEN the honorary president of a club visits a town, there is plenty of excitement. The "H. P.," you know, is the favorite, in person.

It meant two full days of enjoyment for Lillian Conrad, president of the Ruth Roland Club, when Miss Roland stopped over in Chicago recently. Miss Roland was returning from a four months personal appearance tour in Europe.

SPEAKING of fan clubs, an inquiry was received a few days ago asking if the recent deluge of "fan dancers" in Chicago had caused such an interest in "fan" clubs throughout the country. What a joke!

CLUB members are welcomed to send in any notes that are of general interest. They will be used as far as space permits.

THE Joan Crawford Club, of which Miss Gertrude Perkel is president, will be known hereafter as the "official" club sponsoring this star. A note from Miss Crawford to this effect has been received.

SEVERAL requests for samples of fan club bulletins have been received by the Photoplay Association. No preference was stated and inquiry is made as to whether any club cares to send samples to prospective members. The names will be forwarded to those clubs desiring to render this service.

Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

The idea of saying this is the end of Garbo, after she plays Queen Christina of Sweden!

A coupl'a poohs, bahs, 'n' scrams!

We don't have to say, "Keep your crown on your head, Garbo."

Just leave it to her—she will!

SARAH OWEN, Montgomery, Ala.

QUEEN CHRISTINA

Helen Dale writes in October PHOTOPLAY that Greta Garbo might easily be the reincarnation of Queen Christina of Sweden, so closely related, emotionally, intellectually, and spiritually are the two women. She says, "No one can read the history of the great Queen's life and not be struck with the resemblance between the two."

I enjoy Garbo's pictures, and do not believe Garbo resembles this character that she is to portray any more than Fredric March resembled *Mr. Hyde*.

No one expects a star to assume the characteristics of the person she portrays. Movies would prove more beneficial if press-agents would not try to make the actresses over into a living example of the rôle. I personally do not think Greta Garbo is anything like Queen Christina.

AMY C. HARRIS, Russell, Ky.

AND HOW!

Haven't you heard certain movie-going ladies gush in undertones . . . "Jean Harlow? Oh, she's too obvious about filling eyes with her sex. Her hair isn't really a natural shade—too pronounced. And her rhythm when she walks—rather lionish for a woman, don't you think?"

These same critics dash home after ogling one of Jean's pictures, dip their locks in a coloring preparation . . . and grunt when hair isn't Jean's shade.

Haven't you seen them wear clothes more off than on, and desperately try to imitate Jean's walk?

ANTOINETTE DE CAHA, Cicero, Ill.

TRY IT SOMETIME!

Of the many household duties I have to perform, washing dishes is the most tiresome to me. (How about it, housewives?) Once I tried the radio to enliven this time of my day, but changing to suitable programs meant too much time wasted.

One day a bright idea—and for the past four years I have been thankful for it. While my hands are moving, I make my mind work, too, going over the picture I saw last night or a week ago.

If I see an actor whose ability I admire, I try to remember all the films in which I have seen him.

EDNA VINLET, New Orleans, La.

CAST YOUR VOTE

Who will inherit Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks' title as Hollywood's "ideal couple"?

Let's have someone who has children this time, and let's make it a couple who will hold the title for a lifetime.

Whom do you nominate?

WALTER E. JOHNSON, Chicago, Ill.

FOR MANY A DAY

I have recently seen May Robson in "Lady For a Day."

My eyes are still dripping with tears of happiness for *Apple Annie*, and her lovely daughter (Jean Parker). The devotion *Annie* displayed for her daughter was too wonderful to describe. It is the most gripping film I have ever seen.

I can remember but one other picture that made my hard-boiled husband sob. That was "Sorrell and Son." When you make my husband laugh and cry in one film, you've really achieved something, for he is a most severe critic.

MRS. FRED HODGSON, Memphis, Tenn.

WILD OVER WILL

This week Will Rogers is gracing our screens in "Doctor Bull." And never have I seen such loyalty. Believe me when I say these Oklahomans certainly love their fellow man. Yes sir! They go wild over Will in this wild and woolly Western town!

MAE F. GLOSS, Tulsa, Okla.

STEP UP, OAKIE

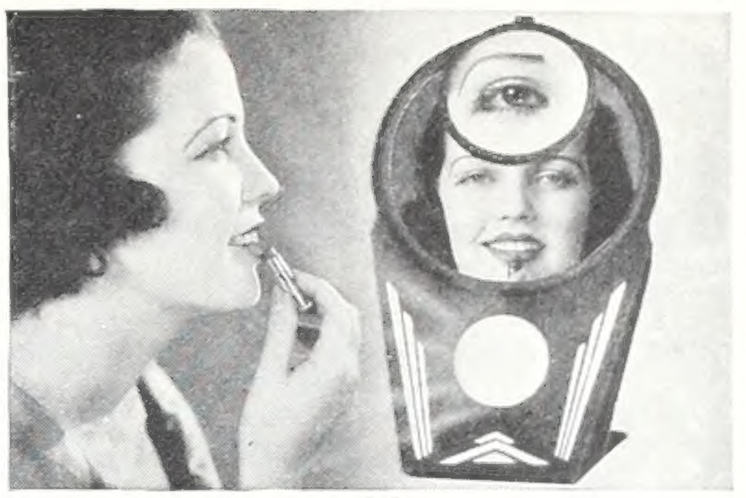
Music, dancing and good jokes—that's what we like. Just saw "Too Much Harmony." Amusing story, with Bing Crosby's voice as enjoyable as ever. But boy! Is that peppy kid, Jack Oakie, a wow! He was the whole show.

MRS. K. L. PARKER, Glendora, Calif.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 118]

MOTHER GOOSE a la HOLLYWOOD

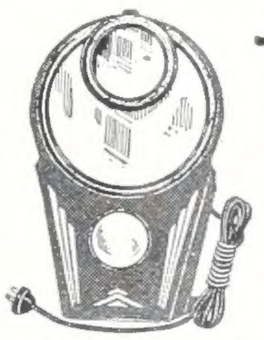
Hey Diddle Diddle
These four are a riddle
Of them we are all very fond;
This quartet of wags
Keeps Groucho in gags
While Harpo runs 'way with a blonde



Be As Beautiful As Your Favorite Star!

The Secret: **A Skilful Make-up**

Picture yourself so charming—so beautiful—so popular. A skilful make-up will do wonders for you. Hollywood Stars require expensive equipment and correct illumination to secure a faultless make-up, yet you can enjoy these Hollywood facilities in your own home, at little cost, with the new



HOLLYWOOD Make-up Mirror

A modern beauty aid. Appeals to all. Has powerful electric bulb to illuminate face—no glare—no shadows. Large mirror with optical magnifying mirror attached by hinge (swings out of sight when not in use) for true line work—eye shadow—eyebrow plucking, and removing facial blemishes. Size 5½"x8". Compact and portable. Doeskin finish. Colors: Black (Silver Striped), Sea Green and Biege. Complete with bulb and cord. Only $2.50. Makes a wonderful gift. If your dealer is not stocked, order direct, giving dealer's name.

AMERICAN AUTOMATIC DEVICES CO.,
508 Throop Street., Chicago, Ill.
Please send me.....Hollywood Make-up Mirrors.
Enclosed find $..... ..Black. ..Green. ..Biege.
Name.....
Address.....
Town..... State.....
Dealer's Name.....

DON-A-CAP
FORM FITTING PATENTED WAVE PROTECTOR

A "fresh wave" for every occasion

Keep your wave lovely for days longer with the original, superior DONA Wave-Protector. Medium and large sizes in pastel colors. Also brown and black. If not found at Beauty Shop or Store, use coupon.

FOR NIGHT WEAR
This snugly fitting cap ties comfortably under the chin. Skillfully shaped to give utmost protection to your wave. Order No. 300. 25c

FOR DAY WEAR
A smart wave-protecting turban for home wear or at sports and motoring. Order No. 500. 50c

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Address _____
City _____ State _____
Number _____ Color _____ Med. _____ Large _____
Name of Your Store _____
DONA MANUFACTURING COMPANY San Diego, California

Winners of the $1,500 in Cash Prizes in the MOVIE MUDDLES CONTEST IN THE JANUARY PHOTOPLAY

Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 117]

"Lady for a Day" was a heart throb drama that brought scores of letters of approval from PHOTOPLAY readers. This scene shows *Apple Annie's* (May Robson) day of triumph at the reception for her daughter (Jean Parker)

AN INVALID'S THEATER

PHOTOPLAY has brought many hours of enjoyment to one of my friends who is an invalid. A while ago I took her a copy of the magazine. Now she can hardly wait for the next issue.

She does not get a chance to go to the movies, as she is compelled by her illness to stay in bed all of the time. Now she says she doesn't have to go to keep up with them.

She calls PHOTOPLAY "her theater," and she is as up-to-date on Hollywood news as I, and I seldom miss a picture.

MARION COX, Winter Haven, Fla.

PRO AND CON

Whoever is responsible for casting Edward G. Robinson in "I Loved a Woman" certainly ought to be strung up by the heels.

Hitherto the name, Edward G. Robinson, has been our guarantee of an evening of real enjoyment. Why put him in "soup and fish" when he belongs in a shabby suit. Leave the sentimental rôles to Colman, Gable and Howard.

Please give us back our fisherman of "Tiger Shark" and our gangster of "Little Giant."

J. H. SWENSON, Rowe, Mass.

A word of praise for that grand actor Edward G. Robinson. I just saw him in "I Loved a Woman" and his performance was fine and sincere. He certainly is the biggest little man in pictures.

MRS. CHARLES TOLES, Colorado Springs, Colo.

GUESS THEY MEAN "TONE"!

Where, oh where, did they find this man Tone?

Last night I attended a bridge party—four tables of young business girls—and this is how the conversation ran:

"Two hearts." *Franchot Tone.* "Two spades," in a weak voice. *Tone.* "Three hearts." . . . *Good looking devil.* "Double three hearts." *Tone.* "Redouble." *Could I go for him!* "Here's where we make about six hundred." . . . *Crawford, drat her hide!* "Guess I'll trump that just for fun." *Wonder if he could use another secretary?* "There's our book." *Tone.* "Think we'll make it?" *I love that one-sided smile of his.* "Won't be long now." *Franchot Tone.* "Just made our bid." *Good actor, too.*

More power to Franchot!

———, Beatrice, Nebr.

KEEP FIT, AND SMILE

My place in a large Dallas food store is just the bakery girl. But even a bakery girl must wear that million dollar smile.

I have a great imagination, and after I've seen a sweet picture like Janet Gaynor plays in, I feel I am the same lovable character myself.

Customers ask how I keep such a sweet smile, and so happy. It really isn't hard, with movies as my inspiration.

CHRYSTAL NEWMAN, Dallas, Texas

MODERN INSTRUCTION

I had occasion to see Walt Disney's "Three Little Pigs," in the early summer. For some reason it remained in my mind for days and without knowing it, I would find myself humming the lilting air, "Who's Afraid of the Big, Bad Wolf," which accompanied the picture.

Now the film has made a big hit in New York and this same lilting accompaniment has been featured on the air at least four times in one week by leading radio artists. Needless to say, I was enthused all over again. This led me to tell the story exactly as seen in the picture to my kindergarten class of school children.

They howled in glee and I have never seen such enjoyment expressed over the "Three Little Pigs" before.

FLORENCE CAMERA, Trenton, N. J.

THE NAÏVE GANGSTER

After seeing "Penthouse" with Myrna Loy and Warner Baxter, I found myself with conflicting emotions. First, I enjoyed it; secondly, I condemned it for many reasons. Does it seem the clever thing to carry on the very necessary propaganda against gangsters, racketeers, and the like, and yet in a film such as this make *Tony*, one of the gangsters, a likable, humorous chap? The thought of having someone "rubbed out" does not appeal to the majority of us, yet when this nice (?) gangster suggests it, we laugh at his naïve way. Behind all his joking, he is as cruel and ruthless as his enemy, *Crelliman.*

I also wonder doesn't it seem like a wonderful fairy tale for young girls to see Myrna Loy supposedly going straight, but with such a background of ease and luxury? With very questionable members of society as her friends?

CATHERINE WHITTAKER, Oakland, Calif.

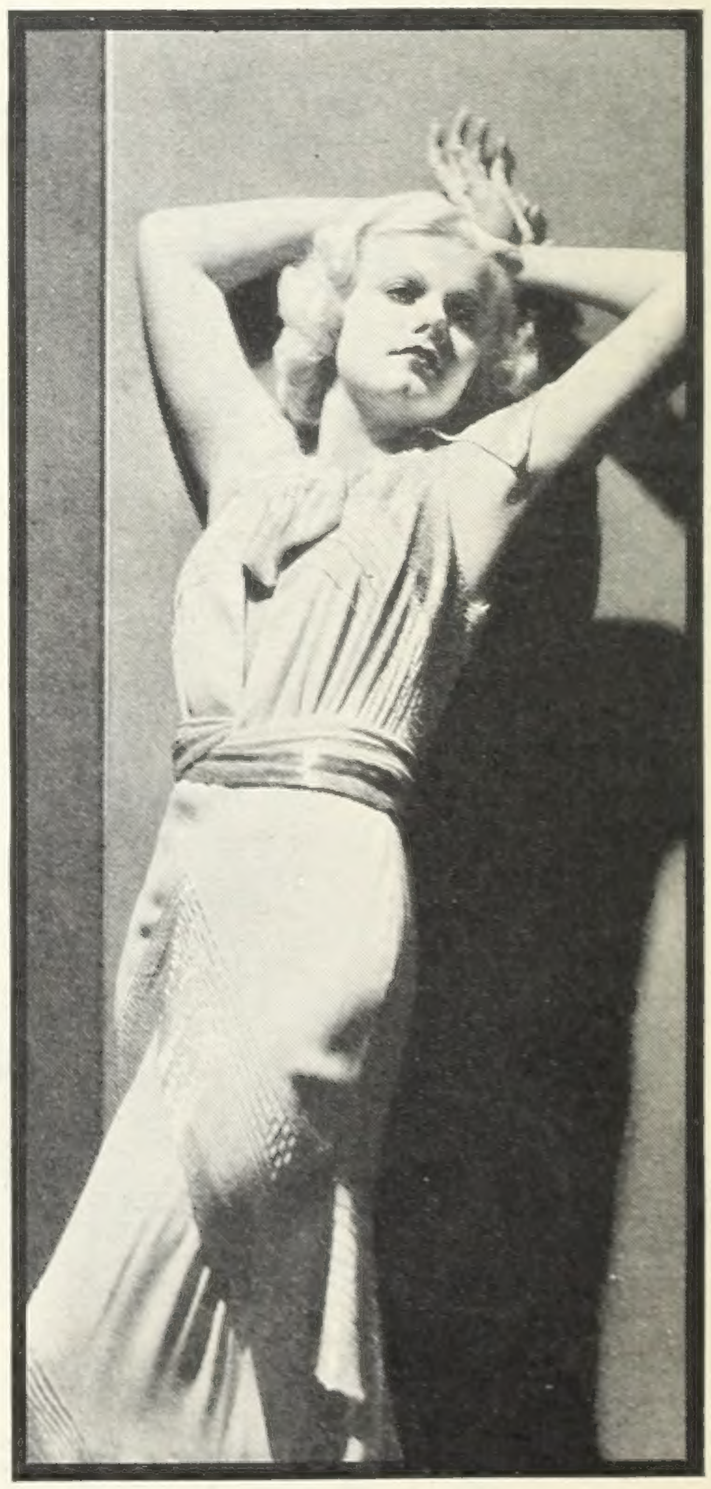
WE MODERNS

"Where are the yokels of yesteryear?" Ah, they are no more!

If only those head-ducking, tongue-tied youths of thirty years ago had been able to witness on the screen a John Barrymore bow, or listen for an hour to the cultured accents of a Leslie Howard, what a priceless boon it would have been for them.

The movies are polishing modern youth.

IRMA NICHOLS, Grand Rapids, Mich.

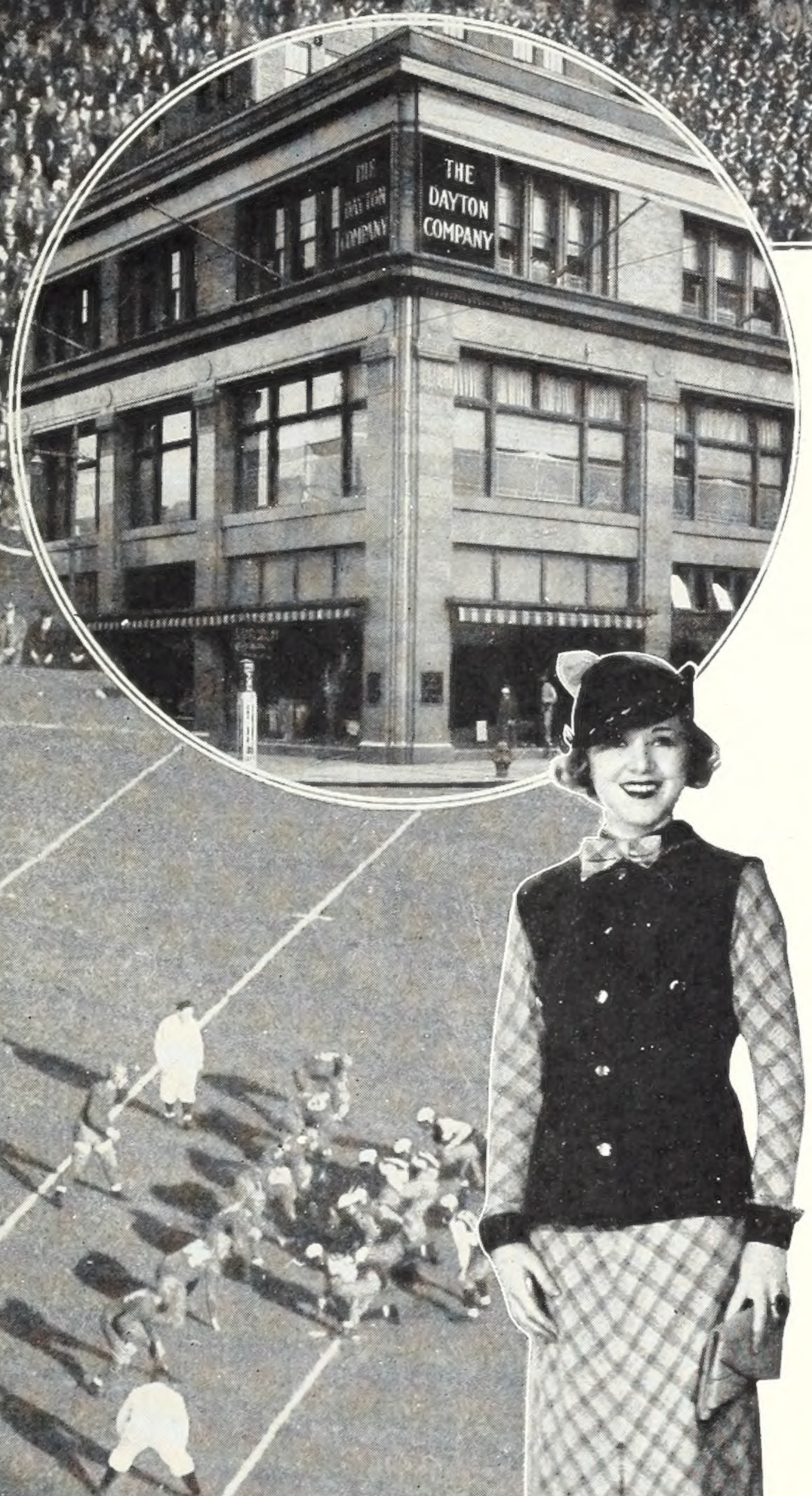


Your platinum loveliness has all femininity aflutter, Jean Harlow, whether they will admit it or not

In Minneapolis . . .

HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS

Are Sold Exclusively by THE DAYTON COMPANY



At Minnesota, smartly dressed coeds look first to "Dayton's" for sportswear . . . for only "Dayton's" sell Hollywood Fashions! Exact copies of the new sportsuit worn by Claire Trevor in the Fox picture, "The Mad Game," are on display in stores known for their style leadership in many other cities (see Page 115) . . . Claire's clever suit is only one of PHOTOPLAY'S new Hollywood Fashions for November (Pages 63-68); costumes styled for stars!

PHOTOPLAY

Magazine

919 North Michigan Ave., Chicago

In Association with WAKEFIELD & O'CONNOR, Inc.

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If Hollywood Fashions are not sold in your city, write Photoplay Magazine

■ Mrs. Hamilton Fish, Jr. is as popular in New York as in Washington. For generations the Fish family have had their beautiful estates at Garrison, New York. In Washington, while Congress is in session, her lovely house, with its ancestral portraits, is full of brilliant and astute conversation. Dinner at her table, with its exquisite Early American amber glass, her asparagus with eggs Hollandaise, lives in the memory of many a foreign diplomat. Camels are always served. In the summer she goes to Murray Bay, Canada and plays golf.

CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND

"My débutante daughter really taught me to smoke—and I do thoroughly enjoy smoking a Camel with her," Mrs. Fish says. "The flavor is so smooth and rich and they are very mild without being flat. I don't tire of their taste. When my two younger children grow up and start to smoke, Camels will probably be their cigarette, too."

The choicer tobaccos in Camels do give you that milder, cooler smoke people enjoy so. And even if you smoke a great deal, Camels never get on your nerves. Leaf tobaccos for cigarettes can be bought from 5¢ a pound to $1.00—but Camel pays the millions more that insure your enjoyment.

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